AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
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The VERY private life of Marilyn Monroe
EXECUTIVE SEX: how stress can make you kinky
Pickering
an astounding interview
Our all-star footballers
Australia's playmate: Deborah Leigh
Casinos are coming! Playboy's guide to winning

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PLAYBILL

The old saw about taxi drivers being the fount of all knowledge may have a grain of truth in it. For years anyone wanting to know anything about who's running the country and how they're performing simply had to quiz a cabbie. **Robert English** is a Sydney taxi driver, hacking by day and writing by night. His delightful fiction piece, Fancy Dress, is the product of a fertile imagination and, we suspect, the input of a thousand and one passengers. English is a new Australian talent, and he makes his debut in this issue of Australian PLAYBOY. The artwork for Fancy Dress was done by **Jay Antablian.**

Our *Interview* this month is **Larry Pickering,** the multi-faceted cartoonist. It is the result of several taped sessions with staff writer **Russell Deiley** (he did the Ian Chappell Interview in our first edition) and it will probably provoke in you, as it did in us, emotions ranging from outrage to compassion. What Pickering had to say about women startled Deiley into reminding him that he was on tape, but Pickering ploughed on with his vitriol. We believe the interview puts a new perspective on his work, and we anticipate a large letter response from readers. Just remember to picket *him,* not us!

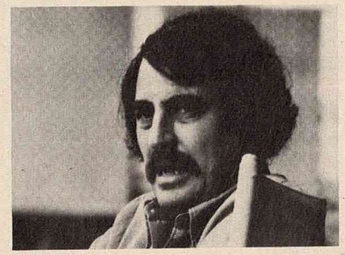
If it is true that gentlemen really do prefer blondes, you'll enjoy this month's double treat. But we're not sure blondes have more fun as we read the memoir of **Lena Pepitone,** aide and confidante of **Marilyn Monroe** for the last five years of her life. Closer to home we put the spotlight on Wagga Wagga's **Linda Kerridge,** a girl who has captured world attention with her MM look-alike act. Linda appears on our cover (as MM) and in a mini-interview (as herself) — both times photographed by **Brett Hilder.**

Arthur T. Hadley highlights the world of bureaucratic buffoonery in his hilarious explanation of how he became an armaments tycoon without firing a paper clip in anger. I Was a Military Industrial Complex reads like fiction, but it is fact. However, if you prefer fiction, for something entirely different, folks, **Rod Easdown** does a plausible impression of a sardonic and cynical newspaperman (he works for the *Daily News* in Perth) with his bitter-sweet tale, The Morning After.

At the time of going to press it appeared certain there would be a casino boom in Australia. So how do you win? Well, there is no sure way, but staff writer **John Hampshire** researched the rules and lore of casino gambling to set you on your way. The first rule: understand the rules. And then, good luck.

For those who ever wondered what happened to the Workers Party, **Bob Howard** tells how it was launched in idealism and foundered in confusion. **Keith Davis** did the haunting illustration. **Maurice Whitta** consults on the strange effects of executive stress, **Reg Potterton** explores the mystique of sailing, **Peter Carrette** undertakes a photographic essay on motoring nostalgia, and **Ron Saw** returns to detail his struggling emergence as a satyr.

We hope you enjoy our pictorials. We present as our centrefold the beautiful Miss **Deborah Leigh,** a lissome lovely who shares her time between tropical Queensland and the bright lights of Sydney. **Rico Mettbach,** already an Australian PLAYBOY veteran, captured Debbie's delightful moods. As well, we asked our local shutterbugs to put the latest batch of automatic, electronic, motor driven, zoom and everything-but-the-kitchen-sink cameras through their paces. The result is a consumer test with a difference. And to wrap it up we take some snaps from lovely **Gina Allen's** underwater world, courtesy of **Ben Cropp,** and survey those know-the-face-but-what's-her-name foreign sex stars. It's all yours now . . . so please enjoy.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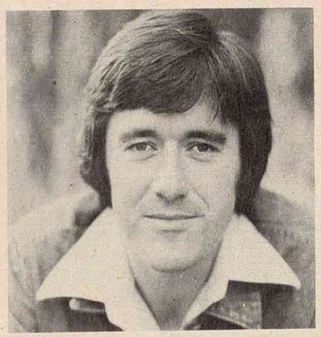
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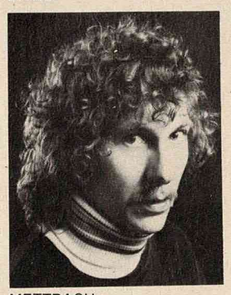
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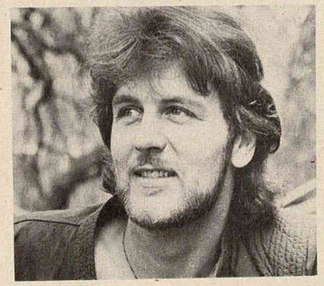
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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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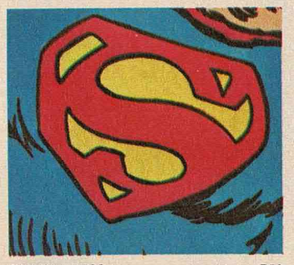

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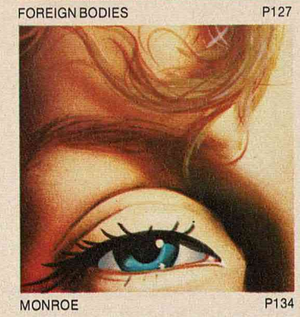

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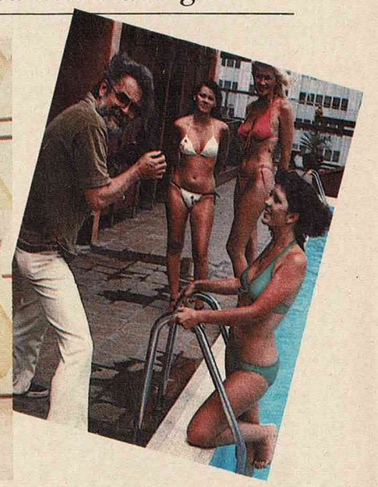
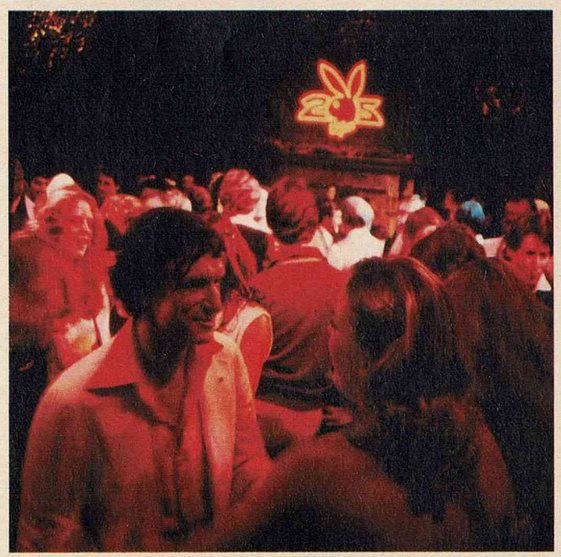
WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

GIRLS GALORE

Dwight Hooker has been photographing beautiful women for Playboy for almost 20 years (he has notched up 24 centrefolds), but he admits he was "absolutely knocked out" by Australia's lovelies during his three-week visit in February. Dwight, who shot 25th anniversary Playmate Candy Loving (Australian Playboy, March) shared the limelight on the *Mike Walsh Show* with our February Playmate, Karen Pini, and photographed girls in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide for a *Girls of Australia* pictorial for US Playboy. Don't worry, Perth and Hobart — we're coming your way soon!





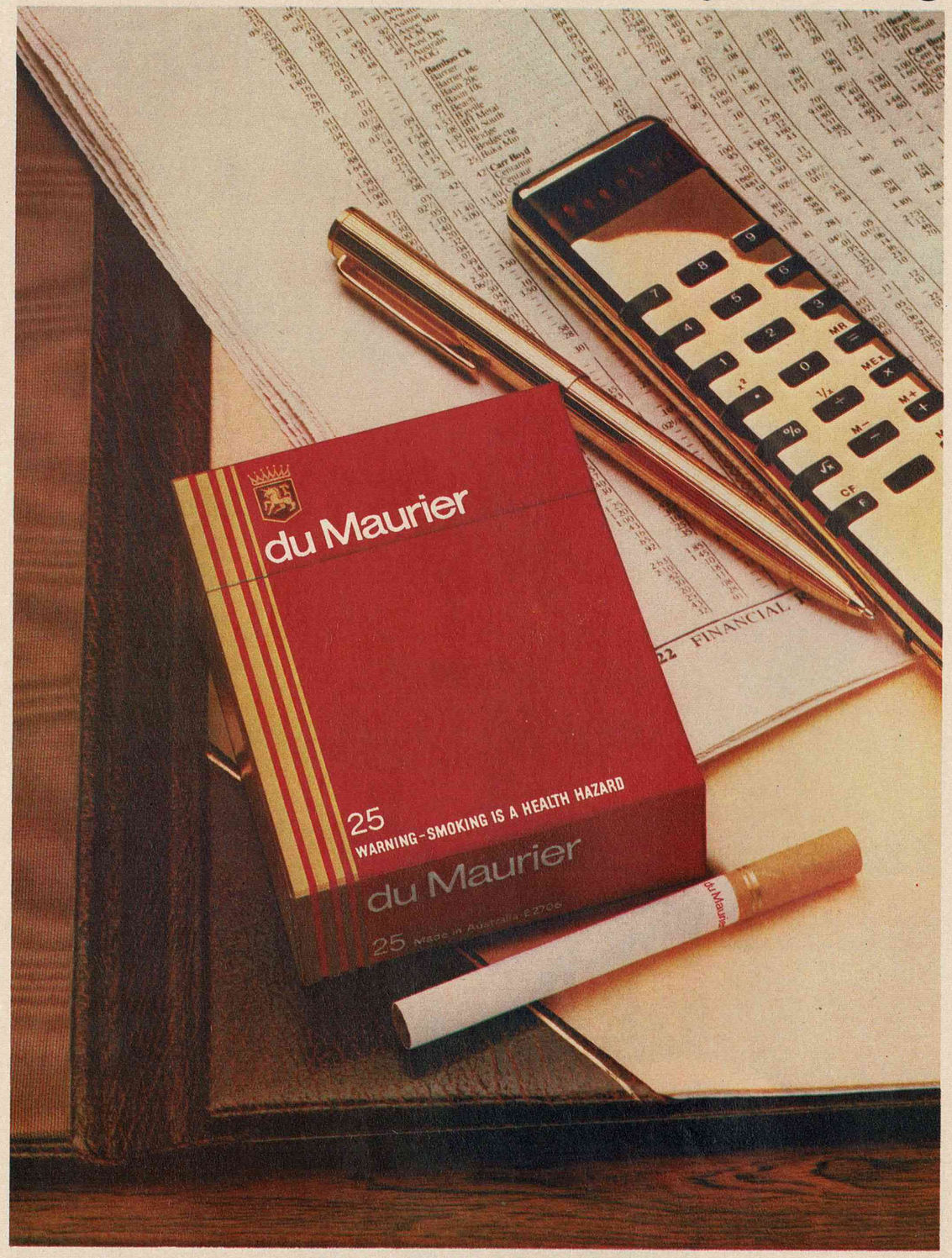
ANNIVERSARY BASHES

Throughout the Playboy empire it has been party time to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Playboy. Hugh Hefner was host in Chicago (left), where he dances with Playmate Gig Gangel, and at the Playboy Mansion West, in Los Angeles, with Playmate Rosanne Katon (below left) and actress Edy Williams (below right).

REVERSE ROLES

Our March *Playboy Interview* subject Marlon Brando stars in the upcoming television special *Roots: The Next Generation* in which he portrays yet another former Playboy interviewee, US Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell, who was interviewed in 1966 by Alex Haley, the author of *Roots.* James Earl Jones portrays Haley. At far right, Playboy becomes part of the dustjacket design for Joseph Heller's book, *Good as Gold* (Australian Playboy, April). The original concept of the American flag featuring a Star of David was used in Playboy and Heller's publishers, Simon and Schuster, liked it so much they incorporated it into their own design for the book cover.

The economist's guide to luxury smoking.



du Maurier 25's.

CC155/78 DM17

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BOOTS AND ALL

Berel Ginges, head of a successful chain of retail stores, owes a lot to his dad. As a youngster, he recalls the day a customer came in for a pair of size 8 boots. Young Berel hunted through the stock, but he couldn't find any, a fact he relayed to his father. "Nonsense," came the reply. "We have plenty of size 8s." And with that he secretly changed all the 7s and 9s on the boot boxes to 8s. "Now then, sir," he asked the customer, "do you want a large 8 or a small 8?"

FLYING LOW

"Now, this won't hurt a bit," said the scientist, slipping another 50,000 young male fruit flies into the gamma cell irradiator. And with that he turned it on for 90 seconds and fried their genitals. The airborne geldings are needed for a sabotage job in the market gardens and orchards at Carnarvon on the West Australian north coast. There, the Mediterranean fruit fly costs producers a fortune each year in ruined fruit. So the cunning Agriculture Department plot is to release one million neuters a week among the local female flies, let them mate and produce millions of unfertile eggs.

It couples with another evil plot, this time by the CSIRO, to make male peach moths dizzy with the smell normally exuded by female peach moths. Tests show that an overdose of this aroma stuns the male to the extent that he gives up, sits at home and dies, instead of flitting about mating all over the orchard. This could be the end of mothballs.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

When it comes to calling people names, the Public Service can teach most of us a thing or two. For instance, when the National Library in Canberra asked us for a copy of each issue of PLAYBOY for filing purposes, the request came from the Acting Senior Selection Librarian (Australian) for Principal Librarian, Selection, Acquisition and Serials. So wrap your tonsils around that lot.

TASTY INCENTIVE

Investors in the West are being made an offer with a twist. The Swanville Winery Trust is offering the public 2500 units at $499 a unit, most of which will be used to buy the Swanville Estate, whose vineyards have produced many medal-winning wines. But with each unit sold goes the right to six dozen of Swanville's best each year.

LOCK UP YOUR COPY

If you still have your copy of the first issue of Australian PLAYBOY – and, let's face it, why wouldn't you? – stow it away in your safe deposit box. Soon after the issue's one-day sellout, scalpers around Kings Cross in Sydney were selling copies at $15 each. While this price might seem high, it at least proves that there are still people with taste, and this is verified by Jim Styles, an executive with Sydney's TCN Channel 9. Mr Styles returned from holiday recently to find his home had been occupied while he had been away. Beds had been slept in and there was evidence that the uninvited guests had helped themselves to meals. "But the TV, stereo, silver and paintings were untouched. The only thing of value they took was a copy of PLAYBOY," Mr Styles mourned.

CLASSIFIED SOAP

The temporary closure of *The Times* of London has left readers around the world panting for further adventures of the Ashbrooke-Pembleton-Ffrenches, who presumably are still alive and well and nonexistent in England. The A-P-F clan – which started out simply as the Ashbrooke-(or even Ashbroke-)Pembletons – was the creation of person or persons unknown and appeared, quite frequently, in the Personal columns of *The Times* until the paper's shut-down.

It all started about a year ago when, sandwiched between legal notices and real-estate blurbs, this cryptic society announcement appeared: "The Ashbrooke-Pembletons would like to apologise to everyone for their absence from the Badminton horse trials this month." Two weeks later, the A-P-Fs again showed up in print, this time with the plea: "Mrs Ashbrooke-Pembleton would like to ask the young man who attended their party on Friday immediately to return the Land Rover and kindly remove the Lamborghini from the croquet lawn."

Immediately thereafter came the reply: "Ashbrooke-Pembleton – kindly remove Land Rover from duck pond

The Volvo 264 GLE. For under $20,000 you know when you're well off.

The Volvo 264GLE is one of the world's outstanding luxury cars. It combines the traditional Volvo virtues of quality, reliability and safety with a powerful V6 engine, stylish comfort and elegance. Only the finest leather, carpet and paint are used. Standard equipment includes: 3-speed fully integrated air-conditioning, AM/FM radio and cassette with stereo speakers, new alloy wheels and Volvo's "Dynamic Safety", making the Volvo 264GLE not only a luxurious car but also an extremely safe one. In fact, we believe if more Australians drove Volvos, there'd be more Australians.

VOLVO

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and return our Lamborghini." The advertisements and the replies became more and more frequent and more and more outrageous.

Entranced *Times* readers were soon treated to the magnificently cockeyed exploits of the A-P-F entourage. They threw bashes at Bembury, their mythical country estate, dined at the finest restaurants and embarked on one-sided love affairs.

They even had a party celebrating Princess Caroline of Monaco's wedding, "but failed to avoid an invasion of helicopters".

Just as A-P-F fever reached its zenith, the ads disappeared from print. Three months of silence elapsed and then, towards the end of last year, the family returned under the headline: "HOW NICE TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND." Penned by Mrs Ashbrooke-Pembleton-Ffrench, the long-awaited note went on: "It seems such a long time since we used these columns for our messages, but, of course, many of our friends know the reason. Sadness can touch everyone's life."

And sadness, as well as melodrama, was what the new adventures of the A-P-Fs were all about. Further announcements concerned "poor Julian's plight". "Does anyone have a brilliant scheme that Julian could immerse himself in? A veil had best be drawn across the Cirencester episode."

And so the Ashbrooke-Pembleton-Ffrenches continued their epic tale of upper-crust woe in the Personal columns of *The Times*.

Thousands of eager readers wondered just who was behind the serialised affair. Now that the paper is scheduled to resume publication, we might find out.

NO WONDER HE DIED

PEKING — Hundreds of hand made flowers fluttered in the breeze in the centre of Peking as the people of the city mounted Premier Chou En-lai on the eve of the third anniversary of his death.

Sunraysia Daily

TOO SMALL . . .

Adelaide neurologist Dr Roy Beran told a recent conference of hypnotherapists in the nice city on the Torrens that he believed that hypnosis could enlarge women's breasts. But neither he nor anyone else seems to know how the technique works. Dr Beran said tests to date were very limited and a full study would be needed to prove just if and how hypnotherapy worked. He hoped Adelaide's hypnotists would respond to the challenge.

Dr Beran took along some evidence in the form of slides. He had conducted tests on one woman undergoing hypnosis, using water displacement as a measure. This had been done by immersing the breasts in a bowl of water and measuring the overflow — literally a case of the cup runneth over. According to Dr Beran this is a much more reliable technique than mere tape measures, which he rejects as being unreliable. There are too many variables, such as muscle tone and posture, according to the good doctor.

Even if hypnosis does not work, it may help the woman by making her feel happy and so reduce the urge for plastic surgery, Dr Beran said. "I think a woman who goes to have her breasts enlarged is a bit unusual anyway. If hypnotherapy helps change her bodily image of herself and she feels happier, than it's a good thing."

. . . OR TOO BIG?

First it was the padded bra. Then the no-bra. And now we have the minimiser bra. One leading manufacturer is producing a model (and we quote): "Designed to reduce the look of your cup size 25mm and make you look one size smaller than before." The name of the bra? The No Exaggeration. And that's no exaggeration.

LEAP FROG?

Most people would leap at the chance for a gold medal, but how many would leap from 11,000ft? The answer is eight, all members of the Australian team to compete at the World Parachute Championships in France in August. This year the championships are for relative work — making as many free-fall formations as possible within a specified time — rather than style and accuracy. The two types of competition are held turn-about each year. Our blokes will be out there trying, even though it costs each of them upwards of $3000 to compete.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

A woman who was suffering from the flu obeyed her doctor's orders to stay in bed until she got better. She stayed in bed for 40 years.

The woman, now in her 70s, was the subject of an item in *The Lancet*, the British medical journal, by Dr Peter Roe. Roe wrote that her condition had no mental or physical cause and that "all of us, no doubt, exhibit minor forms of this at times".

"Its delightful ruby hue is immediately appealing. So is the smell—clean and grapey. And the flavour is something else. There's a total absence of the heavy taste that so often puts people off Australian Shiraz."

—Erika Rees, Mirror, Nov. 1st.

"A light, fruity and well balanced wine suitable for drinking young, scooped the Best Wine in Show Trophy at this year's Hunter Wine Show. It is very good value."

—Peter Wilson, Sun, Oct. 11th.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SWEET CANDY

Your magazine would have to be the most frantically fabulous, fantastic effort ever to emerge from a printing press. It exposes not only the female form in all its wondrous beauty, but also the idiotic attitude that sex is something shameful which, of course, is a breeding ground for neurosis. Having survived the hypnosis inflicted by religion and other forces, I now have no hangups. As a consequence I am truly a liberated man and for this I must thank you most sincerely.

With specific reference to your March offering, Miss Candy Loving: she would have to be the most beautiful woman I have ever beheld. Apart from all the usual female attributes, Candy has the loveliest face that has ever gladdened my eyes. In short, Candy is perfection.

Jimmy Stuart
Townsville, Queensland

The lovely Karen in your first centrefold easily wins the vote as Australia's number one pin-up girl.

K.L. Airey
Inglewood, WA

TROUBLE BREWING

Your Oz beer survey results (PLAYBOY, February) do not agree with ours. Coming from Wollongong – a 24-hour-a-day town – we decided to sample some tinnies after a hard eight hours at the steelworks. Six drinkers conducted a taste-only survey of 10 canned beers (we don't care what they look or smell like) and your favorite brew got creamed. Victoria Bitter was found to be the top drop.

Tested in order were Cooper Sparkling Ale, Foster's, Victoria Bitter, Tooths KB, Emu Bitter, Carlton Draught, Tooheys Draught, Castlemaine XXXX, Swan Lager and Courage Draught. Test method was one seven-ounce glass a person with score cards filled in after each, with an option to change scores after tasting all 10. A "drink-off" was necessary at the finish as only two points separated VB and Carlton. But VB won the day by a bubble.

In the opinion of our panel of six – five from NSW and an expatriate Victorian of 15 years – the placings were: 1st, Victoria Bitter; 2nd, Carlton Draught; equal 3rd, KB and Tooheys; 4th Castlemaine; 5th, Foster's; 6th, Swan; 7th, Courage; 8th, Emu Bitter; 9th Cooper's. Last place was the only one we agree with. Cooper's scored a miserable six points. Feed this drop to all those funnel webs and there would be no worries.

Paul Ferguson, Des Poole, Keith Rudd, Ken Finlayson, Andy Atkinson, Graham Semmler
C/-Harp Hotel
Wollongong, NSW

The Cooper's people complained that our official test was unfair to them. They said the drop we reviewed was at least 15 months old, pointing out that they had not distributed the brew in the tinnies pictured for that period. Perhaps this also applied to Wollongong. But if so, why not withdraw the drop from sale?

It's obvious that John Meillon's crash course of only 15 minutes in beer-tasting did not qualify him to be on your panel of experts. The three points he awarded to the runner-up were completely out of line with the other three judges' findings. He should be banished to the State of Victoria for ever. Foster's, indeed!

John Baker
Coogee, NSW

Just a short note for all those tinnie-starved Aussies in South Africa who are heading for Deal's Hotel in East London, mentioned in the Ian

Just Men
Exclusive Clothes for Men

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3141 Gold Coast Highway, Phone (075) 38 2203.
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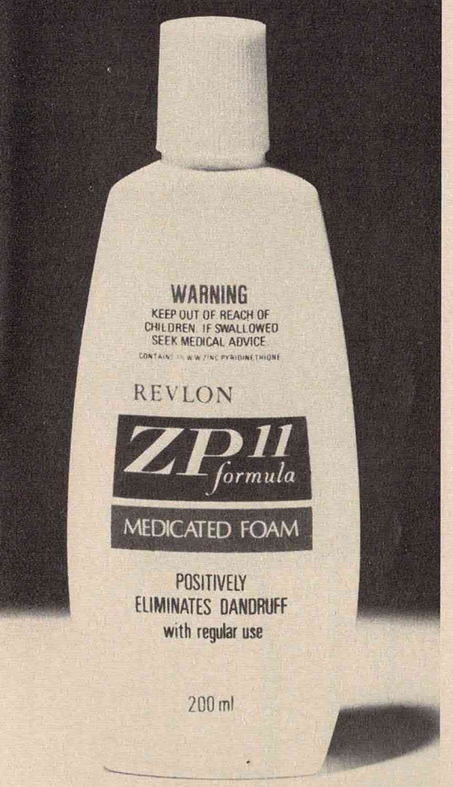
Now with regular use...
a medically proven way to

Overcome Dandruff



ZP11. The Dandruff Fighter

Why does ZP11 succeed in eliminating dandruff in most cases, with regular use? Because Revlon's ZP11 Medicated Foam contains Zinc Pyrithione, the remarkable dandruff-control agent. ZP11 Medicated Foam is rich-lathering and clean-smelling. Leaves your scalp clean and your hair looking Revlon great. Now – don't put up with dandruff. Fight it. With the Dandruff Fighter by Revlon.

REVLON

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Chappell interview (PLAYBOY, February). Give it a miss! It looks like Ian drank them all. However, if you still have your duty-free scotch, you can get as good a hangover as Chappell's.

John Cullen
Johannesburg, South Africa

SERIOUS CRIME

At first reading, Bob Bottom's article "One Man Against The Mob" (PLAYBOY, February) appeared to be a little boy whingeing because he'd stuck his finger in the fire and got it burnt. But, upon sober reflection, I felt a cold knot beginning to form in my bowels. Mr Bottom's article made one thing perfectly clear – crime is like a car prang. It's not somebody else who always cops it. Thanks for printing it.

Joe Blake
Kelvin Grove, Queensland

PLEASE, WE'RE BLUSHING

I've just bought the first Australian edition of PLAYBOY, and I think it's great. As one who comes from a country that is also heavily influenced by the Americans, I'm glad that Australians are able to print their own version of the magazine. Good luck for the future – I hope your success exceeds all expectations.

R.N. Sharpe
Regina, Saskatchewan

Two words sum up my feelings about your magazine: well done! I hope it is a real success and I think a lot of Australians will agree with me.

Derek Nicolai
Eudunda, SA

Congratulations on your second issue and for having the guts to print such a fine article as "The Lackey Country", by Ian Moffitt. At last an Australian writer is willing to tell the truth and admit that this country, which was once the best and bravest in the world, can no longer lay claim to that title. Public apathy and self-centredness have stripped away the pride for which our diggers once fought and died.

Perhaps if we grew up, learned to share and to co-operate as equals instead of acting like a mob of ignorant and disillusioned children, we could reclaim our former pride and show the world that Australian people are still unbeatable in a crisis – that is, if we really want the good life we are always bragging about.

Brian Delaney
Newcastle, NSW

A great effort. I particularly liked the way you finished off one article before starting another, rather than "continued on page . . ." A change for the better. It is also good to realise that the products being advertised are available in Australia. One final comment: your photography of the girls is exciting without being pornographic – another plus for you.

Tom Carse
Cooma, NSW

I would like to congratulate you on an excellent first issue. It is a magazine to be proud of. Keep up the good work and your success is assured.

James N. Moncrieff
Wollstonecraft, NSW

First, congratulations on PLAYBOY. You are producing a first-class magazine. However, I would like to correct your answer to a reader's question in the March *Playboy Adviser* section, in which you referred to the record of the D-type Jaguar.

You claimed that D-types won Le Mans in five straight years from 1954. The results were: 1954: Ferrari 375; 1955: works-entered D-type; 1956: Ecurie Ecosse D-type; 1957: Ecurie Ecosse D-type; 1958: Ferrari 250TR.

As a motor racing enthusiast since 1948 I am quite a stickler for accuracy, and felt that you would not mind this correction.

Anyway, carry on the good work!

Mike Harding
Wyoming, NSW

You are as accurate as you are enthusiastic. Our apologies. It would seem our informant has allowed his anthem to the Jaguar to cloud his recollection of what really happened during those years at Le Mans.

Good one, Australian PLAYBOY!

Wolf Ebert
Sandy Bay, Tasmania

The Australian male can understand more than beer and football, as the amazingly fast sellout of your first issue proved. I thought I would have plenty of time to buy a copy but, eight newsagencies later, I found otherwise. Is it possible to get the first edition?

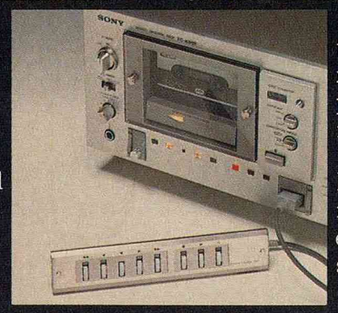
In the meantime, I made sure I got a copy of the March issue, which I enjoyed very much. You have a regular reader in me for as long as you keep up that sort of quality.

J.J. Ball
Northcote, Victoria

Sorry, Mr Ball, and the many other readers who wrote with similar requests. Copies of our first issue are exhausted (see this month's After Hours *section).*

With the new TC-K96R and TC-K60, Sony introduces new refinements in cassette deck performance and practicality. Both these front-loaders approach the ultimate in sound quality, backed up by a solid Sony tradition of perfectionism. And each offers new features that still further expand your range of audio enjoyment.

The super sophisticated logic control and 2-motor mechanism of the TC-K96R make possible such advanced functions as auto reverse, and immediate feather-touch switching between any operational mode. You can even detach the console and use it as a remote control module.



The Liquid Crystal Digital Meter on the TC-K60 permits fool-proof control of recording level from any source, as well as providing a Peak Hold mechanism to facilitate fine adjustment.

Whichever deck you choose, you can be sure it is packed with the same innovative thinking and uncompromising engineering from end to end, down to the smallest detail.

After all, it's a Sony.

Command Performance.

A winning pair of Sony cassette decks.

SONY

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

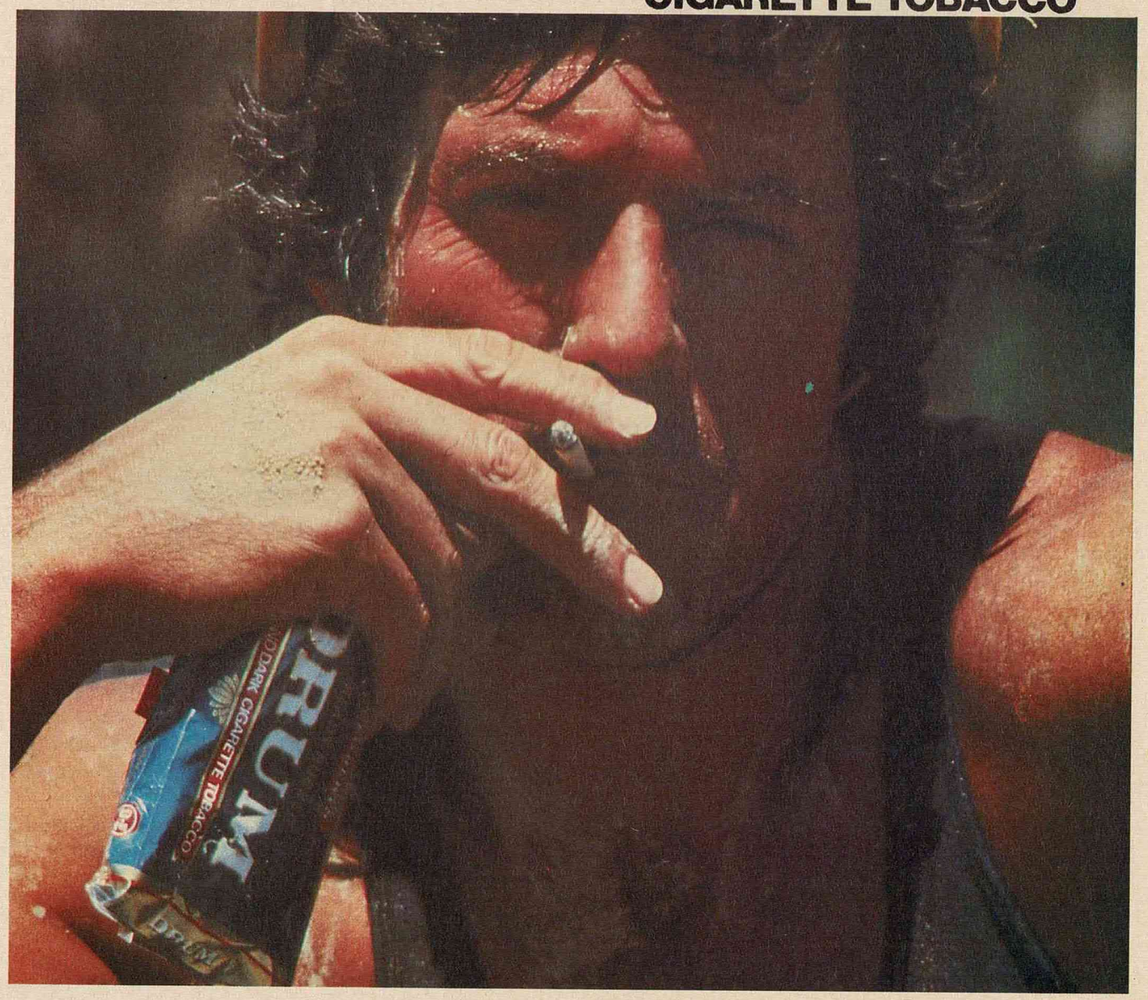
But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

GREY 10666

MEN SMOKE DRUM

CIGARETTE TOBACCO



THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I really have a problem and I don't know how to handle it. I am 27 and my wife is nearly 19. We have been married for a month, but were living together for nearly a year before that. We have a great sex life, with no inhibitions whatsoever. We share each other's fantasies extensively – anything goes – and she loves me very much. Recently we were watching TV when my wife came out with the news that there was a man at her office she wanted to make love to. She stressed that there is nothing but pure physical desire on both their parts. (I've met the guy on several occasions, and I know he would grab the chance to have her.) My wife has indicated that this would be her first such escapade but not the last, and says it's okay with her if I want to do the same. We talked about it for several hours, about the problems involved (emotions, malicious gossip, the possibility of venereal disease) and I guess I was trying to talk her out of it. I love my wife very much and am at a loss about what to say or do. Another complication is that my wife is bisexual. About nine months ago she introduced me to a lady who'd seduced her, and we subsequently all bedded together. Now she is using this as a lever, saying that it was all right for me to make it with another woman, so now it should be her turn to make it with another man. Please help me. I don't think I can handle it by myself, particularly as my first wife ran off with another guy. – C.J., Victoria.

One of the realities of life is that you make your own bed and you have to lie on it. The truth of that, as far as you're concerned, is apparent. Although your wife seems hell-bent on laying her office worker, you do have one important thing going for you, and that's the strong love you say you have for one another. Appeal to her reason on that basis, and assure her that as long as it exists there's no way you'll accept her invitation to look further afield. In the meantime, keep it up to her as often, and as uninhibitedly, as possible. A woman who's sexually satisfied at home doesn't normally start finding distant fields greener.

As I am trying to get a humorous section in my record collection, I have asked local stockists about records by such humorists as Tony Hancock, W. C. Fields and the Marx Bros, together with some of the more modern gagsters, but they can't help. Can you? – D.McG., Queensland.

These records are increasingly hard to find, but some enthusiasts still

have them in stock. Write to Blues and Fugues, Sydney Square Arcade, Sydney 2000, and they'll be happy to help. They have a good collection of comedy records going right back. (How about the BBC's 'Fifty Years of Radio Humor'?.) *You might also try Discurio in Melbourne, Seventy-Eight in Perth and Abels in Canberra. But it really is a matter of search and ye shall (may) find. It is in the specialist shops that you'll be most likely to flip.*

I'd like some advice on the subject of paternity. I've been going with a girl for about six months and now she's pregnant. Marriage is out of the question. I'm fond of her, but she's immature and unpredictable. She doesn't want an abortion – and I respect her wishes – but she insists that as the father I take full responsibility. Trouble is, I've a sneaking suspicion I mightn't be the father. I was out of town for 10 days and I'm almost certain she had someone else while I was away. Will a blood test prove or disprove paternity? If it does, what should I do? I want to do the right thing by this girl, but I don't want to support her and a child which might not be mine. – R.H., NSW.

This is an age-old question and problem. Blood tests are not, unfortunately, conclusive. They can prove only that a man is not the father of a child, never conclusively that he is. If, for example, your blood is A positive and the baby is type O, there is no way you could be the father. On the other hand, if the baby is A positive, then the test can only suggest you might be the father. If the suspected other man is A positive then he, too, could be the father. You don't indicate whether your girl consulted a doctor early in her pregnancy, but if she did, then the doctor should be able to indicate with a reasonable degree of certainty whether conception took place during the 10 days you were away. If she is adamant about being an unmarried mother, then whether you are the father or not, there is no law to say you have to pay out for the mother's or the child's maintenance. She will be paid a supporting mother's benefit by the Government and can't make any legal claim on you.

Recently I was pulled up for exceeding the .08 blood/alcohol level which applies to drivers in both New South Wales and the Australian Capital Territory. I was fined $300 and my licence was suspended for three months, despite a 10-year clean driving record. I'm duly humbled and won't do it again. But none of this goes down too well as, soon after, a friend went before the same court for the same offence (with a level just under mine) and got off with a bond. And on top of that he had a driving record which included such gems as exceeding the speed limit (on several occasions), negligent driving and crossing yellow lines. Is there no justice? – R. McG., ACT.

Sure there is. It's in the eye of the beholder, and in your case you were obviously viewed through a glass darkly. But don't let it drive you to drink. Seriously, without knowing further details, we can't explain why you were hung higher than Barrabas. Maybe the beak got out of the wrong side of bed on your judgment day. Maybe your friend had a better lawyer or more pull, or maybe you didn't have one at all. Legal aid is available for people in certain cases of financial hardship. In NSW, for instance, a person in these circumstances should approach the Public Solicitor. After passing a means test, legal representation is then provided. In the ACT, where Federal law applies, the appropriate body to approach would be the Legal Aid Committee. On the other hand, you may find some consolation in the fact that you weren't pinched outside the borders of the ACT. In NSW, you might have been fined $1000 or, alternatively, spent six months in the slammer. And in Victoria, they're contemplating penalties against drinking drivers which are even more harsh. So in that respect, the breaks did go your way. Had your offence

THE TALE BEHIND MY SHIRT.

By Pierre Cardin.

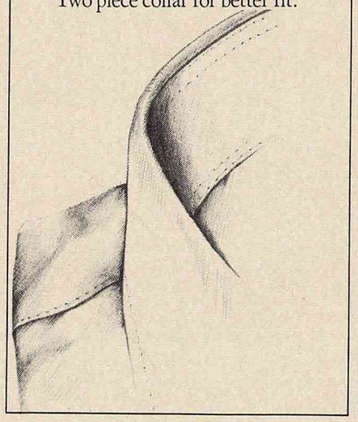
How much do you know about what goes into the making of a shirt?

There is so much to tell you about the making of a Pierre Cardin shirt, I could almost write a book on the subject. But since I'm confined to the twin pages spread before you, I'm forced to settle for a short story.

The shirt in question is my classic business shirt, designed to be worn with or without a tie.

Believe me, it is no ordinary shirt. To begin with, none of my shirts are mass produced. Each is individually tailored by craftsmen and cut in such a fashion that just seems to fit any person's shape elegantly.

Two piece collar for better fit.



Open the collar. If you look closely you will see it is made in two pieces. That is, the neck is sewn on separately to the collar rather than one piece of material like many shirts.

There are two distinct benefits to you in making a shirt this way. The collar sits better on your neck and the tie sits better on your collar.

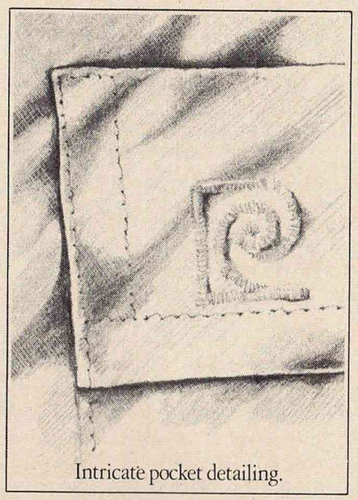
On top of that, the fabric and lining of the collar are fused together. The result —no bubbles and no wrinkles. Most shirts have overlocked seams. This cheaper method of sewing can mean loose stitching, loose threads and frayed ends of fabric.

You won't find any of those things on my shirts. Partly because of the seams I choose – French seams on the shoulders and lap seams everywhere else for both strength and quality.

When it comes to buttons there are buttons and there are buttons. Most shirts have plastic ones that look awful, or imitation mother of pearl ones that look plastic.

My buttons are made from *real* mother of pearl and look it.

The cost is ten times that of plastic. And they do for a shirt, what real gold does for a watch.



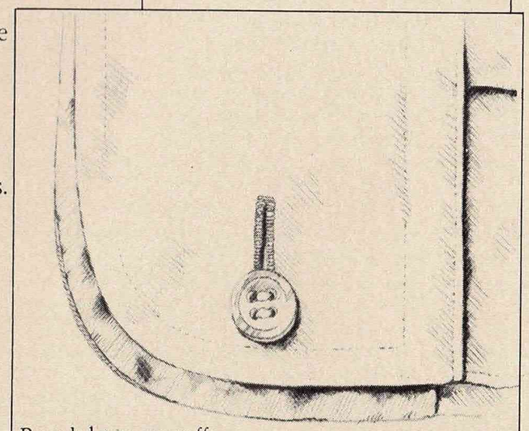
Intricate pocket detailing.

If you have an eye for detail you'll appreciate the finishing touches too.

Like the French or plaquet style fronts.

Like the generous sleeve lengths.

Like the stylishly rounded cuffs that can be worn with or without cuff links.



Rounded, two-way cuffs.

Like the finely stitched button-holes that won't unravel.

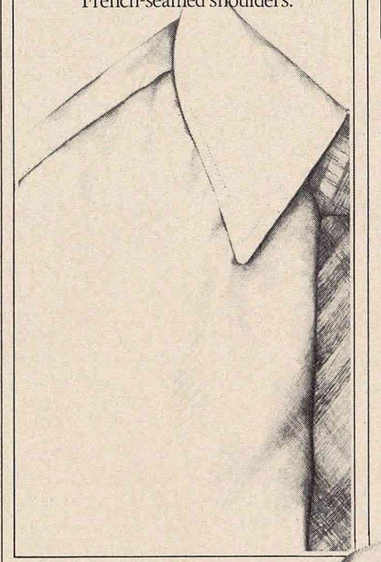
Like the spare button on the shirt bottom.

Not to mention the hand-folded and individually sewn-on pockets, with my personal monogram subtly embroidered on one corner.

I also insist upon more stitches to the inch (around 17 compared to the normal 10-12 stitches per inch). It may not sound like much, but the overall effect on a shirt is quite dramatic.

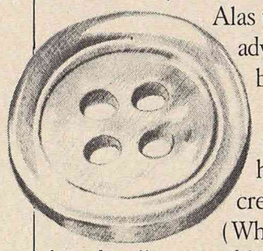
The fabrics I personally choose from the best the world has to offer. In the natural fibres, pure silk and pure cotton. In mixtures, only the top quality easy care polyester silks and polyester cottons.

French-seamed shoulders.



The patterns and colours?

Ah, if only this ad were in colour.

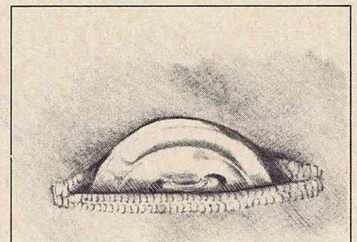


Alas the cost of advertisements being what they are, to afford it, I'd have to increase my prices. (Which, my friends tell me, are high enough already).

Rest assured that all colours and patterns are designed to compliment your wardrobe handsomely.

Which bring me to the tail behind my shirt.

An area many shirt-makers are inclined to skimp on.



Finely stitched—won't unravel.

No matter how ample your tail, my shirt tail is designed to give you ample room to move in.

And that, dear reader, makes a fitting end to the tale behind my shirt.

The ultimate shirt.

The Pierre Cardin shirt.

STOCKISTS

Sydney
Clive Richards, 556 Royal Arcade, Double Bay.
Ron Bennett — All stores.
Vince Maloney, Centrepoint.

Melbourne
Bonapart Mens Boutique, Beaumaris.
Charles Lux, South Yarra.
Chesters, Southern Cross Hotel.
Opal Stores.
Gentry, Elizabeth Street.

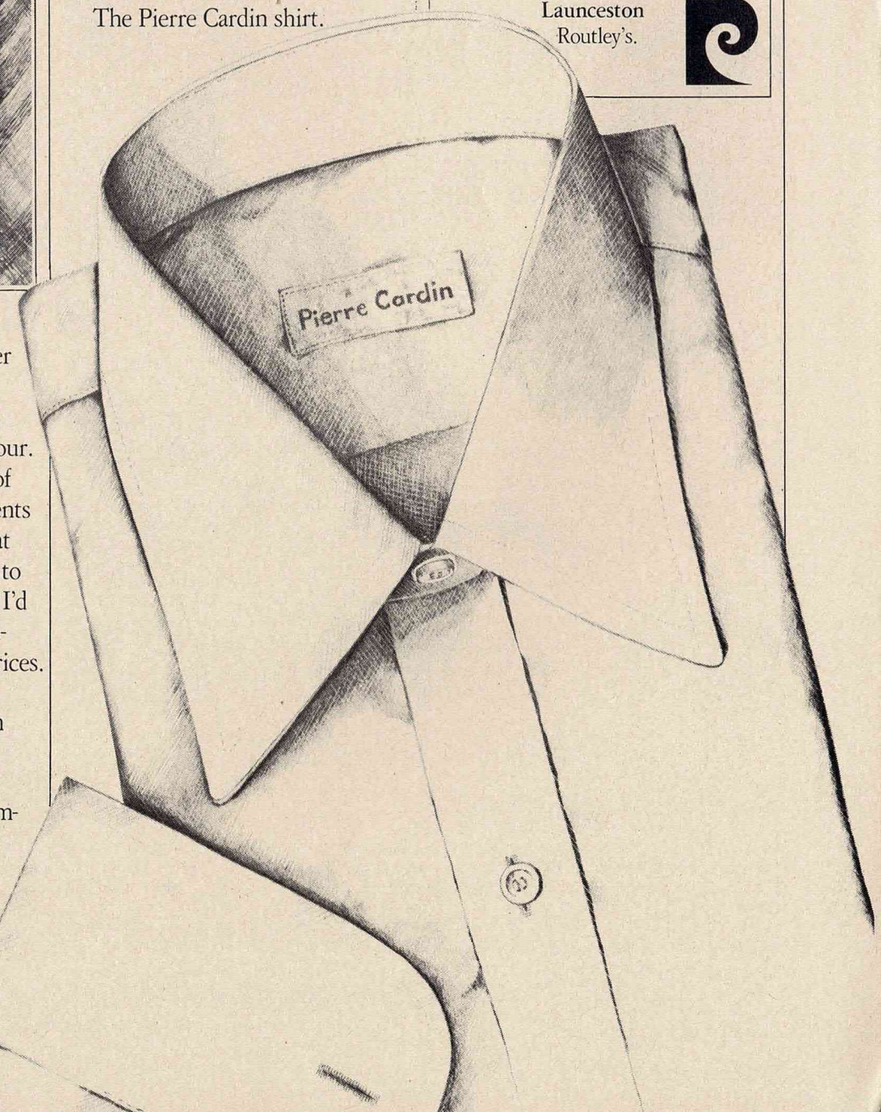
Adelaide
Butler's for Men, Ansett Arcade.
Valentino's, Melbourne Street.

Perth
Lord John, City Arcade.
Marchesi Menswear, William Street.
Plaza Esquire, Plaza Arcade.

Brisbane
J. B. Conlan, Isles Lane.
Just Men, Pavilion Arcade.

Hobart Bidencopes.

Launceston
Routley's.



...with water

Carefully and correctly produced and matured, St. Agnes shows those qualities that Brandy should show.

From the beginning St. Agnes has been a constant winner of show awards. St. Agnes 3 Star is best with water or soda, and ice. And for those special occasions remember:–

St. Agnes Old Brandy, 10 years old in its youngest part.
St. Agnes Very Old Brandy, 20 years old in its youngest part.

ST AGNES made the way brandy should be!

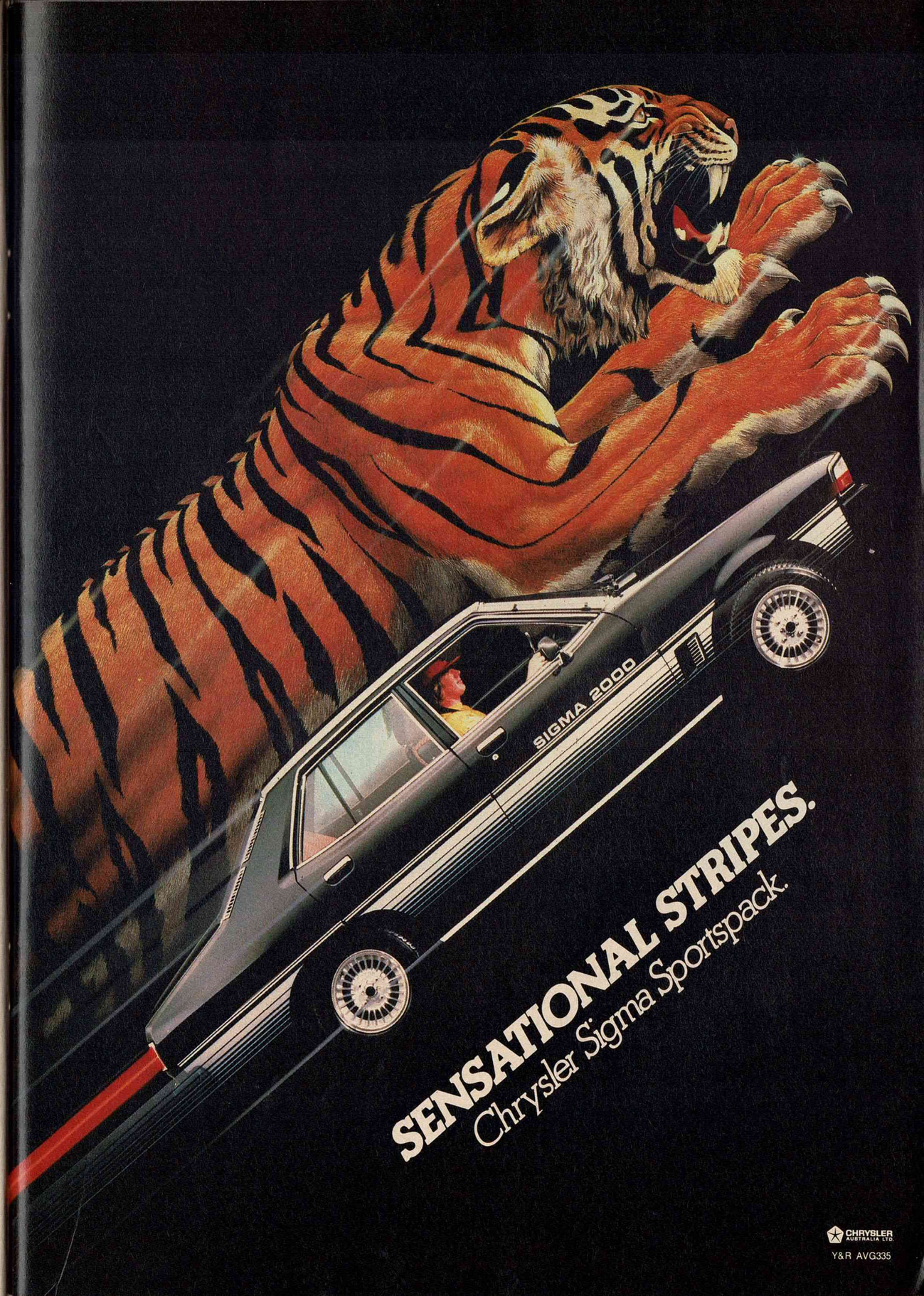
Produced by Angove's Pty. Ltd., Renmark, S.A.

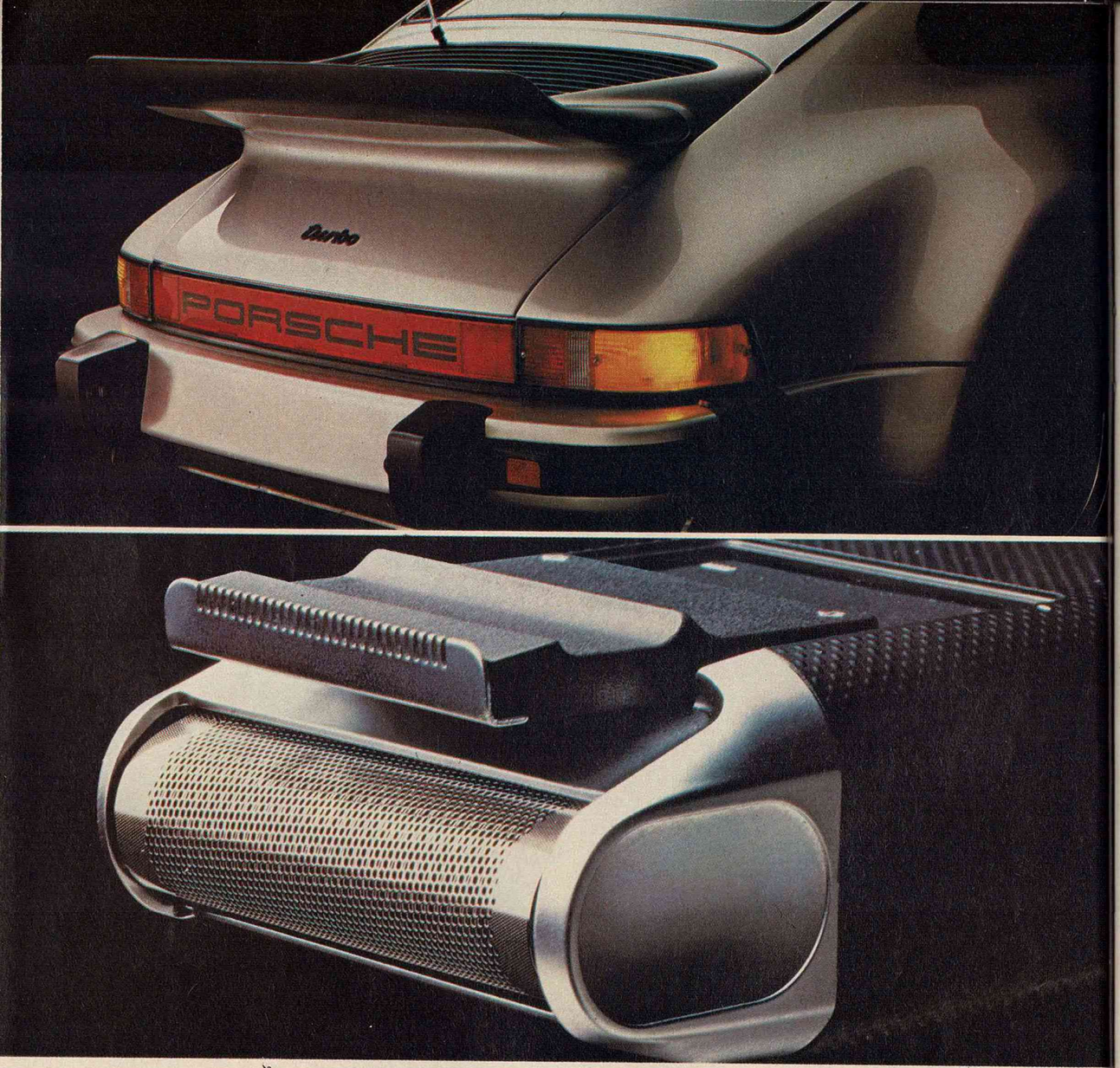
4108

occurred another 50 kilometres north, your comments may well have been written to us on paper bearing Her Majesty's letterhead.

Would you explain to me what the terms "percentage" and "proof" mean in relation to alcohol. From what I can ascertain, 100 percent equals 200 proof, which prompts me to ask: "What and why is proof?" You get "overproof" or "30 overproof", and I've even heard the term "underproof". Also, I can remember reading in a newspaper years ago that Australian beer had an alcohol content of between seven and eight percent. Yet only a few months ago a Sydney newspaper advised us that Melbourne had stronger beer than Sydney – Melbourne's being 3.8 percent and Sydney's 3.5 percent (the decimal sections are approximate). Has the alcohol content been reduced? Is there a proof spirit at work? Am I going mad? It's all very confusing, and I would be grateful if you could enlighten me. – E.J.D., NSW.

We refer you to that amusing and informative senior lecturer in wine appreciation at London's Fulham and South Kensington Institute, Andrew Durkan, who in his book, Vendange, *had this to say: "The word proof derives from what must have been a very entertaining method of testing alcoholic strength. Some of the spirit was mixed with a little gunpowder. If the mixture could be ignited with a mild explosion the alcoholic content was too strong for drinking, ie, over proof. If the mixture burnt with a gentle blue flame or failed to ignite, it was proven as suitable for drinking, ie, under proof." There are two systems used in Australia for measuring alcoholic strength – percentage alcohol by volume and British proof. An understanding and a comparison of the two systems is simple if you form a mental picture of two measuring sticks of equal length, one representing percentage and the other proof. The bottom graduation, nought, on each measuring stick represents plain water. Absolute alcohol is represented by the top graduation on each stick, 100 in the case of the percentage scale and 175.35 on the proof scale. A simple mathematical relationship between the two systems is 100 to 175 or four to seven. Therefore, a spirit which is 40 percent alcohol by volume is near enough to 70 percent proof. On the proof scale, 100 is taken as par or representing proof spirit (proof spirit is a mixture of alcohol and water with a strength of 57.1 percent alcohol by volume. Thus 100 on the proof scale is the same as 57.1 on the percentage scale. Any figure above 100*





TWO LUXURIOUS PIECES OF GERMAN PRECISION.

If you look closely you'll find the Porsche Turbo and Braun Micron very similar.

The rear airfoil on the Turbo acts as a stabilizer and increases tyre traction for high speed motoring. The Micron's platinum foil has 1900 six angled holes that trap and cut whiskers for very close, very fast shaving.

The Turbo boasts extremely accurate handling, reducing driver strain and tension. Similarly, using the Micron each morning is very relaxing as it massages the skin to reduce facial wrinkles.

The Turbo incorporates the most advanced engineering skills. So does the Micron with it's extendible long hair trimmer, for example. And there's no doubt that both are beautifully styled and most desirous.

Isn't it time you owned a piece of German excellence?

BRAUN Sold and serviced throughout Australia by Breville.

is overproof; eg, 40 overproof is the same as 140 proof). Now for the beer. The 3.5 percent figure you refer to is in reality 3.5 grams of alcohol for every litre of beer, which in turn is equivalent to 4.5 millilitres of alcohol a litre. Multiply this by 1.75 (as explained in the earlier formula) and you come up with the figure 7.87 – which represents percent proof. It's all very confusing, isn't it? So why don't you do what we've always done here at PLAYBOY? *Forget about the facts and figures. Just drink the stuff.*

I have a bird who loves a roll, but more often than not it's with the dice. She's tried again and again to kick the habit but, despite the help of members of Gamblers Anonymous, she can't. Would hypnotherapy be of any use? – J.T., WA.

The odds are stacked against it. If Gamblers Anonymous and the confessions of fellow losers haven't helped your lady, hypnotherapy is unlikely to be the magic wand. Hypnotherapy has a limited success rate in curing junkies, boozers or gamblers of their addictions. Like all addicts, gamblers have to hit the bottom of the moral and social totem poles before they can hope to purge themselves. Sounds like your lady's last chance lies on the couch. More often than not, the gambler's curse stems from a personality defect which displays itself in an urge to bet against the sun rising tomorrow. If a psychiatrist can help winkle out and lay the ghost that compels her to lose her money and her self-respect, maybe your lady will rediscover that there are more thrills in bed than on the punt.

I recently saw a steward at a club decanting a bottle of red. Having scanned the place's wine list several times I thought it a bit odd that he was straining the sediment from what could be only a five-year-old bottle. First question: do young wines often/ever throw a sediment? Second question: is it a mark of a good or bad wine? Third and most important question: the man was straining the contents through a coffee filter (the paper cone variety). It seemed like a good idea, then I wondered ... does it adversely affect the vino? – J.O'H., Victoria.

Sediment is like sentiment ... the longer you keep an old friend, the more likely it is to develop. But it shouldn't appear in your glass. You can spot it easily by a careful examination of the bottle with a background of clear light (a candle is excellent). If it is noticeable, make sure your wine is given plenty of time in the upright position so that any sediment can settle, then carefully pour it off into a clean decanter. Sediment also is inclined to form near the neck, so it's advisable to clean this both before and after the cork has been withdrawn. In regard to young wines: yes, they sometimes throw a crust. As with older wines, it's simply a matter of getting the wine off the sediment by decanting before serving. Sediment, particularly in older reds, is often a sign of body, of quality. And that, in general, is the answer to your second question – but it is more applicable to reds than whites. All the above has been in regard to personal decanting. Which leads us back to serving by a wine waiter or steward. Hopefully, the day will come in Australia when stewards will be knowledgeable enough to test the quality of a bottle's contents before it is presented at the table. Baron Philippe de Rothschild, whose Chateau Mouton has produced the odd good drop, has strong feelings on this subject. He has

no time for the restaurant ritual of tasting a bit of wine before it is poured out for the diners. "It's all an act," he says. "Any wine steward worth his salt will have smelled the cork himself to determine whether the wine is acceptable. He has no business approaching the table with a corked wine!" As for the steward decanting through the paper cone; yes, it would remove sediment and probably would not harm the wine. But from a professional viewpoint, any steward who decanted in this fashion – and in full view of the patrons – should be horsewhipped on the club steps, irrespective of the club.

What goes up, they say, must also come down again. The trouble with me is that I can't get it up any more. Not since I experienced a homosexual association with a guy after a party recently. Since then I have been inclined, if you'll excuse the expression, that way. As a result, I'm totally sexually confused. Whom should I talk to – *is* there anyone I can talk to? I just need some counsel, some guidance and some sympathy to help me over this problem. – F.L., NSW.

Guilt and a resultant loss of sex drive are not uncommon among men following their first homosexual experience. A confidential chat with your doctor and a referral to a psychiatrist should help. But take note: there is no reason why your sexual experience and consequent confusion should be anything more than fleeting. Although Kinsey's Sexual Behavior in the Human Male was published more than 30 years ago, it still remains the definitive scientific study in the area. Kinsey's research established that 37 percent of white American males had at least one overt homosexual experience between adolescence and old age. It has also been long held that between the complete male and complete female there is a complex variety of physical and psychological anomalies, which in turn give rise to a wide range of sexual behavior. There is a modern school that believes that all humans are born sexually malleable and have a general sexual disposition rather than a specific heterosexual, homosexual or bi-sexual one. They also believe that the kind of sexual learning and individual experience will determine the sexual object. So, in that light, your guilt is attributable to social rather than biological pressures. This is the result of years of church-oriented and state-enacted repression. It is commonly held nowadays that there is an utter lack of justification in prohibiting any private acts between consenting adults. So far we've suggested you consult a doctor or psychiatrist. But you may find you get more help by talking to others who have faced similar problems. These gay organisations offer counselling services: NSW: Camp NSW, 33A Glebe Point road, Glebe 2037. Telephone 660 0061. Vic: Gay Liberation, 167 Moor street, Fitzroy 3065. Telephone 41 4926; Gayline, Telephone 329 5555. NT: Sappho Club, PO Box 3404, Darwin 5794. Qld: Camp Queensland, GPO Box 2374, Brisbane 4001. Telephone 221 9373; PO Box 931, Mount Isa 4825. Telephone 43 6403. SA: Gay Counselling Service, GPO Box 244, Adelaide 5000. Telephone 71 3688. There is also a monthly gay publication called Campaign *available on news stands throughout Australia.*

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to the* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

"I'm always at home with Captain Morgan Jamaica Rum"

"Believe me, it's not easy to leave the sweet pleasures of the Caribbean, but when I come to Australia I know I can still enjoy my favourite drink. Captain Morgan Dark Rum.

Mix it right through summer and winter with whatever takes your fancy – Cola, Bitter Lemon, Lemonade or fruit juices – and plenty of ice!

After a day's play it's refreshing, it's beautiful! But do yourself a favour – never get run out – that just isn't cricket!"

Viv Richards mixes it with the best

Captain Morgan JAMAICA DARK RUM

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

MEN WANTED

As a sidelight to your item in *After Hours* (PLAYBOY, February), I'm a 25-year-old, healthy female and I lived for some time in the Pilbara region. I worked in a motel as a barmaid with approximately 20 other girls, all of whom were attractive, well groomed, reasonably intelligent and with modern attitudes.

We were all there for the same reasons – to save money, to escape a lost lover and/or find a new one. Living in boarding school conditions, it was not unusual to discuss "those big horny men". Believe me, they were as elusive as the proverbial pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

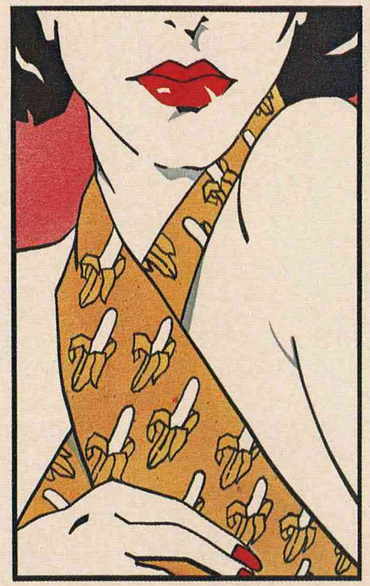
Our supply of men, and there was an endless supply, came mainly from the businessmen and salesmen passing through the motel, or male staff members – and clean fingernails had nothing to do with it.

Why couldn't those big horny men get it together with those willing receptionists, barmaids and waitresses? I don't know if it was apathy or lack of self confidence, but the general attitude among the men was: why bother, or what hope have I got? Let's drink and forget that thing between our legs.

This can't be all the men, you say. No. But even the most deprived and desperate female is not impressed by a line like "Wannascrew?"

This winter I'm returning to the north, but this time I'll try Premier Joh's country. And here's hoping his Queensland males have a little less apathy and a few more manners than their WA counterparts.

Name and address
withheld by request



WHITHER SEXUALITY?

Expression on matters sexual has, in Australia, only recently been freed from restraint, albeit unwillingly in some circles. In others it is being accepted as easily as jet planes, the two-car family, space travel or the Pill. It is – to me at least – a most remarkable phenomenon. I think we are very fortunate to live in a time which tolerates this progress.

I hope Australian PLAYBOY will contribute. We have the right motives in Australia. Our hunger for freedom is fiercer than in the US, as our history and society feature more suppression. We have more reason to revolt, to seek freedom of mind and body. I wish Australian PLAYBOY good fortune, clear, crisp and tender language. Taste and humor are precious. The first issue put me in its debt. Go well.

Bart H. Lieneman
Highbury, SA

Congratulations on an excellent first issue of Australian PLAYBOY. You asked for letters, comments and participation. Here goes. You made two statements in *Playbill:* "We plan to be relevant to the needs and aspirations of the modern Australian male" and "we are in an enviable position because with this edition we add Australia, and its loveliest lasses, to the world of PLAYBOY beauty." In *Playboy's Quarter Century* you said: "We will present sexuality without vulgarity." All of which adds up to an excellent prescription for a great magazine.

So now a mild, but I think important, criticism. There are very many beautiful Australian girls, whom you will no doubt feature in future issues – Karen Pini is a great start. But please, more glamor and less medical journal approach. Genitals, both sexes, come (no funny intended) in many shapes and sizes, but almost invariably have one thing in common: They don't photograph attractively. My guess is that most of your readers and potential readers, men and women, simply do not like to see a full color shot of labiae and clitoris. Thighs, shoulders, bellies, bottoms, ankles and breasts, attractively curved – a big yes, please. Intimate as-seen-through-the-eyes-of-the-gynaecologist views of external genitals – an equally big no, thanks.

Please don't think that the persistent, penetrating, off-key, raucous screeching of the "we insist on the right to see, read and do anything and everything we want, anywhere and everywhere we want to" brigade is truly representative. The vocal minority is so often exposed as just that – a very small minority.

Malcolm Kirke
Ayr, Queensland

Thanks for your comments, Malcolm. We agree with your thoughts on gynaecology and point out that in none of our issues to date have we gone clinical. Nor do we intend to.

The basis of the PLAYBOY philosophy seems to be to regard everything in life without the bias of pre-conceived ideas. Emphasis is thus placed on what you feel about a particular experience, rather than what you think you should feel, or what you have been told you will feel. The PLAYBOY attitude has done much to both remove some of the aura of guilt that has long hung over sex and to reduce the extreme importance placed upon it by such writers as Hemingway and D. H. Lawrence in their attempts to gain increased sexual freedom. PLAYBOY lets us laugh at ourselves, to see and accept the funny side of sex, and discusses sex in a free and easy fashion.

But I think there is something lost, or unexpressed, perhaps, in the way you regard sex. I do not know for sure, for it is hard to write exactly what I mean, and at 18 I am hardly expert at expression or sex. But it is as if no room has been left for the soft feeling that sometimes comes to you – not love, or what is commonly regarded as love, for by its very intensity it separates you from others. It is as if a temporary reprieve from the ugliness of the world has been extended to you. Perhaps it occurs only because of my essential innocence and naivety and will be replaced by something else. Will it, I ask you?

T. Scott Lewis
South Yarra, Victoria

You score well in the young philosopher stakes, Scott. Good relations with other people–whether they involve men and women, men and men, or women and women, and irrespective of whether they are sexual – do indeed provide a refuge from the ugliness of the world. May it ever be so. Sex is profoundly emotional when it

involves love and sharing but, just as sex is not limited to procreation, neither is it limited to love alone.

I could write for a year on many of the aspects of the PLAYBOY philosophy and the moral values expressed. But may I say this: democratic governments, religious leaders and the like often intrude into the private lives of the people and usually do more harm than good – as you say. Yet let us remember that the intrusion, however misguided and harmful, is usually well-intentioned. *Your* assertions are no more worthy of weight. Be as tolerant as *you* suggest *they* should be. After all, permissiveness didn't do much for the Romans in the long run.

Have you considered whether mankind is ready for the maturity and sophistication you seek? Ideals are great and must ever be in sight, in recognisable form, but let's hasten slowly. Computers evolved from far more primitive predecessors.

Ian R. Handley
Menzies Creek, Victoria

I read the *Playboy Forum* in your first issue over and over again, and I agree absolutely with everything you wrote. I am 50 years old and have been happily married for 30 years. Who has the right to tell my wife and me what we are permitted to read, see or hear?

G. Nold
Aitkenvale, Queensland

THE NORM OF THE GAME

My parents gave me the name Norman Hughes which, in our society, was shortened to Norm. I used to be called Norman-Hughes, a hyphenated name which, to some degree, catches my mild-mannered nature. Now everywhere I go I'm Norm, heaven forbid. I like the name, but it drives a bloke mad to have "beaudy, Norm" yelled out dozens of times a day.

Because of a song about a bloke in Newcastle and the Government's vigorous "Life Be In It" campaign, I feel I am maligned.

I am not a fat slob. I weigh 67 kg, I don't drink, nor do I sit and watch the drivel dished out to us on TV. I'm me, just plain Norm, with my own special paranoia and loveable nature.

Norman H. Hart
Laverton, Victoria

Come on, Norman, grow up. You know you are not the fat slob which the "Life. Be In It" campaign portrays. So why worry? There are many honorable men who have carried your name.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

I read with mixed feelings the article on your Adviser page regarding circumcision.

Many medical journals state that circumcision serves no useful purpose at all, and that it does not help to prevent disease in any way. In fact, they advise against it.

I consider it wrong for any doctor to mutilate a defenceless child in such a manner when it serves no purpose.

No male should be circumcised without his personal request or, at the very least, after careful consideration by the parents and in their full knowledge of the facts. As it is now, one of the main problems is that young mothers agree to nurses taking their child away for circumcision.

Many mothers I have spoken to have subsequently regretted their approval, and many a man has wished that his parents had waited to give him a say in the matter.

M. Marshall
Dubbo, NSW

We addressed our reply to the relative sexual pleasures experienced by those both circumcised and unsnipped, pointing out that sex was equally pleasurable for both. From the point of view of hygiene, the majority of doctors do *advise circumcision, so parents have to decide whether to agree. They should weigh the facts before they go ahead.*

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialogue between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to Playboy Forum, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX ON SHOW

PERTH – A husband and wife were fined $1500 after two plainclothes police attended a bucks' party in a suburban flat. The police told the court that the woman, a stripper, removed her clothes and "various sexual acts took place". The defence argued that the accused were not guilty of publicly exhibiting an indecent performance because the function was private, attended by "friends". However, the policemen said they paid a taxi driver $30 to join 15 other men at the show. The jury took three hours to reach a verdict that the performance was public – and indecent.

MONKEY BUSINESS

DJAKARTA – A "fat monkey of still undetermined species" twice raped a 23-year-old woman tending her field near a West Java village, according to a Manila newspaper. The woman reportedly awoke from a nap to find the animal assaulting her sexually, and it supposedly attacked her a second time when she attempted to flee into some woods. Her husband was quoted as saying he did not intend to report the assault to police because, "after all, it was only a monkey".

DOWN WIF SKOOL

SYDNEY – About one million adults, or one in eight, are "functionally illiterate", the Australian Teachers' Federation annual conference was told. The federation president, Mr Van Davy, said such people had trouble reading newspapers and even signs. He added that more than 320,000 school pupils needed extra help with reading and mathematics.

FACT OF LIFE

PERTH – A West Australian government committee on family planning has found that "casual sexual relationships without ties are so prevalent they must be considered to be a practical norm". The committee reported: "The frequency of such unions between young people – adolescents and even children – may be considered lamentable hedonism, but it is a fact. Since the consequences of unwanted pregnancy are grave for the child, the parents and country, and contraception is relatively cheap and simple, it is a far more acceptable alternative to abortion, adoption, single parenthood or unstable marriage." The committee recommended condoms be made freely available in public places.

LOW BLOW

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA – A pat on a female neighbor's bottom cost a man a 60-day jail sentence, a $150 fine and a lecture on the feminist movement. The judge, who found the defendant guilty of assault, said: "There is a movement now called women's liberation that tends to put men and women on a much more equal status than before – but it does not grant special liberties unless you're invited by the other party."

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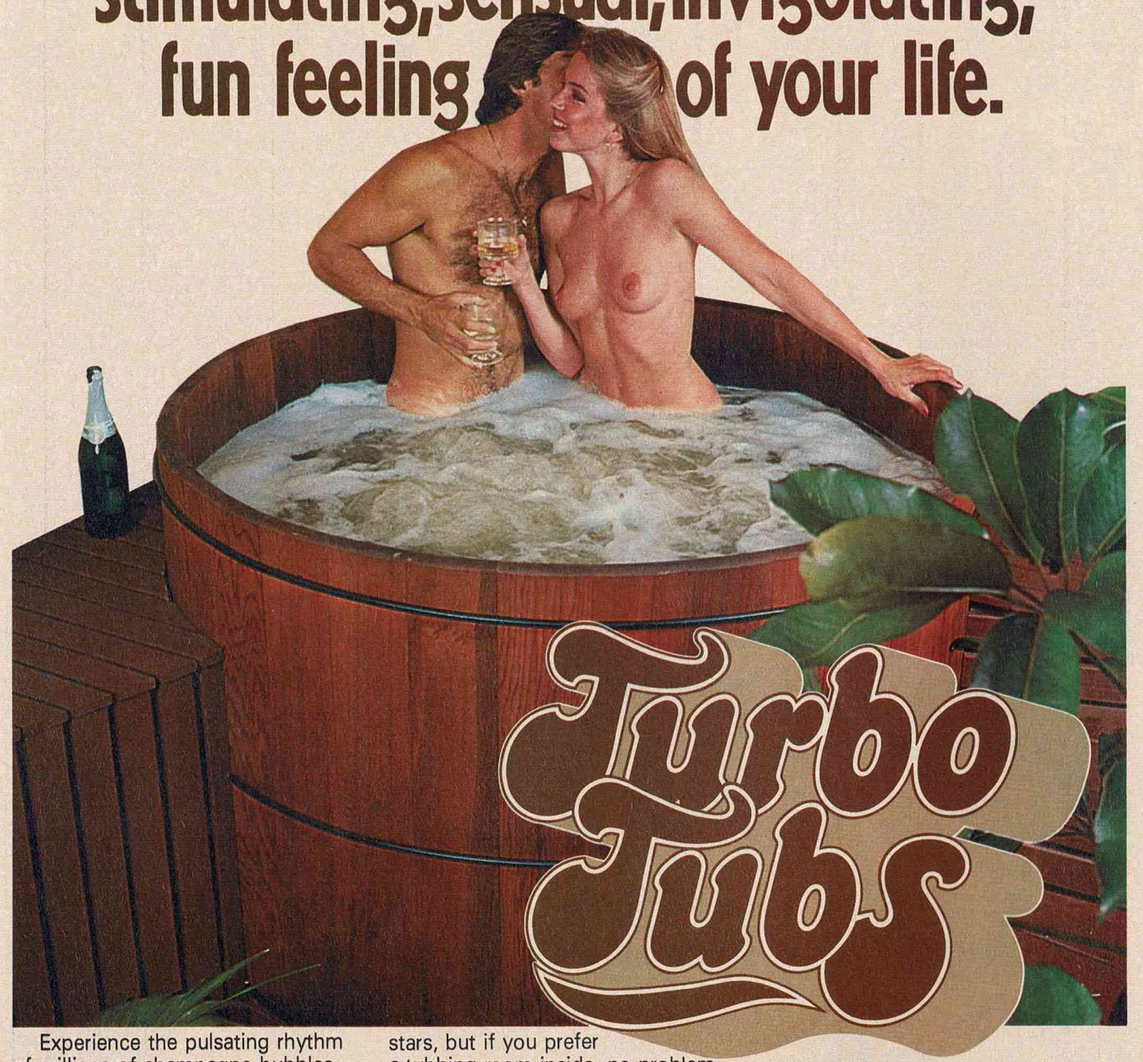

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Playboy Interview

Larry Pickering

woman hater, political assassin, bible basher and millionaire cartoonist

LIKE his omnipresent caps, Larry Pickering comes in many shades. Pickering, the man with the slickest, most audacious pen in cartoonland, has been heard to say he removes his cap only to bed a woman or have a shower. Maybe the real Pickering bares himself only in bed and bath. For the rest, he has more faces than the Hope diamond. And he is probably worth nearly as much!

Money and Pickering are in step. If there's any consistency in the man, it is mirrored in dollar signs. Everything he touches – a sheet of art paper, mining shares, a tomato plantation or bushies' corked hats – glitters. Not that he worships money. It's just handy stuff to have around when a desirable property comes on the market, or when you are on to a good thing in the fourth at Randwick.

There are no gods in Pickering's life, unless it is the face he sees every morning when he shaves or his five children. He turned his back on God when he left the Christadelphian Church and the family home at 14. It took him longer to shake off the trappings of poverty.

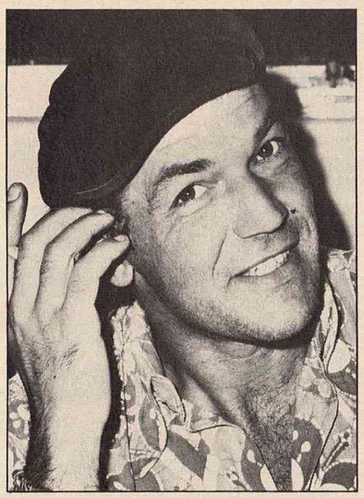
He grew up in a hard, brutal world. He has slept in a telephone box and in doss houses, worked alongside men to whom life is as cheap as a whorehouse thrill. Experience has taught him to love and hate in equal measure, and he does both with an intensity that mocks the sensitivity of a pen whose ink taps the hearts and minds of Australians. Today, the cartoons which used to mingle with the graffiti on newspaper lavatory walls have blessed Pickering with fame and fortune – firmly drawn curtains against an impoverished past.

Two Melbourne newspaper editors have lived to regret their judgment in ordering Pickering, then a proof-reader, to remove his unsolicited cartoons from the toilet walls. Pickering persevered. He moved to the capital and the dunny gallery of the Canberra Times, *where the 1000th cartoon caught the editor's eye and the newspaper presses. That was as recently as 1971. Pickering was paid $1.20, less 30 cents tax, for the privilege of seeing his creation lampooning the bastardisation of Duntroon cadets tossed on to the manicured lawns of the Public Service dress circle. Just eight years later, an original, custom-drawn Pickering cartoon will cost the commissioner $6000.*

"It's crazy what people will pay," he says. "Not so long ago I was at a charity dinner for the injured jockeys' fund in Canberra when they bid $8000 for five sketches of politicians. They were throwing $20 bills down like confetti at a wedding and I had one dollar in my pocket."

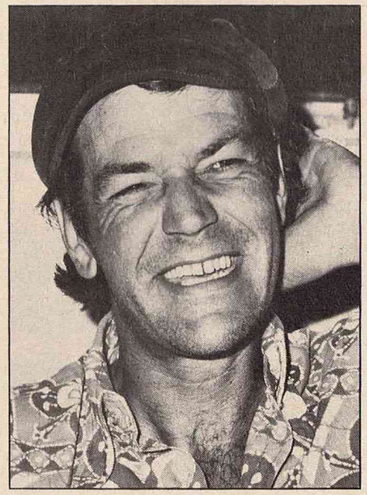
Unless he's had a bad day on the punt, Pickering is seldom stuck with a lone buck. Not that an empty wallet is any hardship. His credit is triple A. And well it might be. Pickering Promotions is spread a lot wider than page six of The Australian. *The kid from Caulfield, Melbourne, is heavily into publishing, importing and marketing, the share market, advertising, television production, and he recently bought his own plane to commute between his private landing strip at his home on the NSW central coast and his property near Mildura, where he measures his tomato crop by the tonne. Sworn to silence by his accountant, Pickering won't be specific about his earning power, but it's a fair guess that the gross turnover from all his enterprises this year will be much more than $1 million.*

Pickering is on a treadmill, and he knows it. He also knows that he will probably die at a gallop. Maybe there was a time, a couple of years ago, when he could have stepped off, but now it's too late. He'd like to be able to relax, to lie back and enjoy the fruits of his success, but he's hooked on the twin addictions of work and profit. He



"If it weren't for cartoonists, there wouldn't be a lot of criticism. Very few sections of the media can draw their own conclusions, apart from editorials, and no one reads editorials today."

"I think I'll probably snuff it around 45. I'm so tense all the time. I have continual ulcer problems, indigestion problems. I can't drink spirits because of tension. It gets to you after a while."



"Today, every second bugger and his dog is a millionaire. It's nothing special, mate. I guess if you realised everything I have you could say I was a millionaire, but what's a millionaire?"

used to laugh at himself as Australia's only capitalist cartoonist. It is no longer a joke.

Staff writer ***Russell Deiley*** *found that landing Pickering was as difficult as the huge sailfish Pickering chased alone in his 11-metre motor cruiser* Pickrin. *Deiley thought he had hooked his man several times, but he was left with a slack line. When Pickering eventually slowed for Deiley to catch up, the interview was a stop-start affair. They talked in Pickering's Mercedes on a run up the Pacific Highway, above a crowded pool in the cartoonist's Woy Woy backyard, in his Sydney studio and over a lunch.*

Despite interruptions from telephone calls, a barking dog and children at play, Pickering proved a fascinating, complex subject – part pundit, part politician, heretic and misogynist.

How Pickering hates women! It was said that after Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, any other match would be an anti-climax. The biggest production of all would be to turn the cameras on Larry Pickering and Germaine Greer. In the meantime, we present Larry Pickering, millionaire cartoonist, in a one-man performance.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy taking the mickey out of our leaders, or do you regard cartoons merely as a means to an end?

PICKERING: It's a means towards an end. It's a necessary evil – the public want to see tall poppies cut down. They want to see politicians humanised. And politicians enjoy it. It's not that *I* particularly enjoy it; it's unfair to be critical all the time without offering a viable alternative. I believe that cartooning is a pretty destructive medium – totally negative and destructive. And a lot of less-enlightened countries also see it that way and don't permit cartoons.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about presenting a well-known figure as a caricature? Is every one different or do you have a set of rules?

PICKERING: First, I ask myself if I like the bloke. If I don't, I try hard to be bitter about it, but if I like him and think he's doing a good job, I'll be a little gentler.

PLAYBOY: To whom have you been most acidic?

PICKERING: Gough Whitlam.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you like Gough Whitlam?

PICKERING: Because I think he should be drawn and quartered for what he did to this country in such a short time.

PLAYBOY: There are some people who said he did some great things.

PICKERING: I've heard a lot of people say that, but I've yet to see what he has done. Everyone says that to me. Gough did some good things. Like what?

PLAYBOY: Is it Whitlam you don't like, or the philosophy of the Labor Party?

PICKERING: Oh no, the philosophy of the Labor Party is fine. I'm against the megalomaniac type of person at the head of it, which is totally wrong. To me, everything spelled dreadful danger, and I remember voting that day in 1972. I stood at that ballot box and said: "If I ever vote for Labor it should be now." And I couldn't – I just couldn't. I voted against the general train of thinking.

PLAYBOY: But don't the majority vote for a party, and not for a man?

PICKERING: I think that's wrong. The basic Labor or Liberal blokes vote for the party, but they don't change governments. It's that swinging sector of 20 percent or so that makes the difference.

PLAYBOY: But in a two-party system, how, in all conscience, can you vote for a man? What can he do? He's one voice. In a two-party system, isn't a man just one voice in the party?

"I remember voting in '72. I stood at the ballot box and said: 'If I ever vote for Labor it should be now.' And I couldn't. I just couldn't."

PICKERING: The trouble was that Gough Whitlam could claim to have brought the Labor Party out of the doldrums, and could say he was the only reason they were in government. He used that as a lever to get what he wanted, when he wanted, and that became a dangerous thing. To me Gough was a person who should never, ever have been Prime Minister.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you consciously make your subjects figures of fun.

PICKERING: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Are some prominent figures more sensitive than others? Who's been the most sensitive? Was it Gough Whitlam?

PICKERING: Oh, Gough. That's for certain. He's the only one who has taken it hard. I've probably done as much to Billy McMahon as I have to Gough, but I can still have dinner at Billy's place.

PLAYBOY: Was that always so? Were there times when he was upset at your portrayal of him?

PICKERING: He knew what it's all about. He understood the cartoonist's role. Gough never did. He couldn't cope with it. Margaret used to love it, but he didn't. The reverse with Billy. Sonia used to hate it and Billy used to love it.

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics have said, perhaps rather unkindly, that your ideas have made you, not your pen. That you aren't really very good at drawing.

PICKERING: Well, that's acceptable. I'm not a classical drawer. I concentrate on facial expressions. I try very hard to show the way they're feeling and their personality – if they're hard, sloppy, dumb, or whatever. There are some bloody dumb politicians around, and you try your utmost when drawing them to make them look dumb. And dopey. And if politicians drink a lot you can make them look pissed. You can't say they're pissed in print, but you can draw them pissed. I've got a tremendous respect for Bob Hawke. As a man and as a politician. Everything. And I try to draw that strength in his face. To try to translate in pen work what I think their true personalities are, as I know them.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard them as your babies – your creation?

PICKERING: Yeah. It's funny that you should mention that, because you come to work and you sit down, and you're like a little kid with dolls. All these dolls lined up. And you can pose them. You put one there talking to him, a bunny here, a golliwog there. You've got your little dolls and you can play pretendings and put them in different situations. It can be very interesting.

PLAYBOY: Your cartoon work is exclusively political. You obviously feel more comfortable with politics.

PICKERING: I've always been a political person. I've never really been interested in anything else. The social implications of politics – it's a pretty wide area.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel comfortable with the enormous power, responsibility and influence you undoubtedly wield through your cartoons?

PICKERING: I feel comfortable because I am certain, in my own mind, that I don't abuse it. There have been quite a few cartoonists who have abused their position, and there'll probably be a few more. They get into the situation of being able to influence, and they use their philosophies to push, push, push. That doesn't work. They don't last very long once they have started on that path. Take Bruce Petty, probably one of the greatest cartoonists in Australia. He's my favorite – always has been and always will be. But he had a problem with not being able to see things dispassionately and objectively. He wasn't able to understand that the country is divided in half. In a paper like *The Australian* you have to

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try to sell to all of them. You can't just say you'll make one side happy. It doesn't work that way. All you're doing is having a wank. You've got to try to be all things to all people, as much as is practical.

PLAYBOY: Our leaders are elected by the people. Do you have the right to be as supercritical of them as you are?

PICKERING: It's what the public expects. If it weren't for cartoonists, there wouldn't be a lot of criticism. Very few sections of the media can draw their own conclusions, apart from editorials, and no one reads editorials today. The cartoon is basically the only medium that says: Okay, stuff the lot of you.

PLAYBOY: How much editorial control is exercised over your work?

PICKERING: None at all, for which I am grateful. I just couldn't work under editorial control. I think I have a fair idea of what's right and what's wrong, and what can and can't be done, where the grey line is. I have a much better idea than the editor because I'm closer to my readers.

PLAYBOY: Have there been times when you've agreed to compromise with an editor? To water down a cartoon?

PICKERING: No. That would be worse than an editor rejecting one of my cartoons. I'd just give him the pen and say: "You bloody well do it." If he wants to employ a cartoonist, he's got to let the cartoonist do his job. If he thinks he can do better cartoons he should be doing them himself. I don't try to write his editorials. Cartooning is an extremely peculiar line of work. It's something you acquire over many years of learning what you can and can't do. For an editor to assume that he knows more about it than you do is just not on. You sleep, eat and think cartoons all day and every day, and you know what you're talking about – how far you can go, what the level of public tolerance is, what they'll cop. You get your antenna up and you know. It's useless to have your antenna up if your editor is going to overrule what you've discovered.

PLAYBOY: Some days the subject will be elusive. How do you go about creating a cartoon on the bad days?

PICKERING: Some days I sit for hours agonising over a blank page. Shit, yes. The past two days it's been easy. I don't know why. Today could be different. You look at the news and maybe nothing will come.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a formula you use to help you create a cartoon on difficult days?

PICKERING: I pick three main subjects in the news and have a quick look at them. If anything goes bang, then good. If I can't get anything out of the three subjects – maybe there are only two, even one, some days – I picture myself putting it in a bottle, shaking it, and pouring the bottle out on to the table and having another look. Then doing it with the other subject, and having a look at that. You keep putting them back in the bottle and shaking them until it works.

PLAYBOY: Do you get into a panic if your deadline is drawing close and the page is still blank?

PICKERING: No. I purposely work close to the deadline. The other guys in the office finish about 4 pm. I don't start until about 5.30 so that I put myself in an adrenalin situation. I always believe you work better under stress – at least, you're more productive under stress. I continually put myself in that situation. The result is better if you're perspiring a bit.

PLAYBOY: What political figure have you most enjoyed drawing? And who has been the most difficult?

PICKERING: John Gorton is the most pleasant. The nicest to draw, the most pleasurable. The most difficult? At the moment it's Bill Hayden. A dreadful non-event. A non person. Nothing to hang anything on.

PLAYBOY: Very hard and cruel words.

PICKERING: Oh yeah, I suppose. I tend to get more acidic than I should. I'm talking purely in an art form now because I like the guy. He phones me

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up and gives me good cartoons from time to time. Good anti-Gough stuff. But I'm talking purely from the art form side. A non-event as a caricature.

PLAYBOY: You once described Bob Hawke as the most effective man in Australian politics. Do you still rate him as No. 1 in 1979?

PICKERING: Oh yeah, but I've held that opinion for many, many years. I don't believe Bob Hawke will ever be Prime Minister. He's too good. They won't let him in because there are all those little guys waiting back there who think they will have a chance when Bill Hayden folds. And they don't want somebody else to worry about. Bob Hawke's a man's man – you know, he's a drinker – but the Labor Party is more conservative than the Liberal Party in terms of what's expected of people. You can't get into the Labor Party and hope to get anywhere quickly. You do your time. Bob's not the sort of guy to sit on the back bench. He'd want something to come into, and these blokes won't give it to him. No way in the world, and yet he's the one man who can take on Malcolm Fraser and win – and win comfortably. The Labor Party knows that, but they've got their death wish and they won't let him in. He'd go in tomorrow. He told me that. But they won't let him in.

PLAYBOY: What is your impression of Malcolm Fraser?

PICKERING: A very hard man. A very hard profile. I mean, not visually. A very unfortunate attitude which doesn't go down well with Australians but which, I think, has done exceptionally well in the polls. A lot of people hate him, but you can hate a prime minister and still vote for him as long as you feel a sense of confidence. A lot of people disliked Menzies, but they always voted for him. The top blokes have to be a bit of a bastard to be up there, anyway. How would you like to get up in the morning and know that half the population of Australia hated your guts? Could you live with it? I'd be worried. But politicians are funny people. They're very vain. Most of them would love to be in a cartoon, just for the sake of being in it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a true Liberal? Was your decision to stand as a candidate in a Labor stronghold a bit of a lark?

PICKERING: Oh, it was a bit of a lark. I was sort of genuinely worried about the Whitlam era. I didn't believe anyone could see what was happening. I'd made a study of economics and I had a lot of close friends who were economists, and I could see red lights flashing everywhere. Another reason for standing was that I wanted to get out of Canberra, and the *Canberra Times* wouldn't let me go.

PLAYBOY: Surely your being a candidate raised some doubts about your integrity as a political cartoonist?

PICKERING: That gave me the only reason I had to leave. I phoned the *Sydney Morning Herald* and said I'd stuffed myself in Canberra and that I needed a job straight away. They said "yes", and the editor in Canberra flew off the handle because I'd gone behind his back. His attitude was: "Keep your hands off. We discovered him in the shit house and he's not going to leave."

PLAYBOY: I mean in a wider sense. The public who read you, admire your work, suddenly see you standing as a candidate for one party. Doesn't that bring your integrity into doubt?

PICKERING: I feel that no one could ever say I have shown favoritism to any party in my cartoons.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, from an observer's point, politics is a dirty game. How dirty was it when you really got involved in it?

PICKERING: Bloody awful. Jesus. I've received obscene phone calls at all hours of the night, I've had the brake lines cut on my car, a brick was thrown through the front window and people used to spit on me. That 1974 poll was a very polarised election. Once when I was doing a rally in the centre of Canberra, a little kid came up and kicked me. Kicked me! You know, bang! and it hurt. The kid ran back to its mother and came back and kicked me again. And standing near was a bloke with a camera, because sooner or later the mother figured I was going to clobber this kid and there it would be – front page. I was awake to it. I just stood there, my leg black and blue, and the next day I couldn't walk.

"Christ was, of course, a remarkable bloke, but he started to go bad when he began to believe all that bullshit about himself."

PLAYBOY: You went very close to taking that seat. What was it? You needed a 17 per cent swing and you got 13?

PICKERING: Yeah, I started to sweat for a while because I thought I was going to win it.

PLAYBOY: You are obviously a complex character. Can we turn back the clock to your childhood so you can try to explain the conflict between being raised in a strict, Christadelphian home and your awesome ambition and liberal, even rakish, tastes?

PICKERING: I guess that's rebellion, mate, and nothing more than that. I have an innate distaste for being taught something which I know to be otherwise. I had a pretty miserable childhood. I don't think I ever had a chance to be a kid. I got to be a kid later on.

PLAYBOY: Was there nothing but religion in your home?

PICKERING: I think it was a case of my parents' inability to believe that a kid can be a free-thinking individual, and that he may not necessarily want to follow the family tradition. That he may want to work things out for himself. You can stifle that for a while, but it will come to the surface later.

PLAYBOY: Did you rebel against the strictness of your parents or the religious obsession?

PICKERING: I don't really know. I think the religion showed a small-mindedness which I just couldn't cope with. It prevented you from thinking in other areas. If you are brought up to believe that God created everything, then it stops you from thinking in other areas – such as natural selection, the Darwin theory, or the theory in which I believe: that everything came from the sea. I am not saying that I am right, but it is nice to think about these things. You've got nothing to think about if you believe that God created everything. How can you think further about anything?

PLAYBOY: Are you anti-God or anti-Christ?

PICKERING: I believe in anything that's credible, anything that's reasonable. I believe there was a Christ, but he was a mad radical, just the same as there are a lot of other mad radicals. What people forget is that he was just a bloke who had a terrific way with the tongue. In those days he appealed to the indigent people who had no form of communication other than word of mouth. What was, perhaps, a kind-hearted gesture on the part of Christ in helping a little girl up to go to the toilet became, through simple word of mouth, an event in which he made a crippled girl walk. Stories got out of hand then as they do now, particularly as they didn't have the written word in those days.

He was, of course, a remarkable bloke, but he started to go bad when he began to believe all that bullshit about himself. That was when everyone said: "Well, that's enough, cut it out." His own people turned against him when he started calling himself the son of God. If he'd left well enough alone and just kept preaching goodness, and what was right and wrong, and that man should turn the other cheek, he would have been terrific. But he got too big for his boots, and he came to a bitter end. A bitter end in those days was the

cross, that's what it amounted to. And when he was being crucified he was the only hope of all those people who were looking for a way out. He was promising this to them, and when he died, he died with that promise. His promise died with him and they couldn't accept that, so they made up a story about him going up and coming back. That's normal, because we still do it even today. We can't accept death. We are forever building statues of blokes who have died. It's hard for humans to understand that when we die we are the same as the fish which have been washed up on the beach. We have the same heart, the same lungs. We have a few more bones. Otherwise there's no biological difference.

PLAYBOY: Given another time, then, someone like Lenin or Marx could have been the son of God?

PICKERING: I think Lenin's audience was a little more articulate than Christ's. Christ's audience was no more than lepers, beggars and prostitutes, people who were the scum of the earth. They were poor bastards who were looking for a way out, the kind of people crusaders play on.

PLAYBOY: As a child, were you ashamed of your parents?

PICKERING: I felt genuinely sorry that I wasn't able to get through to them. When I was old enough to reason and talk reasonably, I tried to call on every vestige of intelligence that they may have had to see what they were doing, and where they were going. But I couldn't make any ground. I kept running up against that same old catchcry: "Yes, son, but all things are possible with God." Whatever reason you put to them, or whatever you said, they still believed in things like Adam and Eve. That's incredible. And Noah's Ark! You take Noah's Ark and you believe the Bible's descriptions – and I know the scriptures because I had to read them from cover to cover when I was a child – and you'll find they were floating around in that bloody ark for 18 months. What a load of absolute bullshit. How are you going to freeze meat? And look at the lifestyle of mosquitoes. They need stagnant water. And what about the hygiene of it all? You've got elephants shitting everywhere. It's just not on. And the whole concept of Adam and Eve is stupid. You've got two sons, Cain and Abel, and Cain slew Abel, and God put a mark on his head and sent him into the land of Nod so that all who came upon him would not slay him, but would cast him out. Who the hell were all those people in the land of Nod if Adam and Eve were the first people? It's so infantile and stupid that even the Catholics have given away the Old Testament. But I just couldn't talk to my parents. I couldn't say: "Well that can't be." When they got cornered they would say that all things are possible with God. You just can't win. There's no room for reason.

PLAYBOY: Were you ashamed to take your school mates home?

PICKERING: I didn't have any mates. I was a very lonely kid. I didn't have any friends. I've never thought about whether it was because of the situation at home. I didn't really have time to play with other children because I was always working.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to work to help out with family finances, or did you just want to get out of the house?

PICKERING: It was an independence thing. Even if it was only $2 or $3 a week, I liked the independence the money gave me. I wanted to be prepared for the day when something might happen. And I knew it would, because I just couldn't cop it at home for much longer.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall the scene that finally sent you from home?

PICKERING: Yeah, I remember it was a Sunday, and I jacked up and said: "I'm not going to Sunday school." They asked why, and I said something ridiculous like "God's all bullshit", or "bugger God", or something rebellious, and I remember my mother saying to me verbatim: "You can't live under the same roof." And that was that. I had a sense of relief.

PLAYBOY: But there were no tears or anger?

PICKERING: No, no. No regrets. Nothing like that. No.

PLAYBOY: What did you take with you?

PICKERING: I can't remember. Just some clothes, I think. The first two nights I stayed with an old bloke who turned out to be queer. And then I just went off on my own way.

PLAYBOY: You wanted to leave home and, of course, leaving home meant you had to leave school. Did you want to leave school?

PICKERING: Yeah, because I carried my rebellion into school. I had this schoolboys' union that all the kids belonged to. We charged threepence a week. It was called the Ishbondogla Gang, and we used to swear to do our utmost to . . .

PLAYBOY: Ishbondogla! What on earth did that mean?

PICKERING: We swore to secrecy about derivation, and I don't think any of us will ever tell. But I called the latest strip I did in the paper, after the Jungle series, the Ishbondogla Gang. We all paid threepence a week and pledged to annoy, aggravate and unnerve every teacher at the school, which sounds a little stupid, but to us we were in a school where some of the teachers used to do some foul things to kids.

PLAYBOY: What sort of things?

PICKERING: Oh, they used to get in the shower with you, stick chewing gum in your hair, beat you unmercifully with whopping great straps with tacks and all sorts of diabolical things in them. Teachers used to do their blocks if they couldn't find out who did what, and they'd thrash the whole class. We felt something had to be done, and I got together this organisation called Ishbondogla Gang and whatever they did to a kid, we'd do to a teacher.

PLAYBOY: That's a bit extreme. Would you take to them with straps?

PICKERING: No. We would wait until they were going home and get them on the other side of the park and take off all their clothes. They would have to come back across the highway with nothing on and get back up into the teachers' room. We would burn their clothes. After a while the teachers got the message.

One teacher – a savage bastard – had a brand new Jaguar, and we painted green stripes all over it. We got back at a teacher who burned a kid at blacksmithing by heating up all the handles of the blacksmithing rods – poking rods and stoking rods – so that he burned his hand no matter which one he touched after we left. We tried to reciprocate in what we thought was a fair return for what they'd done to the kids.

PLAYBOY: You said that teachers got the message, but they must have reacted in some way.

PICKERING: Yeah, I got 49 percent for everything I sat for, and when I got called up before the headmaster to explain what had happened, they tried to expel me. But I had a portfolio documenting everything that had happened at that school, and I had copies of it. I threatened to hand it over to the Department of Education. So the worst they could do to me was to fail me in every subject I sat for, including art.

PLAYBOY: How many children were in the gang?

PICKERING: About 40. But I was the only known one. I was the secretary. All the others were secret members.

PLAYBOY: And the fee of threepence. What happened to that?

PICKERING: Oh, we bought things to reciprocate with. Like nails to put under each tyre before someone drove off, or to paint "this man is a bastard" on the footpath outside his home, or things that really mattered.

PLAYBOY: Are you still in touch with the members of the gang?

PICKERING: No. I know them all and still recall them all very well, and would

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love to run into a couple of them. One of them finished up playing for Richmond in the VFL.

PLAYBOY: How many finished up in jail?

PICKERING: Three or four – but not people in the gang. People who stole cars and raped sheilas were not allowed in our gang. We were pranksters. We liked to think we were pranksters.

PLAYBOY: It would be marvellous to have a reunion, wouldn't it?

PICKERING: Oh, it would be terrific, but I don't think I'd ever get them together – or to admit they used to do it. It was a super period for me. It was like a little chink in my armor where everything sort of poured out. I could control that situation but I couldn't control anything else.

PLAYBOY: Did the gang disband when you left?

PICKERING: Yeah. It was hard for you to get anywhere if you were known to be a member. It was better if I was the known one and left it at that. They just wouldn't pass me in anything. I didn't give a damn about it anyway. I thought school was a whole lot of shit. I never learned anything until I got out of school.

PLAYBOY: You said that after leaving home you spent the first couple of days with a chap you suspected of having sexual kinks.

PICKERING: Yes. A friend of the family, really. He's still alive, I think. I don't want to put him in; he's not a bad old bloke. It's just that he's queer and tries on different things.

PLAYBOY: Did he proposition you? Is this why you left there?

PICKERING: Oh, yeah. He didn't proposition me as such. He sort of times things and comes in while you're having a leak. Or if you were having a shower he would hide all the towels and then turn up with one. Really way out.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go next?

PICKERING: South Melbourne.

PLAYBOY: But I understand that you lived in a telephone box for a couple of days.

PICKERING: Yeah. After the telephone box I went to South Melbourne.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose a telephone box?

PICKERING: If you go out there and try to find, in a suburb, any other place to sleep with protection – well, I don't believe you can. It's the only place in a suburb that has protection.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about sharing your telephone box with people who wanted to make a call?

PICKERING: I think my whole philosophy of life was formed in those two or three days in a telephone box. I remember feeling that I was no more than a dog. You got out and waited until the person – a real, proper person – finished phoning. He'd leave and go home to his nice, warm fireside and happy family, and you'd crawl back into the box.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any money?

PICKERING? Yeah, I had a few bob. I think I bought lollies with it. Well, if you buy eggs, where are you going to cook 'em?

PLAYBOY: You obviously had to get a job to support yourself. Did you have to lie about your age to get a job?

PICKERING: Yeah. I got a job as a trainee shunter by saying I was 21. I took the place of a guy who had both his legs cut off. He was running next to a coal truck and fell underneath it. His legs went under the wheel and he was lying there with his legs on the other side of the line. I was just staring and a couple of guys fainted. He was a pretty intelligent bloke, and he asked one guy who was still standing: "Will you go across the other side of the line and get my shoe lace out of my shoe and tie my legs up before I bleed to death?" But the guy died anyway, and when I finished my training I got his spot. It was bloody good money in those days. It was 40 pounds a week because of the danger. But you had to be aged between 21 and 30.

"People who stole cars and raped sheilas were not allowed in our gang. We liked to think we were pranksters."

PLAYBOY: And you were 14.

PICKERING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And what was the attitude of your fellow workers?

PICKERING: Well, they didn't know I was 14. I sort of looked 21, but I refused to put in my birth certificate, which was part of the Public Service regulation. After about six weeks they went to the trouble of finding out how old I was.

PLAYBOY: So you got the shove?

PICKERING: Yes, they gave me the sack.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go to then?

PICKERING: I went to Melbourne goods yards in Spencer Street, and that's when I got attacked by those blokes, and after that I left and I . . .

PLAYBOY: Attacked?

PICKERING: Well, I was just sort of naive, and when I got to Melbourne goods all the blokes seemed pretty friendly. They were oldish sort of fellows. They would say: "Are you having a shower after work?" And I'd say: "Yeah, yeah, sweaty, I'll be having a shower after work." Then another bloke would come up and say: "That fellow there offered you five pounds to go and have a shower with him after work." I still didn't twig. I wondered why the bloody hell he would want to offer me money. This went on for about three or four days, and I thought, shit, something funny's going on. What's all this big thing about a shower? So I went and had a shower, which was at the back of the pay office, and that's when they came and got me. I think there were 14, but there might have been only seven or eight.

PLAYBOY: Did they rape you?

PICKERING: Oh yeah. They did me over properly.

PLAYBOY: What's been your attitude to homosexuals since?

PICKERING: Pretty violent. I think that if I had trouble with people like that today I would kill them.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to fight them?

PICKERING: Yeah, except that I didn't know what was happening. I didn't know what to expect. I didn't know. I just didn't know.

PLAYBOY: Yet you had to continue working with these guys.

PICKERING: I asked to leave, and that's when they sent me down to Newmarket stock yards. Some of the guys used to screw the animals, you know. Which was worse still. I thought this is a hell of a world. I really didn't like the world very much.

PICKERING: How do you know they were doing that?

PICKERING: I saw them.

PLAYBOY: Saw them doing what?

PICKERING: I saw them with pigs.

PLAYBOY: Pigs?

PICKERING: Well, one pig, anyway, and I know there was one guy who had a real thing about little calves.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to that?

PICKERING: I chucked.

PLAYBOY: They were pretty violent people, apart from their predilection for animals?

PICKERING: A lot of things went on that weren't even reported. Didn't even bother reporting. I don't know what happened. Some people would just stab each other for no good reason. Lots of knives down there, and hooks. People would just get hold of hooks and you'd get them in the side. Fellows had scars down the side of their faces and necks where they had been ripped open. They didn't care about themselves. Some just wanted to earn enough money to go and drink. And they'd lie in the gutter and sleep it off, and when they'd run out of money they'd come back and earn enough money to go on another binge. And they didn't care if somebody murdered them. Life wasn't worth anything to them.

PLAYBOY: Homosexual assault, witnessing bestiality. It must have left some emotional scars. Do you think those experiences have colored your attitude about sex?

PICKERING: I don't think so. No, I think I'm a normal sort of person. I don't think much of women, though. I don't know if it's objective or not, but I think women are a couple of pegs down the ladder from men. I think that's an objective view.

PLAYBOY: I think that's a pretty male chauvinistic thing to say. What do you think?

PICKERING: I guess so, but I'm not including *all* women. I am including a large percentage of them. I've got women working for me who are worth 10 guys. But I'm looking at an overall majority and generalising, and most women – you wouldn't shit on 'em. They aren't very good people, not very principled people, not the sort of people you'd like.

PLAYBOY: Does this all stem from the relationship towards your mother, obviously the dominating influence in your life?

PICKERING: It could be. I don't know. I'd have to go to a psychiatrist, I suppose, to find out, but I'm not particularly interested. I know how I feel. I think I'm fair in thinking that way because if I meet a good woman I know it. It's just that I wouldn't piss on most of them if they were on fire. They're unreliable. They're not true. They're not people you can trust. I'd trust one in a million.

PLAYBOY: This seems quite merciless. You're on tape – aren't you worried about a backlash?

PICKERING: No. They love it – most of them, anyway. They're shits. Women are just immoral creatures. Blokes don't go after other blokes' birds. If a bird belongs to another bloke, that's it. There is a moral thing about it. But birds? They'll screw anything. Birds never cease to amaze me. They just lack morals. I've got no respect for the buggers.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't your immoral majority got any saving graces at all?

PICKERING: Not really. I love to get hold of a bird who reckons she's pretty good and slowly wear her down. It may take a couple of nights, but I wear the bitch down into dust. Their whole problem is that they are continually on the defensive because they feel they are not quite up to it. They are continually bullshitting about what they can do. They reiterate. They say, "I do this, I do that." Blokes just shut up about it, but you sit a bird down and she'll gabble all night about what she does. Most of it is bullshit and after a while you ask yourself: "Why does she keep saying that? There must be something not quite right about it. Maybe she is bullshitting." They're just not quite there. They may get there in a couple of centuries. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Is it satisfying to you to scrape away the veneer and show the woman for what she really is?

PICKERING: Mm. Birds are mostly bullshit, but you can wear that off after a while. It's nice to get them into a position where they slowly but surely, and unwittingly, reveal themselves. They'll do it eventually because their vanity ensures it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel you owe women some allegiance because most of them admire your work?

PICKERING: They keep buying my stuff. More women buy my calendar than men. It's probably two to one. They keep coming back. Birds confront you in pubs and say: "Is it true that you reckon women are shit?" I say "Yeah," and they sit down and try to prove they are not.

PLAYBOY: When was your first sexual experience with a woman?

PICKERING: Ah, when I was about 11. My mother had a girl staying with us whom she was trying to straighten out. She was supposed to be a bad girl, and I snuck into her bed one night. My mother didn't know about it, and it's probably the last thing she would ever have thought of. The girl asked me to go to her bed when I was 11. I think she

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was 21. I got pretty hung up about it all when she married a guy who was a shit. He was one of those religious people, and he just treated her like dirt. She finished up killing herself.

PLAYBOY: Because of your experience, did you feel some responsibility towards her?

PICKERING: No, it wasn't responsibility. Somehow, in my own naive, juvenile way, I loved her, I guess. In a simple sort of way. As a kid would.

PLAYBOY: Back to that first sexual experience. Were you aware of what was happening?

PICKERING: It was a gentle sort of thing. It was warm and comforting. Friendly feeling ...

PLAYBOY: Was it sexually satisfying?

PICKERING: I don't know. I didn't know what being satisfied was, I guess. I don't know if I came or not. It was the closeness and warmness. She had big breasts, very deep brown eyes and milky skin. Just that warmth of her. I used to have a lot of bad dreams at those times, a lot of nightmares. When she asked me to come to her bed and sleep I didn't know what it was for, really. I didn't know why, and it was just so nice when I got there that I made a habit out of it.

PLAYBOY: But you have such scant respect for most women that if a woman threw herself at you, would you just be using her as a vessel or would you have to feel something?

PICKERING: Oh, well, you've got to feel something. I couldn't just take a woman. Oh no, I would just as soon put it in a loaf of bread. You've got to have a feeling.

PLAYBOY: But you've got a bit of a reputation for being a sexual gymnast.

PICKERING: That's something I've got that I don't really mind, but it's not as true as you might think. There are a lot of people who talk about things.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard yourself as monogamist?

PICKERING: Oh yeah, basically. If I find a person I'm really happy with, in love with, I don't want anybody else.

PLAYBOY: You were married at 17. Why so young?

PICKERING: Basically security. Somebody to care for. Somebody to work for.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet your wife?

PICKERING: We grew up in the sandpit together. Little kids. We were in the religion, and when I left she was the only person I knew because her parents were a little less religious than mine, and I had a little affection for her mother, who was a great, great person. And I guess she was the right age.

PLAYBOY: How did your relationship with your wife develop outside the environment of the church?

PICKERING: We kept contact. She was there, and I was lonely, I guess. I wanted to build my life. I wanted to amount to something. I wanted someone and something to work for. My parents didn't agree to the marriage, so I got permission from a magistrate.

PLAYBOY: Did the responsibility of marriage drive you harder?

PICKERING: Oh yeah. I worked and worked and worked and worked. I never had less than two jobs. I used to average about two hours' sleep a night – trying to get a house and trying to get things that made you feel a person, I guess. Like a solid citizen.

PLAYBOY: This is obviously part of the thing that makes Larry Pickering run. There were times when you went a bit hungry. Do you feel you'll never put your family in that situation?

PICKERING: Oh yeah. I'm not ashamed to say that's my whole motivation. I'd rather give my kids everything and spoil them than ever think they might go hungry.

PLAYBOY: You've got five children – four daughters and a son.

PICKERING: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: In these days, that's an unfashionably large family. Was it planned – something you wanted?

PICKERING: I always wanted a large family. I've always loved my kids. At their birth – it's the closeness thing. I've always grown up with them and

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tried to be mates with them. It is a great thing to grow up with your kids – I can do the things I wanted to do when I was younger.

PLAYBOY: That's what I was going to say. You had an unhappy childhood. This obviously affected the relationship you had with your children.

PICKERING: Mmm, Mmmm.

PLAYBOY: How is your relationship with your children?

PICKERING: You'll have to ask them. I think it's great, I'm friends with them. I've never hit them. I think they have an enormous respect for me. But in return, I have always had an enormous respect for *them* for the different people they are. I haven't set rules because you have to treat every person independently and differently. They're different people. And I think they're growing up confident people.

PLAYBOY: What do you want from your children?

PICKERING: I really don't want anything. They didn't ask to be had. I've got a responsibility to get them to a stage where they can look after themselves. When they've attained that, my responsibility ends.

PLAYBOY: You were married at 17. You are now 36. Do you still believe in the institution of marriage?

PICKERING: Very much so. I've got tremendous respect for marriage, probably more than I should have for my own good, but I believe in marriage. It has nothing to do with Christianity. It may have stemmed from a Christian tradition, or it may have stemmed from a dozen or more indigenous tribes throughout the world, but it's basically a commitment made by one person to another. And I think that's basically a good thing.

PLAYBOY: What sparked off your interest in art?

PICKERING: I don't know. I suppose it's an expression . . . to be able to while away the nights and weekends. I used to sit up all night and paint, to lose myself. I'd build another world in a picture. You'd see yourself in between the trees. You could draw your own world around you.

PLAYBOY: You gave yourself 10 years as a cartoonist. Are you still determined to quit in two years?

PICKERING: Yeah, I'll finish then. It was five years to get into, and five years to make a quid. I'm on schedule. I'll get out. I'll do something different.

PLAYBOY: Won't you miss the cultish following that has grown around your cartoons?

PICKERING: I'm really looking forward to the obscurity. What hurts me more than anything is not being able to go to the pictures without someone pointing. It gives you the shits. Or not being able to go to the shop. I avoid shopping. I avoid travelling on public transport. There are so many things I've got to avoid doing because I really detest people pointing me out or coming up to say something. It's part of it, and I understand it. I'm not complaining. It's just that I'm looking forward to the time when I won't have to respond. I'll be able to grow a beard and wear dark glasses and dress how I like – even wear a suit. I can't wear a suit now.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you want to get out of newspapers and into television to avoid publicity. Isn't that a contradiction?

PICKERING: I want to get into television production. I think I've got a lot of good production ideas.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your sort of humor will work on television?

PICKERING: Yeah, because I think I know what people want. And knowing what people want is 95 percent of it.

PLAYBOY: The word is that the Pickering machine will turn over many millions this year. How accurate is it?

PICKERING: It's difficult to talk about those things. I like to be successful. I have goals, and I like to reach those goals. I think we are doing very, very well, and that's what my accountant instructs me to say.

PLAYBOY: Are you a millionaire?

PICKERING: Every second bugger and his dog is a millionaire today. It's nothing special, mate. I guess if you realised everything I have you could say I was a millionaire, but what's a millionaire? I've probably got bugger all in the bank at the moment. But the term millionaire is overrated. In another five years it will be a non-word.

PLAYBOY: What has money bought you?

PICKERING: Oh, a sort of nice feeling of knowing that my kids will never be short of anything, and that I don't have to worry about money and I can keep my mind on other things.

PLAYBOY: Do you live simply?

PICKERING: Yes, but I have a punt. I'm still a mad gambler. I enjoy knowing that I've got resources. I enjoy the knowledge that if I ever need the money, it's there. If you've got it there and you know you've worked hard to get it, you can relax a bit. I don't think I'm all that much of a wanker.

PLAYBOY: You do like to gamble?

PICKERING: Yeah. I do whack a bit on now and then.

PLAYBOY: What is a big punt?

PICKERING: I suppose a big punt would be 10 or 12 grand.

PLAYBOY: On horses?

PICKERING: Yeah, horses mainly.

PLAYBOY: Do other forms of gambling interest you?

PICKERING: I love cards. I love a little fan-tan at a little Chinese joint. I get down there some nights. It's just a nice place where you can forget everything. No one knows you because they're all Chinks, and you're the only European. It's terrific. It's a sort of drop out.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a compulsive gambler?

PICKERING: I can control it, but I can easily see how it gets to you. I'd never endanger myself or anyone else by gambling. I like the thrill of gambling.

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest win?

PICKERING: I don't know. I probably whack it all back. But I suppose it would be 40, 45 grand – something like that. I might put it back the next day before I collect it. It's not that I don't have any respect for money. When you're gambling with thousands, it becomes the same as gambling with 50-cent pieces after a while. I couldn't go to the races now with less than $10,000 in my pocket. It's the same as me going to the races 10 years ago with $10 in my pocket. The thrill is the same. It's not that I've got a lot of money, it's that, at this particular time, I can afford to turn over 10, 20 or even 40 thousand, and no one would be disadvantaged because of it.

PLAYBOY: You pride yourself as being a pretty smart punter. But aren't all punters mugs?

PICKERING: Most of them, yeah. I think they are. Otherwise they wouldn't be punting. But I use a computered form

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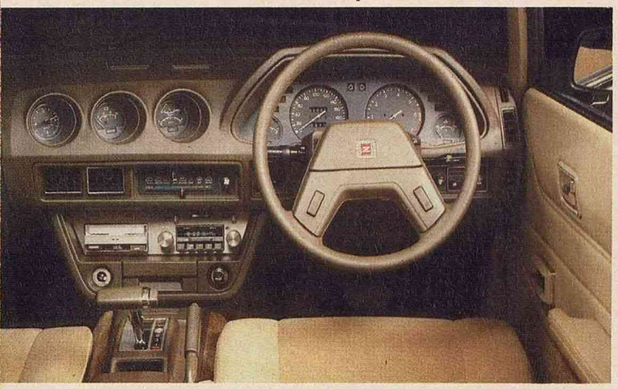

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assessment thing that I've perfected over many years, and I have another guy who works it out for me. I think it wins in the long run.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything missing in your life?

PICKERING: I think contentment is what I miss more than anything else. I'm very fractious. I don't have the ability to relax. That's my biggest problem. If I could go away for a week and relax somewhere, I know it would do me the world of good. But I know I can't do it. I've got to be doing things. If I'm lying down on the sand for any length of time, even five minutes, I've got to get up. I say to myself: "What have I got to do?" My manager tells me: "You're bloody mad. You should relax."

PLAYBOY: Does it worry you?

PICKERING: I think I'll probably snuff it around 45. I'm so tense all the time. I have continual ulcer problems, continual indigestion problems. I can't digest. I can't drink spirits because of tension. It gets to you after a while. I enjoy life, but I just don't have that ability to relax.

PLAYBOY: Does the thought of an early death worry you?

PICKERING: No. It would have worried me before I'd done all the things I have. But now I know I can lie down on my deathbed when I'm 45, say, and ask myself: "Well, what have you missed out on?" And I can honestly say: "Bugger all." Some people die at 95 and have done nothing.

PLAYBOY: Can't you even relax when you're out on your motor cruiser?

PICKERING: The sort of fishing I do isn't relaxing. I don't take a boat out to have a few cans and go to sleep. I have to work all the time when I go fishing.

PLAYBOY: Do you go after the big stuff?

PICKERING: Like that 600lb sailfish on the wall there. They come after you. That one missed me by only six inches. It came flying over the back of the boat. I had to duck my head.

PLAYBOY: Was there a thrill in landing a fish of that size?

PICKERING: There was a thrill in that one because I did it all myself. I'm a bit of a wanker sometimes, and I wrote this story in *The Australian* about a dream of catching a 600lb marlin by myself. It was a full-page feature and at the end, after going through the story of catching the fish and asking if it could be done, I admitted I'd been drinking too much piss in the sun. I was only having myself on, day-dreaming. About three months later I went out and tried it. I landed it south of Newcastle. It took me six hours to get it in. I was rooted for three days. It was one of those things you wouldn't believe could happen.

PLAYBOY: There must have been times in that six hours that you felt fear for yourself, and felt like cutting the monster loose?

PICKERING: Oh, yeah, many times. My arm was screwed, and I had to drive the boat and get it back in. A southerly blew up and I ran across two yacht races on the way in. And sharks followed the sailfish all the way back. I made the mistake of gaffing it in the head, and its arse fell down. I couldn't get a rope around it. I had to get into the water with those sharks and swim round and put a rope round its tail. I couldn't get it in the boat. I could only hoist it as far as I could out of the water to try to keep the sharks away. Sharks were hanging round the boat like a bad smell.

PLAYBOY: Is fishing one of the joys of your life?

PICKERING: Yeah, it's terrific.

PLAYBOY: But you never use the boat for relaxation?

PICKERING: That's my manager's bag. His idea of a relaxing day is to get five blokes and five birds, stack the boat with piss, and go and anchor off Obelisk Bay with the nude bathers. If I want to sunbake, perve on birds and listen to the races, I can do that at home. If I take the boat out I like to get all my burley ready, tuna oil, and work hard to get a big fish.

PLAYBOY: The sailfish head is mounted

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on your office wall. What on earth did you do with the rest of the fish?

PICKERING: I've got 400lb of it in the freezer. I use it for bait, and to eat. It's very nice to eat, but you get sick of it after the first 200lb.

PLAYBOY: I believe you are now flying. Will planes supplant the boat in the pleasure stakes?

PICKERING: I don't get any pleasure out of flying. Not yet, anyway. It took me five hours to come back from South Australia the other day, and I was pretty tense coming over Katoomba with all that rain and shit.

I was shot when I got out of the plane. I'd been worried all the way. It was an old bomb, for a start. It had bits of wire hanging out beneath it, and it used six quarts of oil between Sydney and Adelaide. Six quarts of oil, Christ!

PLAYBOY: I believe that you now own an aircraft.

PICKERING: Yes. A Cessna 206, a single-engined six-seater. Once I get used to it, I'll enjoy flying again. I'll sit back, put on the autopilot and read a paper. A buzzer will go when I'm there, and I'll just take it down.

PLAYBOY: How was the idea of your nude calendar conceived?

PICKERING: I was having dinner with some friends. The Jungle series was running in the paper then and we began talking about dicks and things. We were talking about how we could put dicks on my subjects, and I said: "Shit, you can't do it in a newspaper." But I got a thing about those dicks after a while. I used to think about the sort of one I'd put on Fraser, and I thought that the ideal opportunity would be to whack them on a calendar – in color.

PLAYBOY: Did you choose the personalities first, or the appendages?

PICKERING: The personalities were chosen very carefully, because there's a risk of litigation. The only dangerous one was Whitlam. What I had to do was to get the thing out in secret in as much volume as I could so that if anyone was thinking of suing there wouldn't be much point. The thing would be out and available, and if they were sincere in kicking up a stink then, an action would have a counter-productive effect because everyone would buy the bloody thing. If I got it out in ones and twos, they would have been bound to go me. The biggest thing they can do is to get an injunction to stop me selling it. It would hurt if I spent $150,000 on calendars and had to burn them.

PLAYBOY: You say that Whitlam was the dangerous one. Was this because of the band-aid image?

PICKERING: Yes. Some QC said he reckoned the band-aids could legally be construed as indicating VD. This hadn't occurred to me. He recommended that the band-aid be taken off, and one of our potential distributors said the same thing. I stuck to my guns and didn't take it off – and we lost a distributor. Nothing happened, and I don't think the band-aid indicated VD. Whenever I drew Whitlam, he always had band-aids hanging off him.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to take out any special insurance cover as a protection?

PICKERING: No. I put my two houses and everything I owned on the line because I personally had to indemnify the printer and the binder. I did consider going to Lloyds of London, but the cost was too high. They wanted something like $80,000. Lloyds didn't really understand the Australian situation. They reckoned my presentation of top politicians, top public figures, dicks and all, would go for sure. The trouble with those sort of people is that they look at it in purely legalistic terms. They don't take into account the personality of people.

PLAYBOY: I understand that you have already considered using Senator Guilfoyle as a calendar subject.

PICKERING: Yes. I'll probably use her next year. I just felt that it was a little early to use her in the first or second calendars. There's still an aura around women. They aspire to equality and all that, and get carried away, but they're not really equal.

PLAYBOY: How will you present the senator?

PICKERING: I don't know. I'll have to do a bit of research to find out whether she is . . . I don't know how she'll react. I'd really like to find out what her feelings are about sex, if she is a liberated woman and wouldn't mind that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Was there any heartburn about the choice and presentation of Prince Charles?

PICKERING: No. He was a natural. For a start he can't sue you, and I've given him the original.

PLAYBOY: There has been no reaction from the palace?

PICKERING: No. He's asked me before for my cartoons. He's got about three or four. Philip's got one. Prince Charles is the sort who likes the stuff, and I think he's got a really good attitude toward that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you con Prime Minister Fraser by asking him to launch one of your books and then releasing the calendar the next day to give the impression that he had officially launched the calendar?

PICKERING: Yeah, well, if we had asked him to launch the calendar I think he would have said no. It was a prick of a thing to do, but politicians get used to that. He wasn't upset about it. It was a

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deliberate move on my part, but I didn't think he would be too peeved.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a third edition?

PICKERING: There will be one every year from now on.

PLAYBOY: Do you retain personal rights to all your cartoons?

PICKERING: Yes, the copyright. I had a wrangle with the *Sydney Morning Herald* about it, but I won. Proprietors of newspapers have bluffed people for so long about copyright. If you take the trouble to go to the legal side of it and look it up, the proprietors of newspapers wouldn't have an icy pop's chance in hell of winning in court.

PLAYBOY: Was that attitude taken by the management one of the reasons why you left the *Herald?*

PICKERING: Yes and no. The *Herald* is a bloody odd organisation. I didn't want any more money from them. All I wanted was for the money I was getting to be paid into my company. They wouldn't do it. I had brawl after brawl about it. I can remember one of them saying to me: "All you are trying to do, Larry, is avoid tax, aren't you?" I said: "Yes." He said: "Well, we can't condone that." I said: "Well, what the hell are your five accountants on the top floor trying to do for you? You can do it, but I can't." I told them I didn't want to make any more money out of them; I just wanted to maximise what I was getting. It was an efficiency measure. I was told: "Look, Larry, Tom Roberts, Hans Heysen" – all these bloody old Australian paintings were round the office – "they weren't ever interested in money, Larry." I just told him I had to go.

PLAYBOY: Did Rupert Murdoch pay you more money to change ships?

PICKERING: Oh, yeah, a lot more.

PLAYBOY: Is Murdoch still paying you the same money as when you joined *The Australian?*

PICKERING: No. It increases every year. I can't say how much because I agreed not to. Figures from $45,000 to $85,000 a year have been mentioned, but I'd rather not say exactly. I've never heard of anyone being paid as much. The only accurate thing I have seen about it is that it's the most money ever paid to a cartoonist in Australia. I was a little unfair about it. I played one off against the other. So I probably finished up getting paid more than I was worth, and more than they wanted to pay me.

PLAYBOY: The Government is said to be paying you an awful lot of money to mastermind their energy conservation campaign on television. Do you feel guilty about sending up a Government which is helping you towards your next million?

PICKERING: You really can't, mate. One of the first things I said to the Government people when I went down to Canberra to talk about it was: "I can do the job. I think I know what's wanted, but if you're expecting a rash of energy conservation cartoons, it's just not on."

I told them that I couldn't compromise in any way or form on what I feel in a cartoon. I told them that when I switched off from a cartoon I would switch on to the energy conservation campaign and give it my total attention. But no matter who my friends are, or who I've got to protect, I cannot compromise. The public are not interested in your affections for different people or what your interests are vested in. They don't give a stuff. I've got something like $50,000 worth of uranium shares, and I bag uranium.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us what you hope to achieve with the energy conservation campaign?

PICKERING: Well, it's very difficult at this stage. We are looking for the first series of ads to be shown on television on October 29. I've got a lot of creative ideas, but I'm not the only one working on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel strongly about the need to conserve energy?

PICKERING: To me it's a job, a challenge. We are trying to make people aware of the degree of energy they consume in a normal day – by shaving, boiling a jug, having a bath, a shower or a shit. A person wouldn't believe the amount of energy he consumes. So, firstly, we have to create an awareness. Then we have to try to create a behavioural change so that the ever-widening gap between energy consumed and energy discovered is narrowed. We want to level off the graph of energy consumed. We want to reduce that by 15 percent in the annual growth rate. We realise that it's a hell of a lot to do, but that's what we hope to achieve with the campaign.

PLAYBOY: As the holder of $50,000 worth of uranium shares, aren't you out of step with many of your fellow artists who condemn publicly the mining of uranium?

PICKERING: Yes, with my fellow cartoonists. They think I'm a shit. They say there's no such thing as a capitalist cartoonist. But before this article gets to print I will have sold those uranium shares, bought something else, and probably have sold that, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we should be mining uranium?

PICKERING: Yes, of course we should. It's clean. It doesn't matter what form of energy you come up with, there will always be some bastard who'll object. Look at oil. How many have died because of oil? How much wild life and fish has it killed? Look at oil in terms of motor cars and how many people has it killed? How many people has electricity killed? Or any other kind of energy that has been discovered? Take fire, for instance. How many people have been killed by fire? It is just something that has been discovered and you get these bloody eco-cranks jumping up and down.

I just feel that nuclear energy has got to come. It's something that has to be looked at and treated with the utmost caution, yes. But it's just so much cleaner, safer and more economic. Everything about nuclear energy is more sensible than the dirty fuels we are using at the moment, and which are running out.

PLAYBOY: But because of the doubts about the safe storage of uranium waste, do we have the right to endanger the lives of future generations?

PICKERING: No one would be stronger on the safety aspect of uranium than I would be. But it doesn't matter. I think the world is finished, anyway. What is going to happen is that some bloody Palestinian mob or terrorist organisation is going to get hold of some uranium, pay some other country to develop it for them, and blow up whatever city they want. And someone else is going to blow up another city in retaliation, and the whole thing is going to get out of hand.

What point is there in saying, okay leave it in the ground? It's like refusing to buy a car because people get killed in cars. It's like refusing to fly in a plane because planes crash now and then. I know what you mean, and I feel for what you say, but we are on a path on which I don't think we can turn around. I think you do your country a disservice by not mining uranium. If you're going to get raped you might as well lie back and enjoy it. You're screwed anyway. If you fight, it's only going to hurt a bit more.

PLAYBOY: It's obvious that there are a lot of things you'd rather be doing than cartooning. What's the thing you want to do most in your life?

PICKERING: I'd like to paint as a hobby, and grow tomatoes as a living.

PLAYBOY: Tomatoes?

PICKERING: Yeah. I love the smell of them. Tomatoes and the wet earth are something you just can't emulate. I've got a tomato farm near Mildura. My younger brother manages it.

PLAYBOY: Where does that trace back to? Where did you first fall in love with tomatoes?

PICKERING: I don't know. I think that when I was just a kid I used to go down to the tomato bushes just to smell them. Beautiful tomatoes. The fruit of the earth. Just terrific.

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Illustration by Jay Antablian

FANCY DRESS

look! up on the government benches! is it a bird? is it a plane? no! it's superman playing power politics

fiction **By ROBERT ENGLISH**

ALVIN ALLENDORF was a Superman freak. But only on the quiet. Because at 34 he had became the local member for Saville, an electorate which took in most of the Lakes District north of Gosford, NSW. And, now he was a member of parliament, his wife had insisted that his uniform, together with the 2000 comic books, be returned to the attic for at least the

term of his office. It didn't really matter, because most males of the district were Superman freaks. Visitors to this aquatic wonderland were often puzzled to see numbers of small boats anchored mid-lake with their poles adrift and the occupants chatting and drinking, dressed in blue and yellow skin-tight uniforms with a huge red capital "S" across the chest, and quite oblivious to the interest they were creating on shore.

For 10 years Alvin had been patron and president of the Lakes District Superman Club, which met every second Sunday afternoon at the fibro clubhouse adjacent to Close-to-Heaven Beach, just north of McMasters. Here, away from wives and families, the members, who included two District Court judges, several doctors, a dozen nervous-breakdown lawyers and numerous engineers, architects and surveyors, gathered to flash their Kryptonite lapel badges, repeat the Daily Planet oath and then hop into a few hours of serious crime-busting.

Within two years of incorporation, membership had swelled to more than 2000, mainly due to intensive campaigning by Alvin, who was determined to surpass the record of the Tennessee Hills District Superman Club, USA, which in January, 1975, boasted 2150 full members with 313 Jimmy Olsen associates. Population was the problem. As Alvin pointed out, the Tennessee Hills district could muster four times the potential membership of his district. Consequently he was forced to bow to pressure from younger members and make provision for female participation through a Lois Lane auxiliary. This, together with the senior citizens of the area in the Perry White Editorial Club, made the whole conglomerate more than 5000 strong – easily the most powerful Superman complex in the world.

But things were different after the election. Under instructions from his wife, Alvin reluctantly handed in his resignation as patron and president to pursue more mundane activities in Canberra as the representative of his former colleagues, who had to agree that the pursuit of their aims might not be acceptable to the unimaginative minds of middle-class bureaucrats. Still, at his farewell they expressed the hope that Alvin would not abandon his allegiance altogether and moved that he devote at least one lunch hour a month to donning, in private, the sacred uniform, so that he would never forget all that it stood for. Alvin agreed that this was the least he could do.

•

And so, for the next three years, as he progressed from Member to Minister, Alvin Allendorf changed his clothes at lunchtime on the first Monday of the month and, behind locked doors, waded through the correspondence from members of his club, smiling and chatting to himself as he re-lived all their activities.

Then that fateful day. His first day in the ministry. The Monday he forgot to lock the door and overlooked the fact that he had requested his secretary, Miss Bowditch, to fetch him two meat pies for lunch. She knocked before entering, but he didn't hear. And she saw him at his desk, resplendent in the skin-tight outfit, complete with cape tossed casually over the back of the chair, giggling unashamedly at an anecdote from his vice-president.

Miss Bowditch stopped in mid-stride. "Mr Allendorf?" she queried.

"Yes, yes. What is it?" He didn't look up, but continued to laugh.

For a moment, Miss Bowditch wondered which one of them had gone insane. "I . . . er . . . I've brought your lunch," she stammered.

"Put it down. Put it down." He rapped the desk with his instruction and continued to chuckle.

Miss Bowditch deposited the pies and fled. She sat behind her typewriter for some time, wondering what to do. Finally she approached his door, turned the handle and peeked in, hoping against hope that what she had seen earlier might have vanished. But he was still there, only now he was jumping up and down in his chair, slapping the top of the desk and laughing hysterically. She closed the door quickly. She had to steady herself with one hand against the wall. She needed coffee. A few minutes later in the canteen she disclosed her secret to her best friend, the third secretary to the Prime Minister.

"My God!" was all her friend said.

"But there has to be a simple explanation," Miss Bowditch pleaded.

"You're right. He's mad. And, what's more, he's in the bloody ministry now. Isn't he the new Minister for something or other?"

"It's only minor, thank goodness. Conservation."

"Thank God," the other girl sighed.

"Shsh!" Miss Bowditch said, looking around anxiously. "What am I going to do?"

"Calm down, for chrissake. Let's think. Any other abnormalities?"

"Not really. But he talks to himself a lot. And one time he got me to do a letter to some place in the States – Kentucky, I think – to an organisation called 'The Frogs'."

"The Frogs?"

"Yes. After that film arrived. There is apparently a group of weirdos who have this club where they all dress up as frogs and do the conservationist bit. Reckon that frogs are a symbol of the many dying species. He told them they had his sympathies and that he was the head of a similar cause – only his club dealt with crime."

"Jesus!"

"Janet, what am I going to do? Next he'll probably be in the cupboard changing back to Clark Kent."

"Do you want me to talk to the Prime Minister?"

"No! Not yet, I mean. There has to be a simple explanation!"

"OK. But don't get too close."

"Don't worry. I won't."

•

That night Janet, the third secretary to the Prime Minister, was lying in bed smoking a cigarette and watching the naked Deputy Leader of the Opposition pour himself a scotch.

"He's a Superman freak," she said casually, eyeing his body and wondering why an ex-priest should have chosen politics as a career.

"So what?" he snapped, adding the ice. He was annoyed that she had remained silent and unresponsive throughout his sweaty effort. He always had been suspicious that she was a spy – a plant. The Prime Minister was not a righteous man.

"He dresses up in a suit at lunchtime," she offered.

"Where?"

"In his office. Where he thinks it's private. And he writes secretly to other organisations who also dress up."

"That's interesting."

"I thought you'd think so. Can you do anything with it?"

"With what?" He turned with the angry question, then realised he was naked. With inbred modesty he escaped to the bathroom, where he lit a cheroot and thought about her question. He had failed her continually and she was only small fry. How would he go with that actress who was playing around with the Minister for Defence? Rumor was she wasn't Eurasian but Vietnamese. Big trouble for someone.

"He actually dresses up as Superman?" he asked when he came back.

"Yes. And what's more he changes in the closet – just like Clark Kent."

"Well where else can he change, for chrissake – in the members' bathroom perhaps?"

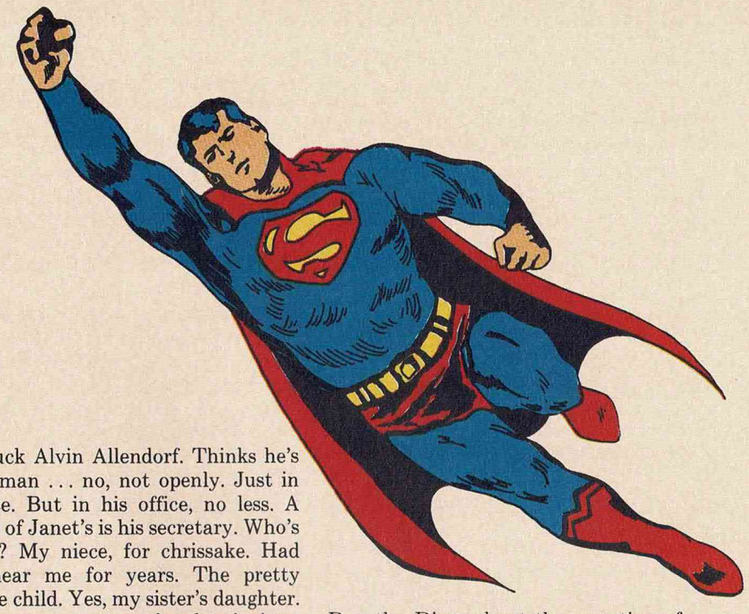
"So you're not interested."

"Perhaps."

•

The Deputy Leader of the Opposition put on a pair of shorts and wandered into his study. Sitting at the desk, he reached across and picked up the telephone, dialled and waited patiently for an answer.

"Hello, Richard? I think we have a live one. Yes, the new Minister. That schmuck Alvin Allendorf. Thinks he's Superman . . . no, not openly. Just in private. But in his office, no less. A friend of Janet's is his secretary. Who's Janet? My niece, for chrissake. Had her near me for years. The pretty blonde child. Yes, my sister's daughter. No, no, no . . . not my daughter's sister . . . what the hell are you talking about? When can we get together? This might be what we're after . . . next Wednesday for lunch . . . ? Good. By the way, how's Margaret? Oh, I'm sorry. Never mind. See you Wednesday . . . no, no, she's not my brother's sister, she's my mother's daughter . . . I mean she's . . . oh, shut up! Give my regards to Margaret, or whoever . . . Yes . . . see you Wednesday. Goodbye, Richard."



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A month later a new parliamentary session began and Alvin faced his first test on the front bench.

In his first weeks in the Ministry he had come into contact with a Professor Anton Gruenig, a former graduate and lecturer at the University of Warsaw, who had attracted his attention with the theory that Chopin was a woman. The professor had been relieved of his position at the university following the publication of his life work, *Open Season on Humans,* in which he expounded the theory that by skilful mutation and dedicated training, certain of the "higher intelligence" animals could save themselves from extinction merely by becoming the hunters and not the hunted. He had given as an example a giant predatory fox, larger than a buffalo and with sufficient intelligence to outwit any pack of pursuing hounds, with the result that the social hunt could become a nightmare for the riders, thus putting the natural order in a more balanced perspective.

Alvin was suspicious of the professor, but not altogether convinced that he was insane. He was particularly impressed with his street-corner efforts during the "Save the Whale" campaign and when Alvin's first question was a Dorothy Dixer about the cessation of whaling, he knew he was able to answer it – and more. Ten minutes after he started all benches were full, with the House listening in bemused silence. He also noticed that the press gallery was filling rapidly, which gave him the confidence to use a few table-thumpings for effect.

" . . . and so, gentlemen, what is the answer? Do we allow the ceaseless slaughter to continue and so give truth to all the grave portents? Four thousand five hundred species gone for ever by the end of this century! Yes, gentlemen, gone – never to return. And yet, we *can* do something. I have proposed a house committee to investigate the claims of my colleague, Professor Gruenig, to pursue the theory that animals can be mutated and trained to defend themselves – not only against their natural enemies but also against their greatest enemy of all . . . man himself."

Alvin paused for a sip of water. There was not a sound within hearing of the Chamber.

" . . . imagine, if you can, a whale with teeth so large, so powerful, so destructive – that it could attack and destroy a vessel as omnipotent as the USS Enterprise. What price the whale then, eh? And the baby seal . . . being clubbed to extinction on the ice flows of Canada. With the professor's mutated tail sting, containing a poison more deadly than the funnel-web spider's, and slashing out with the speed of a striking cobra . . . would the ruthless hunter be game to seek such quarry? I think not. The mind boggles at other possibilities. The horned dingo. The intelligent bull, able to stand on its hind legs and match it with the matador . . . the amphibious trout,

educated to attack the angler from behind . . . the moose given the speed of a cheetah and the necessary will to destroy . . .” The press boys were running relays as they scrambled for phones. Alvin spoke for an hour, bringing to light the possibility of the lion-elephant, the leopard-giraffe, the hippopotamus-tiger and the taipan-squirrel. Just as he was ready to conclude, the Prime Minister motioned to the rest of his Cabinet, who rose as one and left the Chamber.

As he was gathering together his papers, Alvin received a summons to the office of the Prime Minister.

“Allendorf,” the PM said, as Alvin beamed at him from the far side of his enormous desk, “never in my life have I heard such a speech.”

“Thank you, Mr Prime Minister!” Alvin was ecstatic.

“I think you know,” he continued, “that against certain advice I took a risk with you when re-forming the Ministry. I had information that confused me. But as I pointed out at the time, never had a member been elected to this Parliament with such an overwhelming majority. Fifty-eight thousand odd to 117. Am I right?”

“Almost, Mr Prime Minister. Actually it was 59,263 to 108, with 9400 informal. But, I might add, it is estimated that my opponent lost 92 percent of anticipated support on the donkey vote. But such is politics.” Alvin shrugged in emphasis.

“Yes, I remember now. Quite incredible. But what I want to ask you now is crucially important, not only to myself, and indeed yourself, but also to the party and the people.” He paused to create an aura of gravity.

Alvin’s smile was now almost patronising. “Yes, Mr Prime Minister?”

“Mr Allendorf, have you ever undergone treatment? I mean, medical or psychiatric treatment?”

“I beg your pardon?” Alvin was genuinely alarmed. As was the case in most moments of stress or dismay, he started to pick his nose.

The Prime Minister tried to ignore it. He had been told that there would be extremely difficult and demanding times ahead, but this was ridiculous. “I said, Mr Allendorf, are you at present, or have you ever been, under medical treatment?” He watched, fascinated, as Alvin dug deeper.

When Alvin eventually spoke it was with the handicap of a forefinger up one nostril so that the words trumpeted nasally. “I’m not sure I understand you, sir. Are you making out that in some way I need help?”

“Just that, damn you. And stop interfering with your nose.”

“Oh, sorry. You see, sir, it’s a nervous habit. My mother says I don’t know I’m doing it . . . didn’t you like my speech? I was under the impression that I had the House in the palm of my hand.” He had removed his offending finger and placed it in his right ear.

The Prime Minister rubbed his face with both hands. “Oh, Jesus – I can’t cope!” In despair, he turned back to Alvin. “What are you doing here?”

“You called for me, sir.”

“I don’t mean that, you moron. What are you doing here as an elected representative of the people of this country? How dare you infiltrate my party! You are insane. Isn’t there a screening system? Don’t you realise, goddamnit, that you are the Minister for Conservation!”

He had gone a funny color. Alvin shrugged his shoulders, then looked with vague interest at what he had pulled out of his ear.

“Get out!” screamed the Prime Minister, reaching in his drawer for the bottle of red and black pills and swallowing three dry. Alvin left.

•

He spent the next few days reading and answering correspondence from his friends in the Lakes District. He was particularly disturbed by one letter from a club member, Justin Coorval, a butcher in the hamlet of Stay-Where-You-Are, a small fishing village 15 kilometres up the coast. He had formerly been a stipendiary magistrate. It read:

“Dear Alvin, or should that be the Honorable Minister? – ha! ha!

“We celebrated your speech with school prawns and local beer. It was the biggest turn-up ever. The press coverage was incredible. What sort of a hero are you, eh? Taipan-squirrels – my God! My virgin wife sends you her best, as does my heaven-conceived daughter. She’s gone to Newcastle, by the way, to try out modelling. You remember Virginia? Big tits. Anyhow, that’s not why I’m writing. A dark cloud has descended up here and I think you should know about it. There’s a new club been formed over Maitland way, not that there’s anything unusual about that in itself. But we’re all getting very heavy vibes from their activities. They’re a mob of no-good jerks, mainly pit-miners who run around in Shazam T-shirts and claim that Superman was a homosexual. Apparently their only basis for this is that our hero never got it off with Lois Lane, and seemed to prefer the company of Jimmy Olsen. Christ, what a joke. What about Batman and Robin? Or the Lone Ranger and Tonto? Or even Hopalong and California? Don’t they realise that Superman, even as Clark Kent, would have split Lois in two? Only *we* know that he had the iron discipline to resist what must have been an unbearable temptation.

“What to do? We discussed it at length at last Sunday’s meeting, and it was decided I should write to you. Can you ask a question in the House? Are they duly constituted and registered as a club? Perhaps your staff could carry out these inquiries. They call themselves SWAP (Superman was a Poofter) and from what I hear they are becoming dangerously powerful. They also claim that Captain Marvel was the only true heterosexual crime-fighter, because he had Mary Marvel and later Captain Marvel Junior, thus making the unfounded presumption that a child resulted from the relationship. What crap! You and I and everybody else knows that the whole screwy family was the result of an Act of God – a bolt of lightning, if I remember correctly.

“Anyhow, I’ll let you think about it and see what you come up with. Keep in there, boy, we’re all proud of you. You are premium.

Regards,
Justin C.”

Alvin re-read the letter with concern. His friends needed help, but he was unable to come up with anything. He knew he would do better if he got into his uniform, but after the excruciating incident with the Prime Minister, he wasn’t sure that it would be a good idea to change during office hours. He decided to wait until after five before donning his uniform.

On that same day the Prime Minister lunched with the Treasurer.

“I tell you, Hal, that’s how I heard it. And from the very best source.”

“But a Superman suit, for chrissake! What if this gets out. It could bring down the Government.”

“I know. I know. You had better come with me when I see him this afternoon. I want a witness to everything that’s said. But we had better leave it until after five. I don’t want any scenes.”

“OK. I’ll pick you up at your office at 5.15.”

•

Neither the Prime Minister nor the Treasurer attended the House for the next three days. The press could only speculate that something was in the wind. The problem was Alvin would not resign. And without certification from a medical practitioner, the PM and Treasurer had their hands tied. Unless they caught him red-handed they couldn’t get the certificate. And even if they did, what would the news do to the image of the party? A costume freak on the front benches! In a moment of peak frustration they even considered having him assassinated. Eventually they decided to draft a memo from the PM. It took

“That must be why they call him the wild colonial boy!”

them days before they were satisfied, and then only after they had taken the Attorney-General into their confidence. The memo read:

"Dear Mr Allendorf,

"You are probably wondering why this memo has been sealed with a wax impression of the Royal and Ancient Order of St John and the Apostles. It was this Order which, in the latter part of the 16th century, allowed the imposition of the death penalty for seditious revelation of Crown secrets. According to its rules, formulated and transcribed into the Charter of Westminster, any person accused and summarily convicted by the Crown (ie, our own Governor General) of revealing the contents of any private and confidential material (as this is) from the Crown or any of its Ministers (as I am) on matters of State (as hereunder) shall suffer death within 24 hours of such offence by being hanged by the neck. Accordingly we are confident that what is contained herein will only ever be known to two persons – you and me. That is why it is in my own handwriting.

"Further to the unbelievable episode in your office several days ago, when the Treasurer and I visited you to satisfy ourselves that a ghastly rumor emerging in House circles had no foundation – well, needless to say the extent of our horror could be matched only by your farcical appearance. The fact that you are still a Member of the House and, indeed, a Minister of the Crown, only emphasises the sad need for democratic reform. However, until this can be achieved – and, believe me, I have a football team of Queen's Counsel working round the clock to this end – I must insist that you comply with the set of conditions set out below pertaining to your presence here, not only in the House but in the Capital itself. Should you not do so then I shall have no alternative than to invoke the Charter mentioned above which also deals with members who are deemed insane by arbitrary decision of the Ruling Head of Parliament (me) and have you taken to a remote place, with no witness, and cause the public executioner to drive a stake through your heart and throw your remains to the wild beasts of the forest.

"Accordingly, I list hereunder the said conditions:

(1) You shall never again wear that hideous outfit within the statutory territory of this Capital.

(2) Should you be found wearing it elsewhere, and be questioned by any member of the press or person in authority, you shall without hesitation give one of the following excuses to explain your behavior:

(i) You are trying it on with a view to buying it as a present for one of your children.

(ii) You are on your way to a fancy dress ball.

(iii) You wish to surprise your wife.

(iv) You are a member of the Superman Giants – a local baseball team – and this is the official uniform.

(3) You shall absent yourself from all but the regulation minimum of three attendances at House sittings from now until the House rises for the winter recess.

(4) On your three attendances you shall have your entire head swathed in bandages and if you are asked any questions by the Opposition you shall plead laryngitis. Both your hands shall be similarly bound so that there is no possibility of a written answer.

(5) You shall abstain from all correspondence of an official nature until the end of the present term.

(6) You shall conduct no interviews until the end of the present term.

(7) You shall immediately dismiss your secretary, offering no explanation whatsoever. We shall look after her.

(8) You shall give no statements whatsoever to the press pertaining to anything at all.

(9) Conditions of (1) and (2) above shall relate not only to your present aberration, but to any uniform or dress which has any commercial, novelty or literary connotation or which can be identified by insignia, trade mark, copyright or reproduction of any kind whatsoever.

"Do not think my threats are idle – I have the power!

Yours in politics,
Mervin Hamish, PM, OBE."

•

Alvin Allendorf was enraged. He made three copies of the memo and enclosed them in plain envelopes using his Krypton finger-ring seal. He forwarded one to his bank with directions to have it placed in his safe deposit box. Another he sent to his solicitor. The third he took personally to Justin Coorval and spent the whole weekend in serious discussion with his friend about the ultimatum.

The following Monday, Alvin Allendorf entered the Parliamentary Chamber in full Superman regalia and took his seat on the second bench, just 27 places from the Prime Minister, according to his seniority. The laughter and derision from the Opposition benches was heard around the nation. As far as the ecstatic press were concerned, its boy had done it again. This would surely be a sell-out.

Shortly after 10, the first of the visitors arrived. They soon filled the public gallery and then took up positions on the lawn outside. On seeing the first one, the Prime Minister swallowed six stripeys. Then he turned to the Treasurer for confirmation of what was happening. His Minister could only nod, until finally he covered his eyes.

Because every single person in the gallery was Superman. It was the same on the lawns. Thousands of Clark Kents had become Supermen!

The House was adjourned five minutes after sitting. The Prime Minister retired to his office leaving strict instructions not to be disturbed. The Opposition retired to the bar and drank the morning away with champagne. The House duly reconvened at two. The Prime Minister was assisted to his seat by two of his Ministers.

Then the whole House burst into uproar. For sitting on the Opposition back-benches was one of the oldest Members – the feared and respected Member for Doddington – dressed unmistakably as the Phantom. Hardly had the reverberations of this shock died when it was noticed that two members of the Government were also attired strangely. One, the dashing and handsome Minister for Trade, was Mandrake. The other, the youngest member, the up-and-coming Mathew Connors, ex-amateur boxing champion and international polo-cross player, naked except for a brief leopard-skin, was most resplendent as Mandrake's fearless helper, Lothar.

The rest of the afternoon is history. No fewer than 42 members left the House and returned in different costumes. There were eight BC's, five Alley Oops, four Batmans, three Robins, a Spiderman, a Wizard of Id, two mystery men from Brenda Starr and an Orphan Annie.

Two female members of the Senate, one from the Government and one from the Opposition, came down from the Upper House and snarled at each other when they realised they were both dressed as Wonderwoman. The Speaker returned as Tarzan and tried to call the House to order. But most members were crossing the floor to compare notes. Enemies became friends. Business was forgotten. Those not suitably dressed left the Chamber to ponder.

In the gallery and outside, cheers broke from 2000 Superman throats as Alvin was chaired from the House to make his historic declaration: "Maintain the rave."

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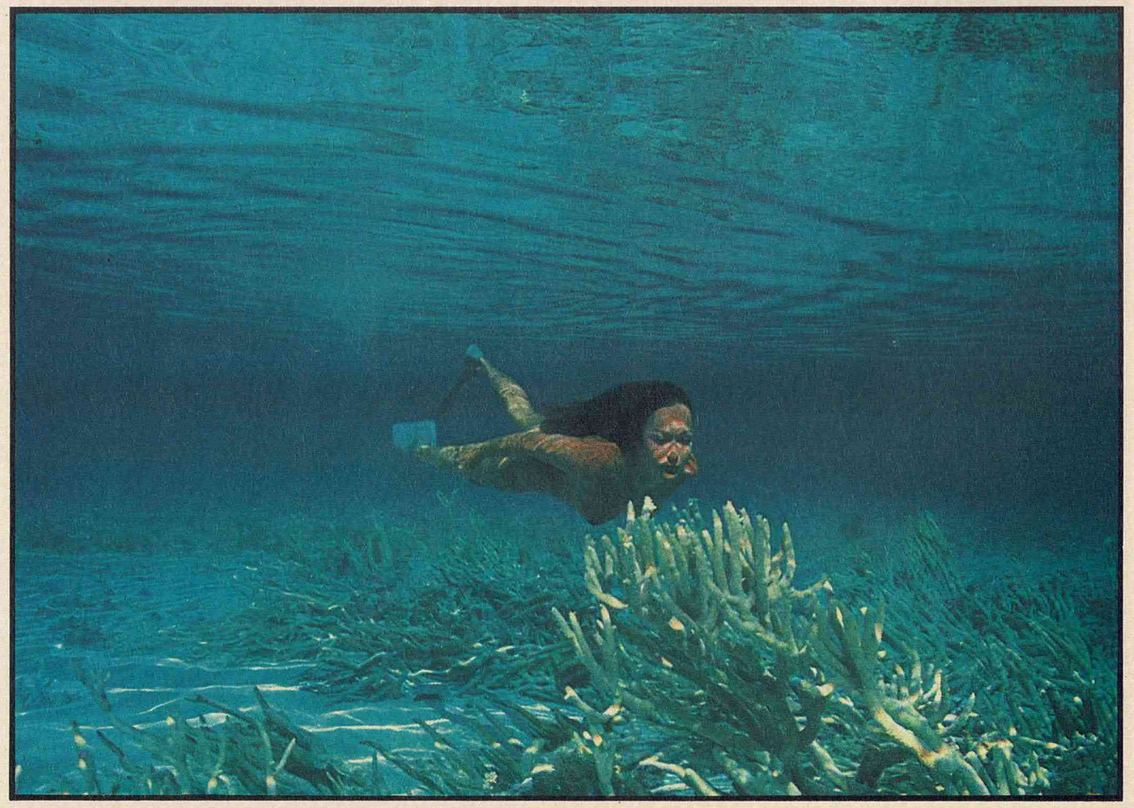
come dive with me

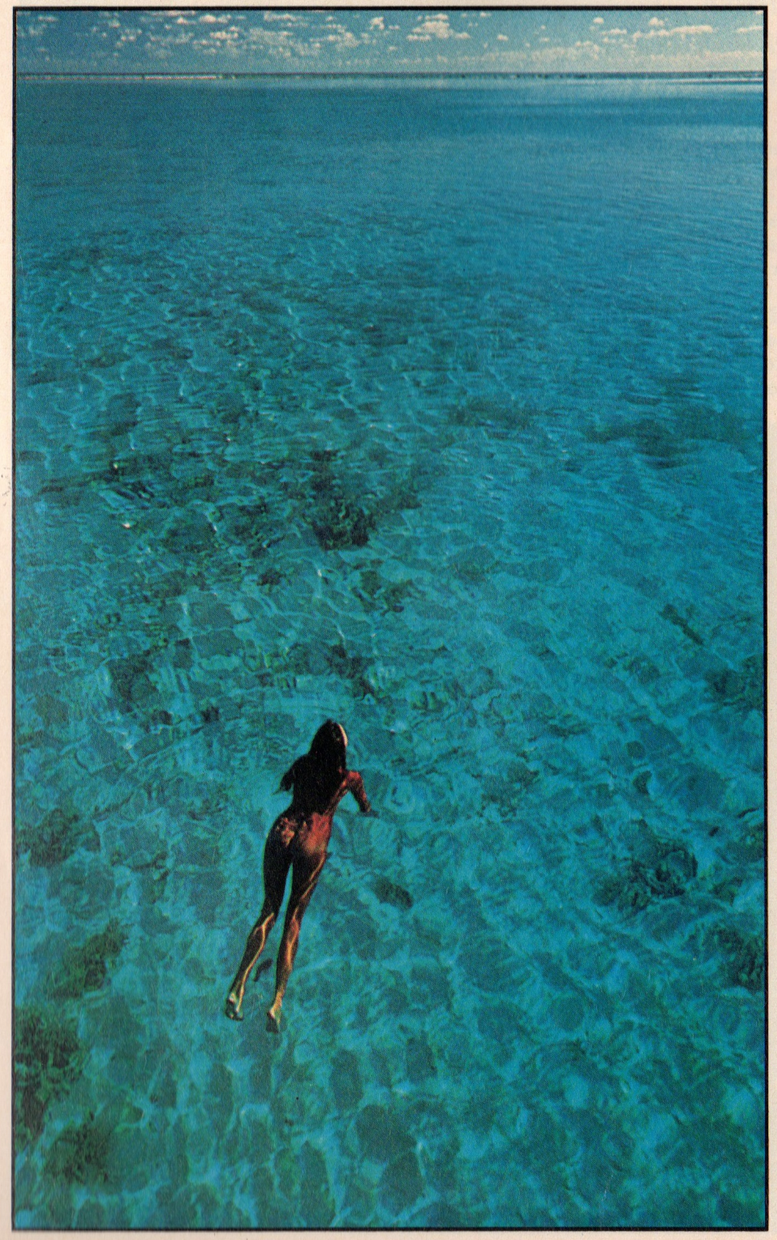
there are starfish at the bottom of this lovely mermaid's garden

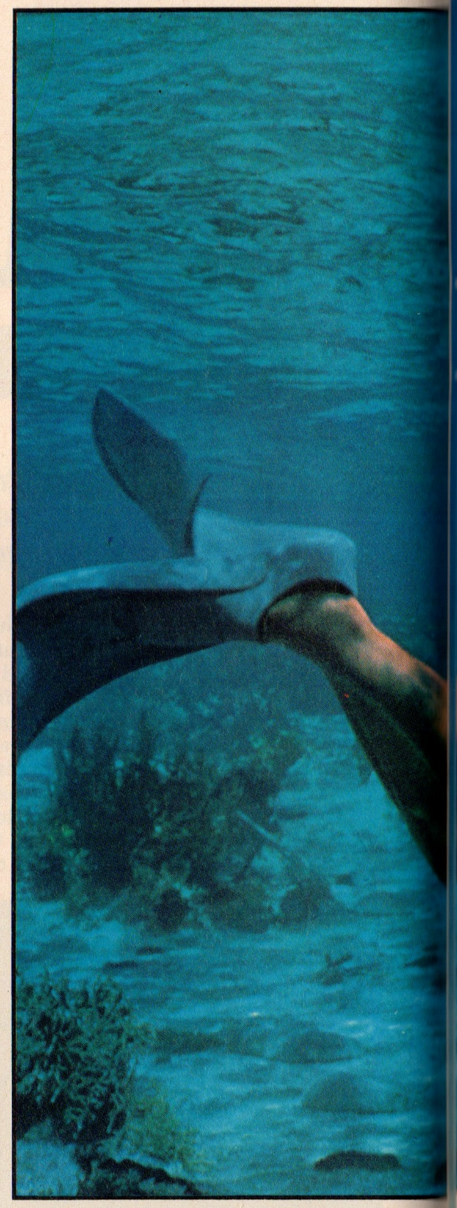
SHE dives expertly, the warm, blue water moulding into the smooth contours of her body. Down she glides to the coral outcrop and the fish rise to meet her. A batfish darts through her streaming hair and a maori cod nibbles inquisitively at her finger. She is Neptune's girl, Gina Allen, and she is deep in her home waters off Quoin Island on the Gladstone stretch of the Barrier Reef. Gina was born on Quoin and was on touching terms with fish before she learned to toddle

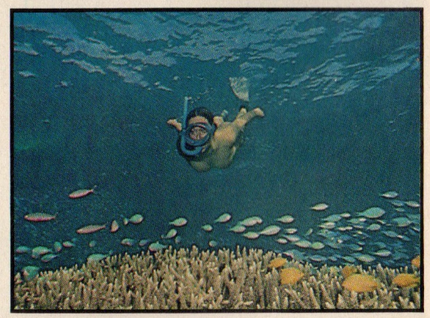


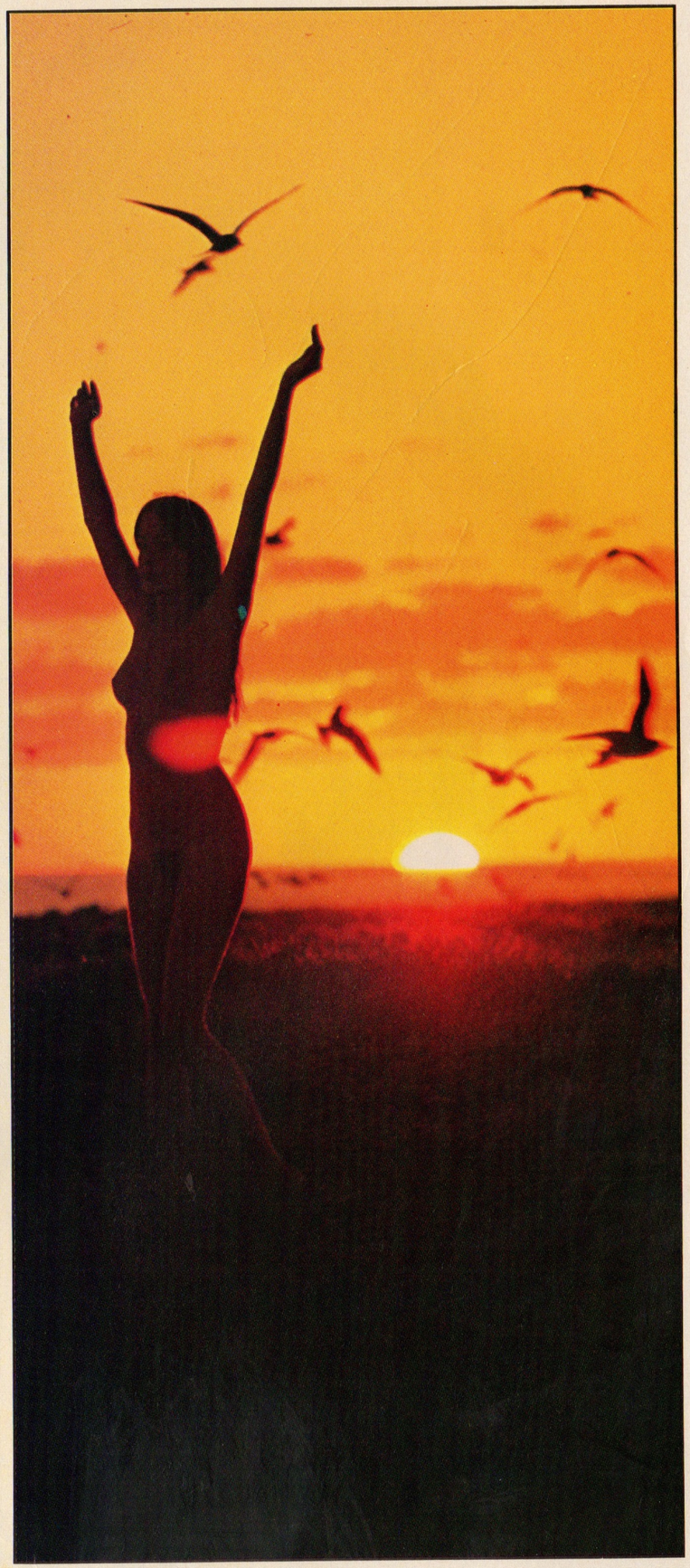
Photography by Ben Cropp

through the mango stands. Fear was left in the nursery. The big sharks seldom venture inside the reef, and the smaller relations are too well fed to worry the amphibious Gina. The trust is a two-way thing. The fish don't bother Gina and she swims to wonder, not to hunt. "Mud crabs are different," she says. "They're easy pickings and, besides, they're delicious." Because she has learned that a girl cannot live by breadfruit alone, Gina makes periodic pilgrimages to the city. She has counted banknotes and waited tables, devilled for a printer and styled hair. She has pampered tourists and pulled beer. But Quoin Island always draws her back. "The city is so negative," she says. "It makes you conform to something called society and, although I can cope because I know I have









to earn a living, I'll keep spending at least a part of the year on Quoin." Gina hankers after the simple things in life – swimming free with the fish, tree-ripened fruit, goat's milk and a naked body warmed and tanned in the sun. It is all there in her mind's eye when she wanders south – reinforced by her own photographs and paintings she carries in her portfolio. "My father, Lew, taught me to take and paint pictures and also to play the guitar. It all helps when I am away from Quoin and homesick," she said as she set up camera equipment in her new Paddington, Sydney, photographic studio. Professional photography is a brand new venture for Gina Allen. Hopefully she will spend rationed time on the business end of the camera. And as the lens of Australia's No 1 underwater cameraman, Ben Cropp, testifies, Gina and the fish make fetching subjects as they enjoy nature's many wonders in our lovely mermaid's underwater paradise.

I WAS A MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

when the hadley tank company brought out its big guns, the nation's defence was never in doubt

FOR 12 YEARS an actress, a stage designer, a costume designer and myself, a freelance writer, made up the A. T. Hadley Tank Company, one of the major companies building tanks in the US.

We were listed in the American Ordnance Association's roster of tank production facilities – quite a feat for a 2m by 3.5m office, five flights up, in New York's West 53rd street. As company president, I was invited to lecture on tank production and design at the Detroit Arsenal and the Air War College, but we never agreed on a date. Known proudly as Hadley Tank around the Pentagon, we received an award for industrial efficiency from former Defence Secretary McNamara, though we never made a single item. Key personnel held "secret" clearances in order to bid better on future tanks.

Believe me, all this happened by accident – happened because the four of us, all self-employed, were having a hard time getting credit cards. Yet the consequences were as far-reaching as the Wright Brothers' decision to see if their invention would fly, or Henry Ford's resolve to crank up the Lizzie.

Hadley Tank's beginnings were, in the finest traditions of American industry, modest. There was only me and no name. I was working for *Newsweek* in the early '50s and a salesman from General Motors suggested I visit his tank plant. Ever mindful of Christmas bonuses produced by "scoops", particularly those that helped to sell advertising, I said: "Sure." But getting into the tank plant proved more difficult than the salesman realised. Journalists were suspect even then, so someone in GM arranged for me to become a member of the American Ordnance Association.

I signed the association's little pledge card, put in *Newsweek* where the card called for company affiliation, enclosed a dollar, claimed the dollar on my *Newsweek* expense account . . . and settled back to await the scoop that never came. Every year the card from the American Ordnance Association, known as the

article **By ARTHUR T. HADLEY**

AOA, arrived. Every year, in hopes of some as yet unrealised scoop, I paid my dollar, listing my affiliation as *Newsweek* or, later, the *New York Herald Tribune* until I left in 1960.

Being unemployed is a great American experience I can do without. My bank, which previously had let me overdraw with just a polite letter, now sent demands by telegram and made threatening phone calls. Credit card companies asked me to turn in my cards while they reviewed my situation. Stores appeared reluctant even to take my cash. The government began devoting countless man hours to my income tax returns. Hotels, airlines, restaurants were always booked out. Dogs growled as I passed. The phone company saw fit to change my number three times in a month.

While I was struggling to recoup my fortunes by producing the great American novel on a new electric typewriter that produced only "e" no matter which character was struck, the annual card from the AOA arrived. Grateful for any outside contact, I signed it as usual and sent in my dollar. On the line that said "company affiliation" I wrote: "None."

Two weeks later, the card came back with a note asking me to fill it out correctly. The word "none" was circled in red pencil. I erased the red circle and returned the card. Back it came again, this time with an unsigned note saying that for membership to be retained, company affiliation *must be shown.* Honest Arthur Hadley again put in "none". Again the card was returned, this time with a note which said, in effect, shape up and affiliate or get out.

Already numb from countless blows to my ego since joining the self-employed, I found this too much. I typed in A. T. Hadley Tank Company, signed my name as president, and returned the card. I'd finally done the correct thing. Back came a two-page letter from a General C. C. Utz in Detroit remarking that the American Ordnance Association had long missed the presence in its ranks of an organisation of such credit and renown as the Hadley Tank Company. With commendable American hustle the general suggested I might like to fork up the $1000 for corporate membership "so that selected top management might be able to enjoy the benefits of the association". He also wanted to know the primary interests of Hadley Tank.

My first reaction was fear. All I needed at that vulnerable moment of my life was an investigation into a bogus company. But I felt as long as I told no lies and took no money I'd be okay. I thanked the general for his letter, told him we'd wait a while on the $1000, and said our primary interest was light tanks. I reasoned that production of a heavy tank in a 7 sq m office five flights up was beyond our capabilities. Besides, the three-man lift was often out of order. We were a light tank organisation . . . the lighter the better.

The next letter I got was from the Pentagon. Someone in Detroit had been speaking well of Hadley Tank. My contributions to national defence and my technical and managerial skills had caused me to be placed on the Light Tank Committee of the Department of Defence and the American Ordnance Association. So honored, the Hadley Tank Company started to receive invitations to such important conferences as "Exponential Feedback in Beta Series Servo-Systems" and "Flux Analysis in Tri-Metal Annealing".

Then, in the spring of 1962, the AOA published its roster of distinguished defence companies. There, under Tanks – after Ford and Caterpillar Tractor, to be sure, but ahead of General Motors and Chrysler – was the Arthur T. Hadley Tank Company. Oh, the pleasure of being of service to one's country in those early Kennedy years. A going concern just a year, and *already* in the majors. I bought a small toy tank and placed it on my desk. I had to carry it up the five flights of stairs, since the elevator was, once again, out of order.

That very afternoon, Hadley Tank received its first phone call, long distance from Chicago. A salesman from Cross Instruments wanted to know if I'd considered automating my plant. I hadn't. I was still having enough trouble with my typewriter.

The historic explosion of Hadley Tank from one-man shop to industrial giant occurred a year later. I was having dinner with three friends, all of whom were in the theatre. Though all were successful, they complained that they couldn't get credit cards because of their profession.

"If only I did something regular," said Will-Steven Armstrong, the stage designer.

"Belonged to a big corporation," lamented Patricia Zipprodt, the costume designer.

The proverbial light went on inside my head. "I am a corporation," I said. "I make tanks."

Lacking my experience in the world of corporate practices, the other three did not immediately leap on board. But after assurance that at Hadley Tank we always told the truth and did nothing which we could be ashamed of under scrutiny – a policy I recommend to other defence contractors – three vice-presidencies were created. Our hostess, Lovelady Powell, an actress, signed on as VP Communications; Pat Zipprodt became VP Design, and Will-Steven Armstrong VP Production. A tight ship.

Company President Hadley spent a busy month answering calls and filling out applications for American Express, Diner's Club and various stores, guaranteeing the financial worth of his vice-presidents and himself.

Not long afterwards, the vice-presidents generously took me to dinner on their new credit cards. VP Design produced a sign for the company's door. And VP Production made me a model tank to replace the toy on my desk – a model of futuristic design, boasting 20 guns.

Some time later – for reasons I'm not entirely able to recall – the last member of our fine production team, Thomas Guinzburg, came on board after an evening of intense negotiations at the Bucket of Bacchus in Positano, Italy. (Small but mobile, that's Hadley Tank.) Since Guinzburg was a publisher, he became, naturally, VP Book-keeping. Later he played the vital role when Hadley Tank received its security clearance to handle "secret" documents.

The A. T. Hadley Tank Company rocked along quietly for a few months doing those things I imagine all American companies do: collecting credit cards, fending off salesmen, keeping its nose clean. As chief executive, I gave thought at times to our financial position. I initiated guarded inquiries through a lawyer friend, and was pleased to learn that Hadley Tank enjoyed an excellent credit rating.

"I guess you always pay your bills on time," the lawyer said.

I saw no reason to tell him we had no bills.

Slowly, in spite of its president's best efforts, Hadley Tank became more and more involved with the defence of America. Another letter came from the Pentagon, this time requesting the names of my executives entitled to receive secret information. Following agreed company policy never to lie, I wrote back that none of us was cleared for secret information.

It worried me a bit to have to state this, since it made good old Hadley Tank appear a firm run by a bunch of drunks or commies. But looking on the bright side, I reasoned that with such questionable management, our tank company had at least heard the last from the Pentagon. No longer would I be harassed by the Government to bid on defence contracts.

I was wrong. I'd underestimated the desire of the Department of Defence to throw away money. Back came a letter of apology that Ordnance had allowed our clearance to lapse. Also an incredibly complex form to fill out so that employees of the A. T. Hadley Tank Company could, after proper investigation, receive secrets.

I called each one of my vice-presidents in turn to see which would most like to be investigated by the FBI, but instead of enthusiastically jumping at this opportunity to prove themselves clean, right-living Americans, all I got from each one was the old hoo-ha, and even some unkind suggestions that I get investigated myself. This was impossible, I pointed out, because there was a long section on the security form that had to be filled out by the applicant's employer. While I could fill it out for *them,* I couldn't fill it out for *myself.* They were no help at all, so I filled out the form myself and sent it in.

The Government moves slowly and, what with getting a book published and a play optioned, my security clearance to produce tanks slipped my mind. Then one day my office door opened and a man entered, panting. The elevator was out of order again. He flashed a laminated card at me and gasped: "FBI."

I graciously made him at home on the Tank Company couch.

"I'm checking out a party called Arthur T. Hadley," he said. "You know him?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Very well." I mean, this was no time for psychological quibbles about how well we know ourselves. But I didn't want to mislead the agent, either. "I am Arthur T. Hadley."

"You're who?"

"A. T. Hadley. You've come to the right place."

This brought a long pause, while he consulted his notebook. "I really don't think so."

The game's up, I thought. An alert FBI man will note the difference between a tank factory and this cubicle on the top floor of a reconditioned whorehouse. But the agent's mind was on other things. Or maybe he hadn't been given the big picture because he said: "I'm meant to be seeing people that know Hadley, not Hadley."

"Oh."

"I could get into trouble for this," he said sadly.

"I won't say anything." Never fink on yourself to the FBI is a basic rule of the Hadley empire.

He looked at my security form again, then turned on me hostilely. "You wrote this stuff about yourself."

"That's right. I'm the president of the company. Nobody else could have written it."

"You're the president of Hadley Tank?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you fill out this part?"

"It says at the top of the form: 'Leave no part unanswered'."

He studied the front of the form. "Yeah, it does say that."

"If I'd left that part blank they'd just have mailed it back to me."

"But look how you filled it out." He read from the form: " 'I consider the applicant qualified by reasons of loyalty, courage, energy, virtue and intellect for any job up to and including president of this company'."

"I should call myself unqualified?"

"You didn't have to be so damn complimentary."

The agent, a trained and trustworthy man, was obviously perturbed by the problem of how to interview me about myself without talking to me. I suggested a compromise. Since our vice-president of book-keeping, Mr Guinzburg, was also president of his own company, the agent could interview him; and merely note that a company president had confirmed the reports about Mr Hadley. Or not confirmed, I added generously.

"That would save a lot of paper work," said the agent.

Several months later I received a registered letter from a place I cannot mention because of security. I had

been granted a "secret" clearance. With the letter came a large, heavy book on how to handle classified information. The A. T. Hadley Tank Company was in pretty deep.

And it got worse. A long-distance phone call came from Detroit. A vice-president of Ford was on the line. We chatted a little executive chatter. He was impressed by what he'd heard of Hadley Tank. I told him Ford's local rep was okay, too. Then he came to the point. It was my turn to chair the Light Tank Committee this year and give the keynote speech at the Detroit Arsenal "Salute Tanks" dinner.

After a pause to resettle my lunch, I inquired about the date of the dinner. Unfortunately I would be in Europe on that date. He said the dinner and the two-day symposium preceding it would be on future tank design problems. Undoubtedly my VP Design, Mr Pat Zipprodt, could fill in for me. This seemed no time to explain the sex of my vice-president to someone in Detroit, never a stronghold of Women's Lib; so I mumbled something about how busy my VP was and the highly classified and technical nature of his work.

"What do you do at Hadley Tank?" the Ford man asked.

"Like you at Ford. Anything the government is stupid enough to pay us to do."

While he was having a forced laugh over that, I managed to terminate the conversation.

VP Design was a bit hostile over my turning down her opportunity to speak at the "Salute Tanks" dinner without asking her. "Shit, Hadley, I want to get up and tell those self-satisfied men what I think of their stupidity and this Vietnam war."

"And what about our credit cards?" I asked.

"We're lucky to have you as president," she generously replied.

Then one day someone knocked at Hadley Tank's front door – indeed at its only door. There stood a lieutenant with a pistol on his hip.

"The A. T. Hadley Tank Company?" he asked.

"Part of it," I answered, keeping to the truth as always. "You look a bit harassed, Lieutenant."

"I've been stuck in your elevator for two hours."

"Better take the stairs next time."

"I couldn't. I had to bring you all this." He pointed to a large suitcase beside my door. "Your security officer has to sign for it."

I grasped the significance of his pistol. "I don't think we ordered whatever that is, Lieutenant. Don't need it at all."

"Specifications on the new tank for bidding, sir."

He looked into my office as if he didn't quite believe what he saw. But then how could he know the history of one of America's great companies. His eye fell on the model 20-gun tank sitting on my desk: "Jesus, are you building one like that?"

"It's under consideration." I got rid of that snoop as quickly as possible. And he didn't even leave me his suitcase. Just put piles and piles of paper marked "confidential" all over my desk.

I grabbed for the phone. "Armstrong, get up here quick. The tank company has an emergency. And for God's sake wear a jacket and tie." I sat looking at the piles of classified paper on my desk. On top was a cover sheet telling where copies of the plans were going: Ford Motor Co., Chrysler Corp., General Motors, Litton Industries, The A. T. Hadley Tank Company, Boeing Co., Bendix. The government was more hopeless than I'd realised.

I'll say one thing for the old tank company and my VP Production, we got those plans wrapped up according to the security manual and back to the Detroit Tank Arsenal by registered mail faster, I'm sure, than any other company on the list. Ours were on the way back by late that afternoon. And we used our own money to get rid of the damn' things.

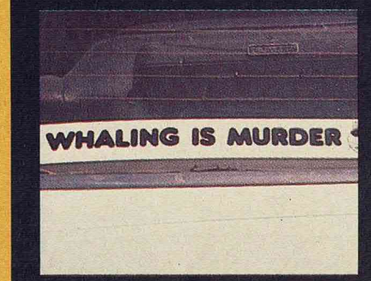
Then came Hadley Tank's finest hour. I received a personal letter from a general in the Defence Secretary's office referring to the A. T. Hadley Tank Company as ". . . one of the strongest undergirdings of American democracy". The letter informed me that "the Secretary of Defence has personally singled out the A. T. Hadley Tank Company as one of the very few prime defence contractors who have never had a shortfall. This is indeed an enviable record and he has asked me to convey to you and to your fellow executives and employees his personal regard". I was invited to Washington

"Your attention, please. I would like to introduce Mr Donald Brown, who is now in charge of the plane. Mr Brown assures us that he is not a fanatic, but is motivated by the purest criminal considerations."

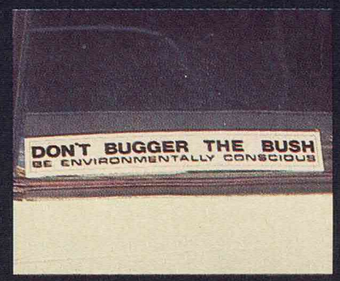
Except for that sinking feeling.

But who supplies the balls?

Tell that to the Vietnamese.



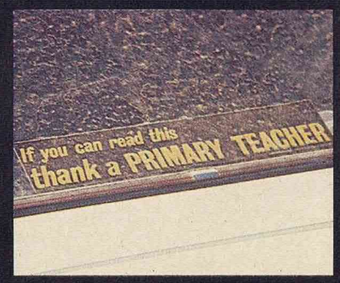
Have you ever tried to hook one?



Screw the city instead.

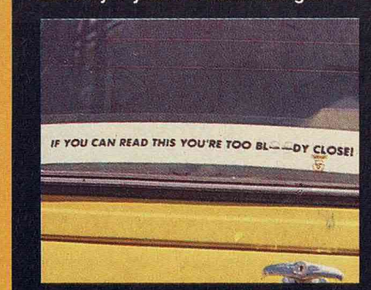
But what about the people explosion?

But only if you're a featherweight.

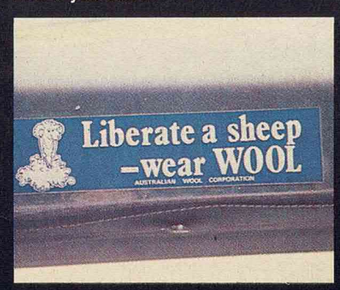


And if you can't . . . ?

Pregnant is she who does the same.



So close your eyes.



And get a grazier out of hock as well.

Mal's doing all right on his own.

Photography by Paul Woodland

STICKER THEM UP!

we get stuck into those mobile gems of wisdom that cry out for a reply

THE trouble with car window stickers is that, unlike graffiti, there is no opportunity to reply to them. A statement like "Help stamp out apathy" painted on a wall begs for the reply: "Who cares?" The same message on a window sticker is final. All you can do is read it. Apart from this lack of right of reply, stickers tend to be absolute statements without any basis. Take "Badminton builds beautiful bodies". Were the bodies ugly before they began playing badminton? Are badminton players more beautiful than tennis players? Who carried out the survey? What is needed is an authority to make sure that such statements have some basis in fact and that stickers have a blank space of equal size to allow for replies. As that is not likely to happen, here's a sample of stickers with suggested rejoinders.

at my convenience to receive personally Hadley Tank's award for "industrial efficiency".

Such beautiful, computerised logic. Since Hadley Tank had never made anything, our record was spotless. Never been late. Never overcharged the government. Never had to renegotiate a contract. Secretary of Defence McNamara, showing the genius for statistics that convinced him the US was winning the Vietnam war, had now found his ideal tank company. I expected to see him on the television news any night, pointing to a photograph of a destroyed village and saying: "This was all done with a Hadley tank."

Fortunately, Pentagon follow-up is very poor. Merely by not answering the letter I was able to avoid personally receiving our reward – and so kept Hadley Tank alive.

By now I'd been able to observe a distinct pattern to our company's Herculean efforts to avoid building tanks. The pressure on Hadley Tank to take money always grew most intense one or two months after speeches by McNamara or President Johnson about how well things were going in Vietnam. Therefore, on reading in September, 1965, that McNamara had told President Johnson he could see light at the end of the tunnel, "No-shortfall Hadley", as I was proudly known to a select few, got ready to dodge his next tank contract.

But the Pentagon caught me off balance. They telephoned. Some general, whose name I didn't get, invited me to Fort Knox to inspect the prototype of a new series of tanks before bidding. I had been a private there during the late unpleasantness against our allies the Germans and to return now, a VIP president of my own company, would fulfil an all-American dream – or perhaps, in my case, a terrible nightmare.

The program was sponsored by Army Field Force Board No. 11 and, since the A. T. Hadley Tank Company had made the big time, I had received an annual Christmas card from this board. The card, the same each year, showed a color photograph of a tank firing its big gun in the snow. The picture was contained within a holly wreath. Beneath were the words: "Season's Greetings From Army Field Force Board No. 11 – Creating Bigger Booms And Better Weapons For A Happier Tomorrow." I confess I had been curious about the noble band of brothers who produced this card.

Like all good chief executives, I consulted my board. It would be unfair to say my vice-presidents were enthusiastic about my going to Fort Knox. But since I was paying my own way, they raised no insurmountable objections. And their parting advice was sound: "For God's sake, Hadley, don't do anything to get us into trouble."

The night before descending on Fort Knox found me, like any good company president, doing my homework: that is, out drinking with the boys from Ford, General Motors and others who were also down to bid, and line-shooting with the lieutenant-colonels the army had assigned us as escorts. I admit to a few bad moments that night. Sharp-eyed vice-presidents from other corporations, worried about the gravy going to Hadley Tank, kept trying to pin me down on just what the company did.

But since none of them had received an award from McNamara for industrial efficiency, No-shortfall Hadley stayed way ahead of them.

Also, from the lieutenant-colonels around I was able to learn that all was not well with the army tank program. Take certain of the mediums: whenever you got those heaps up to speed, the tracks slapped the hull in such a peculiar fashion that the hull started to hum. And that hum, or "hull harmonic" as we professionals call it, tore the engine loose. The officers around me were relieved that Hadley Tank had nothing to do with that. I was also sorry to hear that there appeared to be a bungle in light tanks. Immediately on pulling the trigger in the newest, the gunner had to leap from the turret before the fumes from the gun asphyxiated him. At Hadley Tank Company we never designed them that badly.

The next morning, standing in the red mud of Fort Knox, sweating in my grey flannels like the other captains of industry around me, I admit I was scared. The magnitude of my deception overwhelmed me. There was just no way I could make any part of the steel monster before me. Yet having come this far, how could I admit the truth now, without losing the precious confidence of Secretary McNamara, the Pentagon and, perhaps, even the credit card companies? I might go to jail for a security violation. And there was no way to hide. Pinned above my jacket pocket was a plastic nameplate saying: "A. T. Hadley, President, Hadley Tank Company."

But if I threw out my chest here in the mud, slapped the tank hull, told my first corporate lie, and said, "Hadley Tank can build her", the results could be equally disastrous. Some snoopy colonel, or civil servant favouring another defence contractor (though with their track record, how could anyone prefer them over us?) might decide to investigate my plant. While I've met plenty of colonels and civil servants who wouldn't see anything strange in building 40-tonne tanks in a small cubicle five flights up on West 53rd street – as long as the elevator worked – you can't count on getting one of those every time.

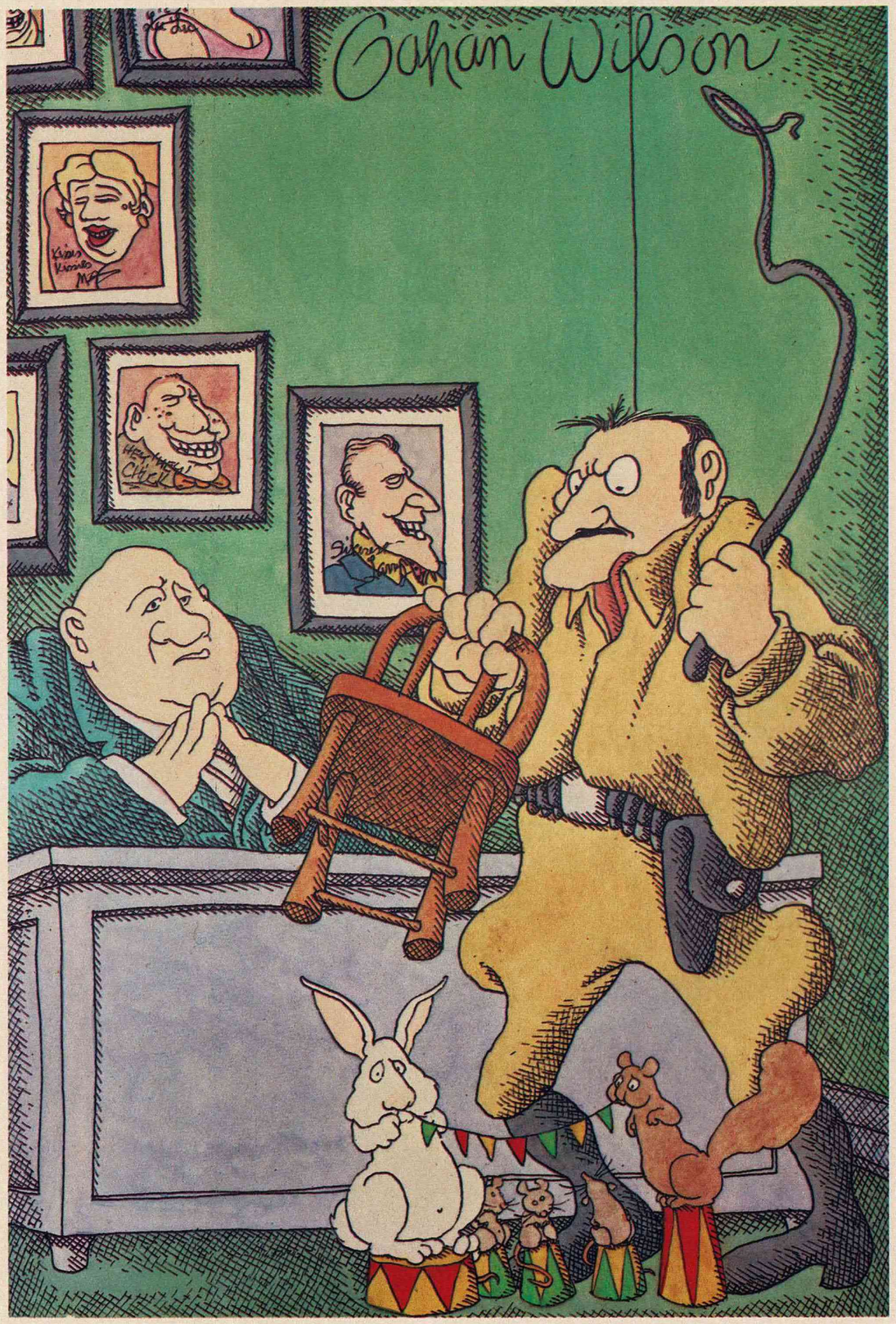
Looking for a way out, I swung myself professionally up onto the tank deck, joking with the military-types-being-nice-to-industry about where did you stow the bourbon.

Up close, the tank still looked pretty solid – built to take a direct hit from the strongest weapon known to man and just go "clang". The situation, though, looked hopeless. Where could my company, talented as we were, fit in? I mean, give us a few bolts of cloth, some two-by-fours, papier mache, a sewing machine, glue and a bit of paint and we could whip up a tank that certainly would be light, would look fierce, and could be taken apart and put together between acts. But that wasn't the problem here. Or not in the specs, as we industry types say.

I climbed into the tank's driver's compartment with some hope that I'd see a seat cushion we could sew, or a head rest we could embroider to make the crew feel more at home and give Hadley Tank something to bid on. But everything in there was made of futuristic plastics and stamped "fireproof". I knew there was no use looking in the engine compartment for something we could build, and as for the gun and its aiming computer – forget it.

Then way in the back through a little slot on the inside of the turret chamber, I saw it. My heart leaped like some Victorian poet smelling the first daffodil before breakfast. Fixed to a bare spot on the inside of the hull was a small black sign with white lettering that said: "Do not fire gun with turret in this position." Undeniably a vital part of the tank. And I was totally confident the A. T. Hadley Tank Company could manufacture and install that sign.

Unfortunately the tank was crawling with grey flannel suits all loudly proclaiming their competence and anxiety to get a piece of the action, so I was unable to swing the turret around and place the gun in the position forbidden by the sign to check out the consequences. But a little thought, plus some late-night research at the officers' club bar, confirmed the necessity of the sign to national defence. If someone pulled the trigger while the gun was in that position, it blew off the driver's head. Obviously, if the gunner was white and the driver black, or vice versa, this could have serious consequences for morale. Detailed examination of the sign



"It's new, all right, but it's not very exciting."

confirmed my first impression: Hadley Tank could bid on this sub-component. VP Design Zipprodt was a fine artist; the lettering would not challenge her. Lovelady Powell was already starting in the antique business – she'd find cutting the little strips of metal for the sign with a pair of shears child's play.

Hell, we could even subcontract that part and she could just trim one end. As for fixing the sign to the tank in the correct place, that was a glue job. Here, Armstrong was the key man with his experience in stage construction. And while he measured and smeared, Guinzburg, who works out regularly at a gym and is in top physical shape, could hold.

"How does it look to you, sir?" I jumped. Deep in thought, I had let a general sneak up behind me.

"All right," I replied as noncommitally as I could.

"Nothing here your plant can't handle, sir?" Two "sirs" from a general in less than 30 seconds: further proof of deep trouble in the army's tank program. When things are going their way, everyone is "hey-you" to generals, except members of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

"Nothing is a pretty big word, General. But after inspection of this prototype and the engineering drawings it appears entirely within my company's capability to construct certain component subsections at what I think you will find to be amazingly low cost." I had that speech ready.

"With your experience in production, sir, do you see any problems?"

"At the Hadley Tank Company, General, I tell the staff: 'Problems are all in the mind'." (As further proof of the incredible successes of Hadley Tank's non-existent products, I later got a letter from this officer informing me how well components made by Hadley Tank were performing in Vietnam.)

Truthfully, I did see one small problem; but no need to go into it right there. How would traffic get past the tanks while they sat on West 53rd street, waiting for the glue to dry?

So in the end I sent a letter to the Department of Defence thanking them for our opportunity to bid. I expressed confidence in Hadley Tank's ability to perform vital parts of the subcontract, but regretted that pressures on plant and personnel made Hadley's ability to complete this work on schedule doubtful. Clean again.

Perhaps too clean. I must face the fact that probably I lack qualities of toughness and the willingness to gamble that have made millionaires out of other defence contractors. I later received a call from a contractor who had best remain nameless.

"Is this President Hadley?"

"Yes."

"Say, Art, congratulations! Saw in the Association news letter about you getting that award."

"Thanks."

"You know, we hold the basic contract on the M-89 Gun & Turret System. Guess we beat you out on that one, ha ha."

"We didn't bid on that one."

"You didn't!"

"No. Our design section saw several basic problems we doubted could be overcome at our facilities within acceptable cost parameters."

"I wish we had your staff. Listen, we're in big trouble with that contract. Have you any plant space available for heavy hydraulic press and couple? Name your price. We're going to have to soak the Pentagon for a big cost overrun on this one."

"How big?"

There was a long pause at the other end of the line. "Hell, Art, we're all in this together; about 1000 percent."

"That's big. Listen, I'd like to help you. We in industry have got to stick together. Right?"

"Right."

"But I'd be lying to you if I said 'yes'. Every foot of floor space I've got" – I checked the floor carefully as I said this – "is occupied."

I did have some couch space. But that was occasionally filled by a winsome girl, and I saw no reason to stop her visits.

"Nothing you could take off?"

"No, we're gearing up for the Y-203."

"The what?"

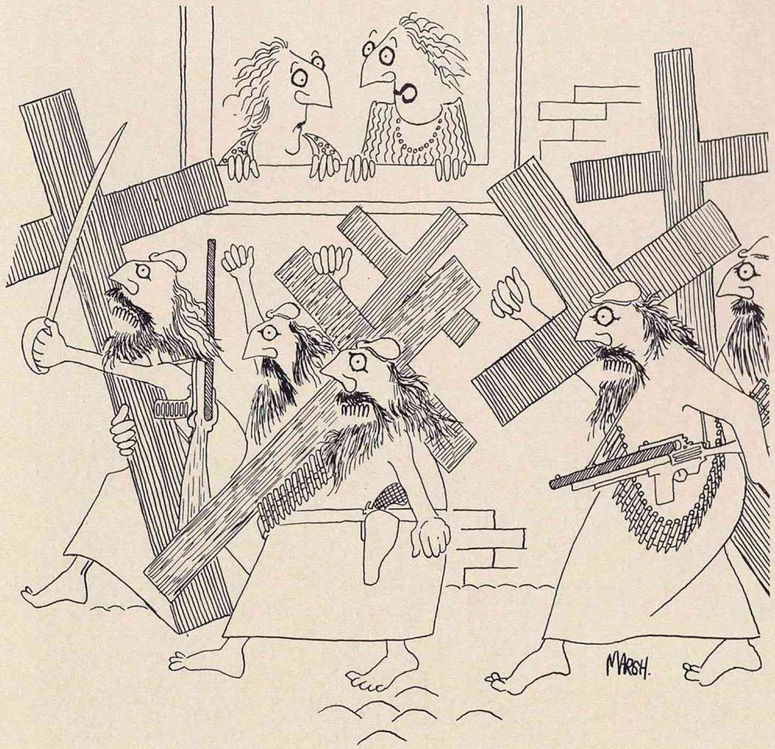
"It's pretty secret. It's the one that uses the laser and the mini-computer."

"Oh sure, sure. We almost landed that one ourselves."

What liars they all are in industry.

•

With the end of US involvement in Vietnam, activity at Hadley Tank, has I'm glad to report, fallen off. Looking back over the past 17 years I believe the A. T. Hadley Tank Company compiled a record of which both our staff and the nation can be proud. We stayed small. We sold no shoddy products. We didn't mislead the public. Our motto, NO TANK LIKE A HADLEY TANK, shows the lengths to which we carried truth. All our employees were happy. We didn't hit the taxpayer for a single dollar. Can other major defence contractors say more? Can they say half as much?



"It must be the Jesus revolution."

SOUTHERN EXPOSURES

click go the seers as our top photographers test the latest cameras with some eye-catching results

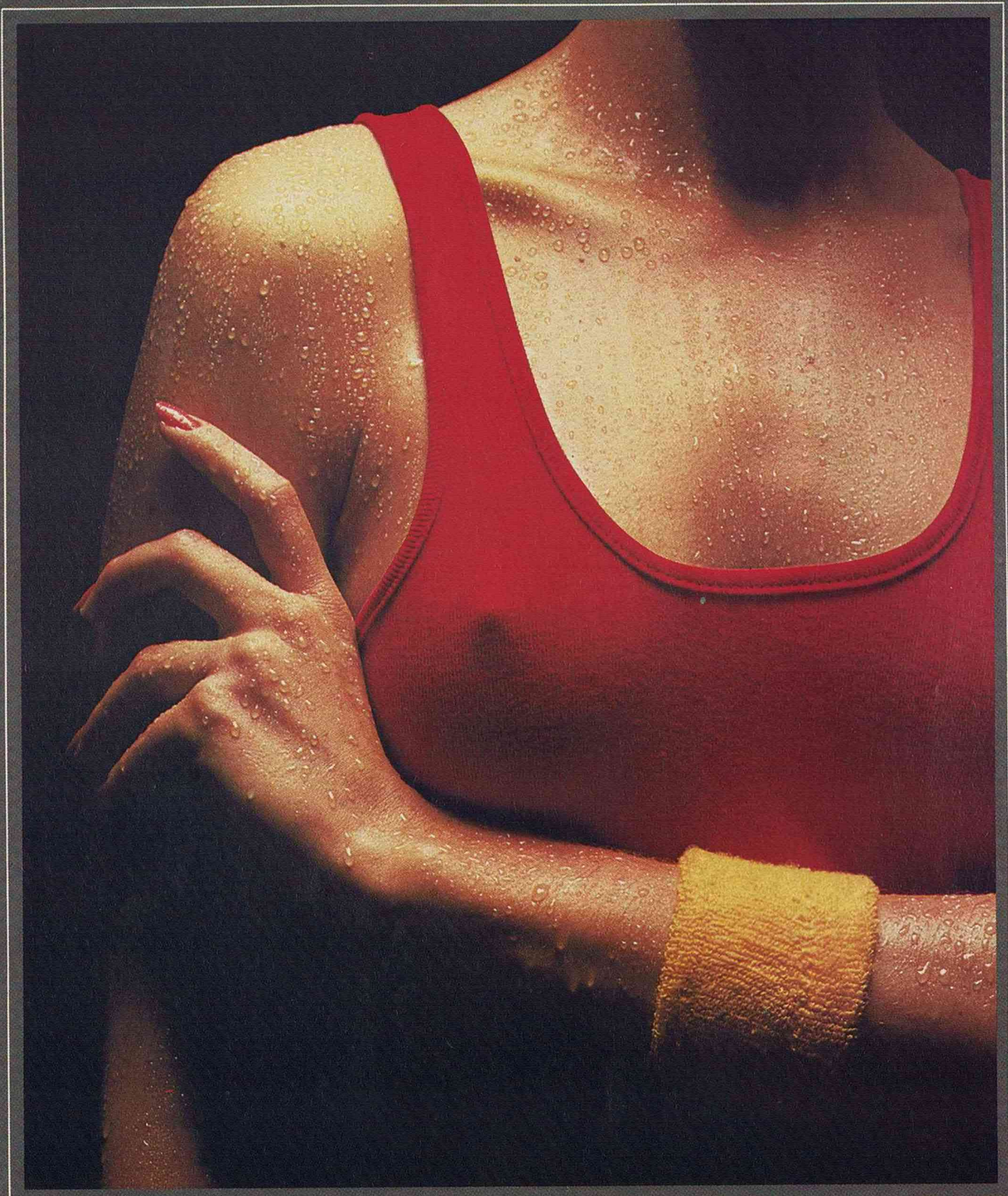


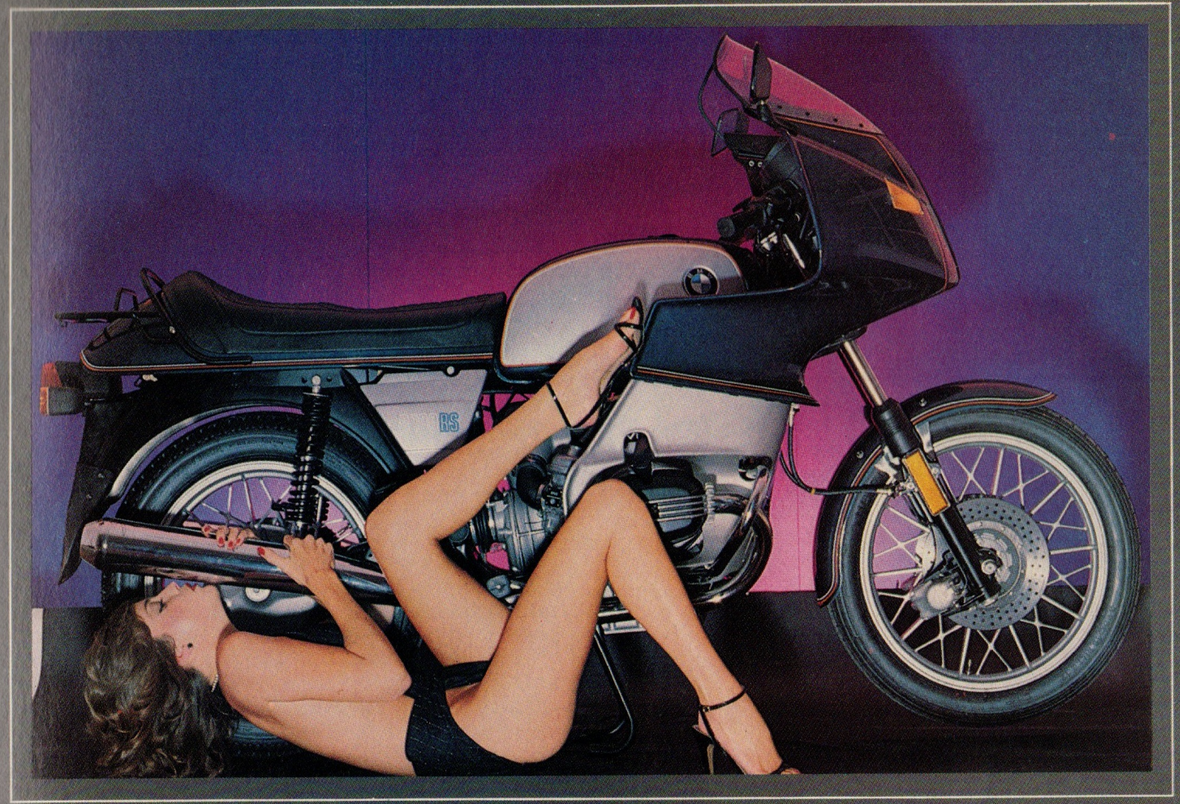
Photo by ***Ken Middleton,*** *using a Rolleiflex SLX. His comments: A fully automatic technological masterpiece with lenses of traditional Rollei excellence. Bigger format means a better quality image compared to the 35mm. Heavy and less durable because of its complexity. For the wealthy, gifted amateur or professionals. Price: $2250. Polaroid adaptor: $285.*

Photo by ***Gilbert Rossi,*** *using a Contax RTS. His comments: A smooth, well-finished, fully automatic camera for the enthusiast who wants crisp results. But the exposure adjustment system is much slower than, say, a memory lock, and I also found the film advance stroke too long. The shutter speed scale and digital readout light at times hard to see. Price: $1435.*

ABOVE: *Photo by* ***Peter Carrette,*** *using an Olympus OM-2. His comments: Save your brass and buy one. As long as you follow the rules it will do anything an amateur can want, while offering the professional the range he needs. But its lightness and complexity makes me feel that it might not hold up with hard use. Price: $805. Quick Auto 310 flash: $207.*
RIGHT: *Photo by* ***Walter Glover,*** *using a Minolta XD-7. His comments: Despite an abundance of technological cosmetics, I found the actual hardware grossly disappointing. The lightness of the Minolta gives it an "absent" feel, and the optics, too, were a let-down. On the credit side, in automatic operation the metering is switchable to give both aperture and shutter priority. Price: $949. Minolta Auto Winder 1: $202.*

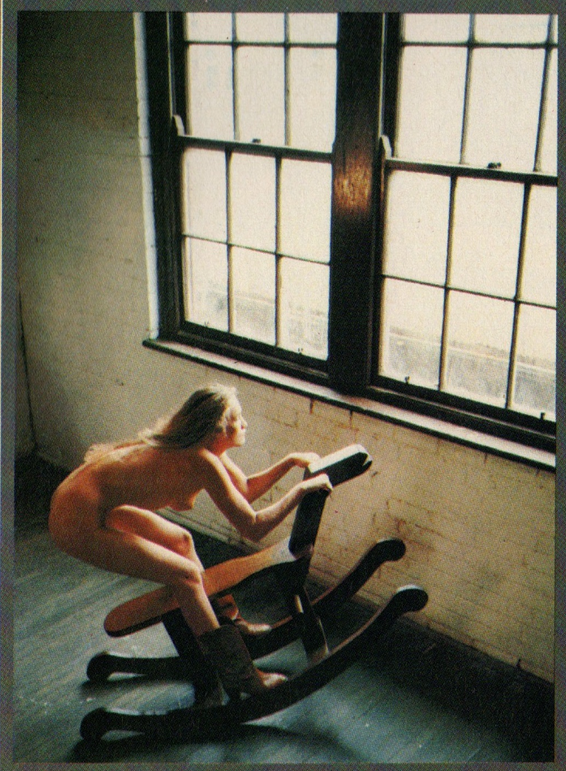
THERE are now so many cameras on the market, offering so many types of smart moves, that you need to be pretty smart yourself to work out which one you need and can use. While the microcircuitry marvels that put it all at your fingertips are exemplified by the 35mm range, such as the Contax RTS and the Canon A-1, if you want to plunge into the larger format there is the Rolleiflex SLX, packed with super-sophisticated electronics. But what you really need to frame a good shot is experience. That's why we have asked 10 professionals to try out and comment on the latest machinery. Prices quoted are recommended retail. Most stores will give you discounts.

Photo by ***Jurgen Ryck,*** *using a Leica R-3 MOT. His comments: A precise, well-built instrument with accurate, automatic light reading obtained from a unique three-spot system. However, a greater range of shutter speeds is desirable and the shutter speed reading in the viewfinder is not clear enough in low light. Digital readout would be much better. Price: $1605.*



ABOVE: *Photo by* ***Jan Kuczerawy,*** *using a Chinon CE-3 Memotron. His comments: Easy to handle and compact for the professional and, by switching to automatic, for the keen amateur. There's a nice, bright viewfinder image. Focusing is quick and positive. A metering system for the power-wind battery levels would have helped. Price: $590.*

BELOW: *Photo by* ***Neville Waller,*** *using a Yashica FR 1. His comments: I especially liked the battery test light, which also illuminates the film counter, and the soft shutter release built into the film advance lever. Two gripes: It is easy to dislodge the shutter speed dial from its setting – and I had to hand the camera back! Price: $677.*



FOOTNOTE: If all this gadgetry is too much for you, don't worry – some manufacturers have applied their super-sophisticated electronic effort to leave you nothing at all to worry about: the Konica C35AF, for example. Priced about $280, this is an automatic focus 35mm format camera complete with pop-up electronic flash. If you can load, point and press a button – or if you don't want to do anything more, yet want the versatility of 35mm film – this is your camera. The only thing that can go wrong is forgetting the batteries. Another, even simpler, auto-focus system is the Polaroid SX-70 Sonar ($295) – simpler because no processing is involved. It offers sharp, clean prints, fully developed within minutes. The film pack contains its own power supply, so there are no batteries to forget. Blow-ups can be obtained from prints.

LEFT: *Photo by* ***Peter McLean,*** *using a Vivitar 35 EF. His comments: I was impressed by the accurate metering system and the light, simple operation. However, the rangefinder focus was difficult to compute accurately and I found the wind-on mechanism a bit rough. The Vivitar is a nice thing to have around the house. Price: about $200.*
BELOW: *Photo by* ***Rico Mettbach,*** *using a Canon A-1. His comments: Easy to hold and work outdoors. Good power winder, very sharp lens and good light for focus. Quite heavy, however, and can't use all automatic exposure options with very fast film. Fully computerised. Price: $1040.*

Photo by ***Dominique Longheon,*** *using a Nikon FE. His comments: I recommend it for the compact format – maximum equipment for minimum weight and space – and also the Nikkor lens. I believe these lenses are the best for 35mm. I like to use the inexpensive motor drive (Nikon MD 77, $378), which gives up to 3.5 frames a second. Price: $966. SB 10 flash unit: $136.*

a sexual behavior specialist explains why pressure can make otherwise rational executives do some very strange things

article **By MAURICE WHITTA**

HOW STRESS CAN MAKE YOU KINKY

MATTHEW, a chartered accountant, follows a routine many members of the "permissive" society would envy. Two or three times a week he interrupts his nine-hour day of balance sheets and audit reports to visit one of Adelaide's most elegant massage parlors. There, for a couple of hours, he enjoys the wine, music and manual dexterity before returning to the office.

A high and handsome life but, after all, you've heard that swinging sex is company policy in some parts of the business world – naked ladies open the bar after the board meeting and willing hostesses inspire the brain workers at conventions as part of the myriad perquisites which come to those of high rank in business or the professions. Those are the stories. But the truth about the average executive's sex life might be very different. Executives, whether managers or members of the so-called learned professions, are supposed to get those gaudy perks and the high incomes for bearing heavy responsibilities. Yet surveys hint that the over-conscientious work addict who takes on those burdens is not highly sexed. One American survey showed that the typical executive has an average or low sex drive and puts so much energy into his work and his rise to the top that he often hasn't enough left for thinking about girls, let alone chasing them. But he has more than his share of sex problems, because he's much more interested in wearing himself out in the office than in bed. His big drive is to prove himself, and he's sure he's proved himself only when he gets applause. His business and professional successes earn lots of that, but applause for sexual feats comes from a small audience, if at all. So your ambitious man can perform like Flash Gordon at work and Doctor Dolittle when he gets into bed.

But surely there are lots of exceptions. Perhaps Matthew, with his freedom to visit the wacksworks during working hours, is one. Except that Matthew is guilty and uneasy before and after each visit, terrified that one of his partners or clients will find out, upset at being unfaithful to his wife, worried because he can't really afford the $50 or so an expedition costs him, and behind in his work from loss of office hours.

Why does he go? If he doesn't, he grows less able to concentrate and steadily more wound up, not with the pleasant tension that comes before that swoop down the ski slopes, but with the painful, crippling tension that comes from heavy work stress. Matthew's visits to the house where the laying on of hands is accompanied by red wine, hot coffee and cool jazz are compulsive. When he's got to go, he's got to go. Trying to stay at his work simply makes him more tense, less able to concentrate, until there's nothing for it but to go, or stay and go mad. That's how it feels to Matthew.

"I'm addicted to massage parlors," he told me. "You know, like an alcoholic. He gets to the stage where he has to have a drink. That's how I feel. And other times I keep thinking about it."

Alcohol addiction, which is rooted in a spoiled body chemistry, isn't really the same problem, but Matthew makes his point. He feels a compulsion to make his visit to the massage parlor, an urge so strong he can't brush it aside or postpone it. From his side of the problem, he's the man addicted to massage parlors. And he doesn't like it.

Matthew is suffering a stress reaction. He is one of those executives who find their work stresses leading neither to alcoholism nor impotence, absenteeism nor office politics, but to the kind of off-beat sex the onlooker might think is great fun.

All of us are under stress throughout the day, trying to cope with more or less unpleasant pressures. Whatever the source of these pressures – called stressors – we are likely to feel they come from our surroundings, though they can just as easily come from our personality, the set of habits we use to cope with life. One of Matthew's main stressors comes from his extroversion. He strongly needs to deal with people, but his work demands his spending most of each day with paper.

Executives get their big salaries and perks because they cope with more stressors than do other people. The recognised pressures the executive is supposed to cope with are usually thought of in a lump as his "responsibilities". Added to them from time to time are the extra and often unrecognised stressors which arise from the usual ups and downs of business life and the less usual changes in the economic climate. For a few years now many a company executive has faced an extra stressor that's particularly ugly – the threat of being sacked regardless of his efforts or the quality of his work. Throw them all in together and your manager, lawyer, accountant or geologist may be coping with more stressors than even his fabled perks make up for. Put yourself in the executive's office and see how the stressors appear and are met. With most of them you cope easily. One of the salesmen goes sick, or the boss asks you for a report in a hurry or a breakdown in the processing plant means you aren't going to meet a delivery date, and you respond automatically and well.

The stressor triggers in your body the fight-or-flight response. The brain alerts the pituitary gland which stirs up the adrenal glands on top of each kidney. They pour adrenalin into the blood and the body goes to "action stations". The heart pumps more blood so the muscles get more oxygen. The blood becomes more ready to clot so you'll lose less from your wounds. Sight and hearing sharpen, the pain sense is dulled to help your courage, and your muscles tense for mighty deeds. You are ready to deal with the stressor by slanging, fighting or running away, the choices open to the ancestor from whom we inherit our nervous system and glands. In civilised life the system works well when you can see how to fight the stressor, or where to run.

But what happens when you can't cope? When the bottom's dropped out of the market and you can't sell enough to meet the overheads, when the boss keeps making impossible demands while soliloquising about getting someone else who can meet them, or when you've learned to hate your job but can't find another? Then

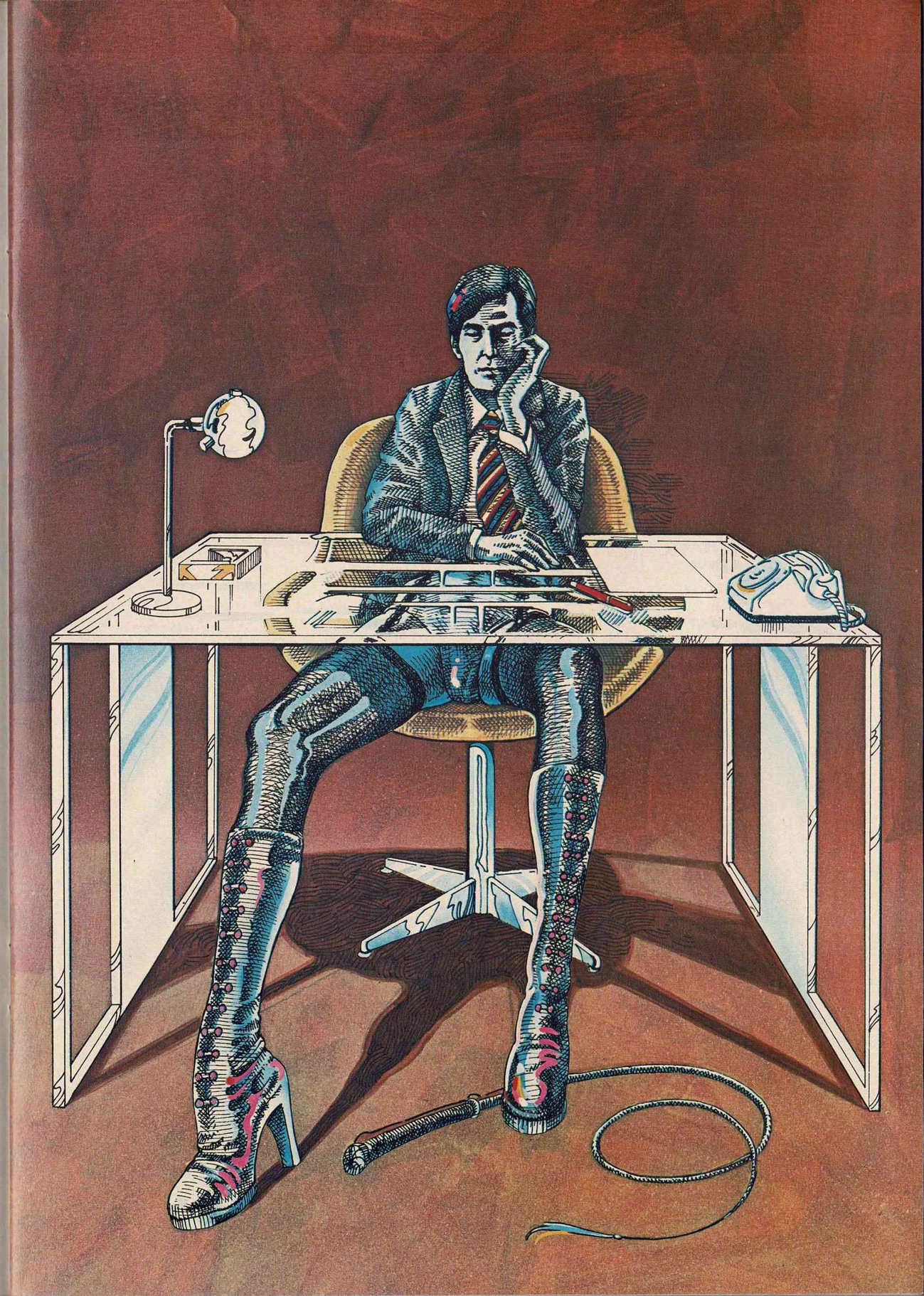


Illustration by Steve McHugh

you stay hopped-up on adrenalin, at "action stations" all day every day, horribly tense, with no way to fight off the stressor and nowhere to run from the constant tension.

You will then choose one of two basic paths. Which one will depend on the kind of person you are, the habits your upbringing and experience have formed over the years.

You may choose to eat your guts out. This picturesque but painful cannibalism covers what are called psychosomatic disorders. You may develop heart trouble, an ulcer, a backache, chronic headaches, blood pressure high enough for sandblasting, or the back passage catarrh called mucous colitis.

Instead, you may choose the physical response — complaining, arguing, smoking more, bending your elbow, staying away from the office with your gnawed guts for excuse, going out to buy toys or trinkets which somehow comfort you, thinking about your hobby instead of work, or walking down the street to Handy Mandy's. Using your muscles in sex has its points. As well as easing sexual tension, sex eases unhealthy tension, too. It makes you feel happy. It helps restore your feelings of being worth something and being able to cope, feelings which constant stress saps. And to many of us it is readily offered by wives or girlfriends who sense combat fatigue and long to comfort the tired warrior.

But it can raise new stressors, some of them corkers. So Matthew strides compulsively to Handy Mandy's and trudges guiltily back to his office. The trouble lies in one feature of the stress reaction, which Campbell's story shows well.

Cam tells a success story few can match. When his parents died suddenly, Cam's schooling stopped half way through Form Five. He went to work for an insurance company to help support his brothers and sisters. His prospects were dim, but after a while he showed an unusual grasp of the way money works. When he was 25 he was managing one of the investment departments in the company and doing it so well that he was soon promoted, with responsibilities for looking after a few million dollars the company had in the money market. Cam could lose the entire bundle in one day if he made enough wrong decisions.

At first all went well. Mornings were the busy time, and usually ended with a good business lunch where a civilised glass of wine helped unwind tensions.

Then, a few years ago, the money market became unsettled. Cam's boss, a weak man, began to breathe down his neck by telephone, asking: "Is it going to be all right? Are you sure you know what you're doing?" He didn't offer constructive advice, or even take the helpful step of keeping quiet. One day a grim morning led to a little more house red than usual at lunch. Later, Cam felt the need to be alone for a while, to let the fumes clear and do a little worrying. He found the ideal site in his own building, where an empty office gave him the chance to get beyond reach of telephone, boss or visitors.

Cam soon got bored with worrying and strolling around the bare room, but found that one of the windows gave a view of some attractive women working in the building next door. Before long he had become excited enough to masturbate.

Over the next few days retreat to the empty office and masturbation became a regular part of his day. He enjoyed himself, and it was harmless enough until he started masturbating while he was still standing at the window looking at the women. Soon they were looking back at him and, in the next week or so, he attracted a large and regular audience. Perhaps he'd still be performing if one lady hadn't at last decided to call the police.

Being charged upset Cam, but it led to some good results. By way of his solicitor he started some professional counselling to help him cope with stress, though he broke off before much could be done to help him form a better relationship with his wife.

The court treated him humanely, binding him to be of good behavior for a year. There were no reporters in court, so he avoided the nasty fate of becoming a news item, which puts paid to the careers of some men in his kind of trouble: "Sorry, old fellow... we sympathise... the company's image... the board want you to look around and make a move." With no explaining to do in the office, he is still holding his executive position and coping a little better with his boss.

Like Matthew, Cam's use of sex to ease stress raised more stressors than before. What went wrong? Why did neither find relief from business tension in the sexual partnership offered by wife or girlfriend?

The answer is regression. Part of the normal stress reaction is to slip back into simpler and more primitive ways of thinking. Your outlook narrows: "I haven't time to worry about that now." Your capacity to grasp distinctions weakens: "I don't want all the ifs and buts; just tell me if you can do it." You become less concerned with the future, over-concerned with the present problem: "Tomorrow can take care of itself."

You and your associates don't call this kind of thinking abnormal. It meets the emergency which a new stressor presents. And once the stressor has been cleared, you go back to being thoughtful of the future, considering all the relevant factors, getting things done without doing damage. But if you're under constant stress, your thinking stays regressed. So do your feelings and some of your other habits. You act more primitively, less maturely. And your sexual ideas and feelings can regress and stay regressed just like your thinking.

Like Matthew, you may seek prostitutes for what looks like adult sex but is simpler, lacking the adult accompaniments of courtship and forming a full relationship with another person, and also lacking the risk of a knock-back which your already hurt pride could hardly stand.

Like Cam, you may slip back further into do-it-yourself sex with or without a "partner" in the form of an audience. The exhibitionist has returned to that state of childhood where he got giggles from adults and other children by flaunting his nudity.

Using prostitutes and exhibiting oneself are only two of the several kinds of regressed sex an over-stressed executive may turn to. All show one or more of the signs of regression: little or no involvement with a partner, choice of a "sitting duck" partner who will accept a partial relationship without demur, frankly childish actions, or a passivity which leads to the executive accepting the advances of anyone who comes along.

Eric's stressor was a boss whose main interest was getting promoted from his State government department to a larger one. A step towards promotion was running the thriftiest department in the State, and in the face of an ever-growing workload he insisted that Eric and his other senior officers manage without adding to their staffs, and without replacing those who left.

To increase the strain, the boss was generally too busy building his future to be available to his senior officers for discussion; when he did talk to them, he was unhelpful and rude.

At the end of the usual kind of day, during which an ever-growing backlog was not handled by an ever-staler staff, Eric was driving home. He'd already reacted to the chronic stress of the office by waking each weekday morning with a paralysing headache, and was now thinking of getting out of the department, a step some of the other senior officers were also trying to take.

With the day's setbacks replaying in his mind and tomorrow's headache lurking until the morning, he saw a hitch-hiker, a cleancut young man. He offered him a lift and found the young man not only quick at divining his

YOUR STRESS RATING

Almost any change is at least mildly stressful, and each change — good or bad — means more stress. You may hardly notice the stress of a promotion, but when that leads to financing a new car, better flat and live-in playmate, suddenly your worries begin to increase. Our stress meter is designed to show how close you could be to a breakdown marked by sexual lapses. Answer frankly and honestly. A man who is sexually regressing becomes expert at convincing himself otherwise.

1. Are you unpleasantly stressed by money troubles, more pressure from your boss or worry over business conditions? YES NO

2. Is there any lessening of interest in sexual activity, a decline in your desire to take part actively in adult sex? YES NO

3. Is there an increase in your sexual activity which does not have a clear-cut cause, such as a holiday jaunt? YES NO

4. Is there a change in you to more primitive sex — such as more masturbation or more interest in pornography? YES NO

5. Do you notice a change to greater passivity in sex, such as discovering you can spy on the couple next door? YES NO

6. Do you have fantasies or even fleeting thoughts of such acts? These may be the only signs before you crack . . . YES NO

7. Is there any change in your sex life, other than an affair, which you can't share with your present partner? YES NO

8. Are your sex fantasies clearly kinky, such as thoughts of urinating in public or posing nude in front of a window? YES NO

9. Do you have passing urges to try new types of sexual acts — for instance, impulses to touch women in the street? YES NO

10. If you've always had impulses to act outside your normal sex life, are they stronger or do they come more frequently? YES NO

A "yes" to question one is one point; question two, two points; question three, three points, and so on. Now add up your score to find out how kinky your current load of stress is making you. 1-6: no show; 7-12: a distant blur; 13-20: seek help; 21-55: seek help immediately.

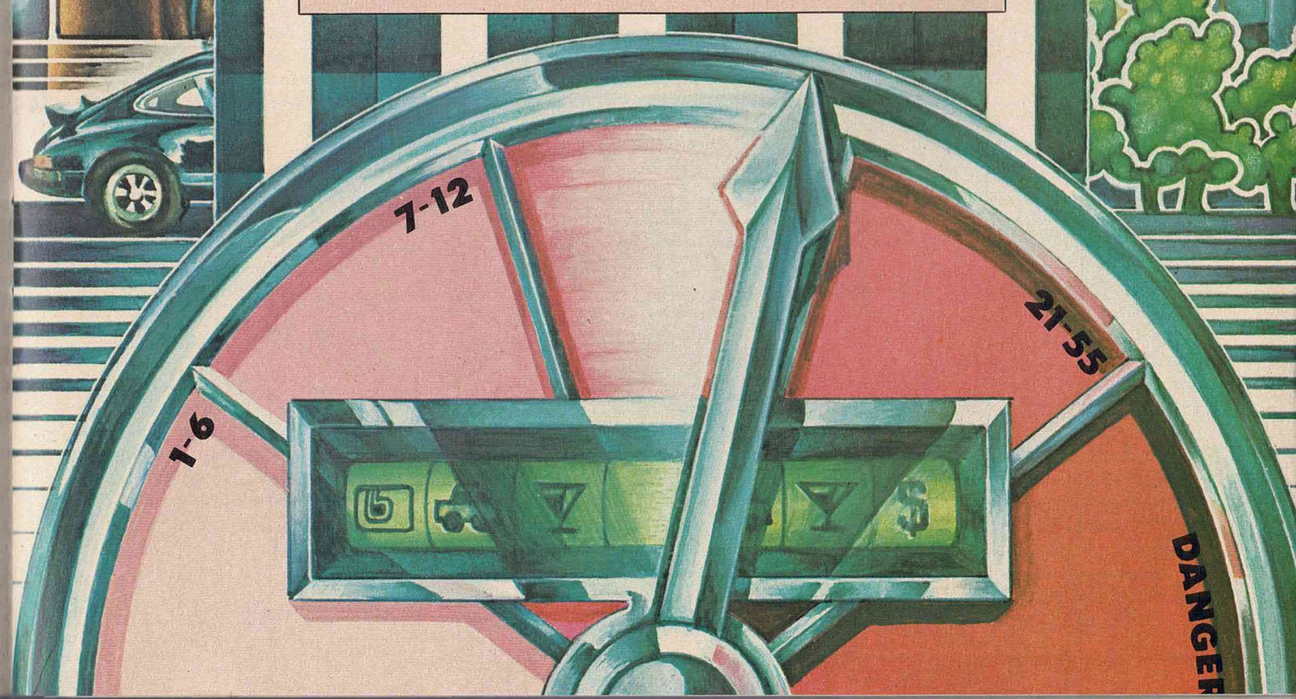


Illustration by Alan Ewart

troubles, but ready to ease them by sexual play there and then. As it was the evening Eric's wife stayed in town for yoga, he took his friendly young man home with him and into the bedroom. The next few Thursdays they repeated their sexual sessions until the day Eric's wife gave up yoga and came home early to find them hard at it in her marital bed.

Eric now holds the position left by his boss and is divorced. "The rotten part is that I'm not homosexual," he says. "I love my wife. It was only the mad strain at the office that ever drove me into having anything at all to do with the boy."

He's luckier than Gunther, a production manager whose enlightened wife, finding him sharing the shower with a boyfriend he'd brought home, called in the local doctor. Less enlightened, the physician forgot the part of the Hippocratic oath which enjoins him to do no harm in the houses he enters, and called the police. Gunther was treated humanely in court, receiving a suspended sentence — which hardly consoled him for the loss of his job, even if that calamity did relieve the stress of trying to meet impossible production goals.

Milne's sexual patterns regressed further. He was the engineer and one of the directors of a small manufacturing business which had found the going rough in the past few years. Like many self-employed gentlemen, he slipped into the habit of getting into the Porsche and going to the factory on Saturdays and Sundays to mope around, doing odd jobs and trying to work out a brighter future.

His wife missed him, but understood the situation and was happy that he gave her a break by taking with him their daughter, Doris, a winsome baby of eight months. Milne's stressors multiplied when his wife found some Polaroids in the Porsche. Clearly taken in the factory, they showed Doris dressed and posed like a nude model. Few showed much above the waist or below the knee. Milne was getting his sexual relief by merely looking and clicking the camera.

Even in the age of sexual revolution this kind of regressed sex is likely to bring disapproval, if not the punishment of the law. Why do highly intelligent men, some of them noted for wisdom and commonsense, run such potentially self-destructive risks?

Not only do the over-stressed executive's sexual feelings regress, his commonsense, good judgment and sense of reality weaken, too. Just as his adult sex patterns have broken down under constant stress, so has his adult power to assess his own actions. He is impulsive, can't keep in mind all the important factors in a situation, and lacks foresight, going for immediate gains rather than taking the long view.

Robin worked in a small clinic. His stressors arose from spending most of his time on a committee which was reorganising the division to which his clinic belonged. For months Robin spent most of his time in planning sessions, which were really polite but nasty fights with his own job and the jobs of some of the other clinic staff at stake. Outside, his stressors included a chronically dull, unhappy marriage with an outwardly-loving but sexually passive-negative wife.

After one frustrating morning when he'd failed to make any headway against a deaf-to-argument bureaucrat who threatened the existence of the whole clinic, Robin came back to his office too late for lunch, his afternoon of patients only a few minutes away. Just time for two or three brandies which made him relaxed and ready to act the fool.

His first patient was a 10-year-old girl, pretty and coquettish, with a sharp eye for a lap to sit on. She opened the session with a fashion parade, showing off her new jump suit. Before long Robin was 10 years old, too, and they were both taking their clothes off and playing you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine. After a while, the girl decided the game had gone far enough and walked out to the waiting room to mother. Instead of taking her home, mother took her to the police and Robin's last visitors for the afternoon were two constables, who charged him with indecent assault on a female person under the age of 12.

Robin lost his job, the right to practise his profession, and his wife, who left rather than help him build his leather-working hobby into some sort of business. Like the other bearers of executive responsibility whose stories we've seen, Robin might have done better if he'd had a well-founded adult sex life to begin with. Regression into the kind of primitive sex which raises its own stressors is fostered by weak adult relationships.

Everyone knows about the marriage troubles of ambitious executives, or professional men, and understands that the striver is often more interested in work than sex, and sometimes too tired after office days to have much energy for nights of love.

Beyond these basic notions is the savage fact that some executives' wives are more eager to kill than to comfort. Far from becoming seductive when husband is over-stressed, his wife may become vengeful. Years of neglect or the social demands of her husband's business activities have turned into poison in the alembic of her uncaressed bosom. There are the years of being the dim one in a bright-dull partnership, the years of being overborne by a stronger personality, always wrong when he's right, of doing menial work while he strives to reach the top.

The poison is likely to bubble out just when he is facing more stressors than he can handle. Harassed, his job in jeopardy, or his self-employed income low enough to make it hard for him to find the housekeeping money, the troubled executive appears far weaker than he did. The time is right for revolution, and he may find that his wife is suddenly strong and striking out on her own tack. Instead of comforting him, she rebukes him for using her as a sexual cure-all. She may choose this moment to have an affair with another man and, as wives do, let her husband know all about it. The over-stressed executive often finds more stressors at home than at work.

At this stage he is a prime object for the pity of his secretary, or some other accessible female. He is eager to turn to her for comfort. She is a novelty. She may be younger than his wife, so her youthfulness raises hopes that his sexual powers, which with all that pressure haven't been what they were, need no more than a change of face.

With pressure pushing them as much as pleasure pulls them, they start their great romance well behind scratch. They may succeed in building a loving life, or they may go into emotional hangover when the stressors of the time have been dealt with and they regain their old confidence.

The wild executive sex lives of Matthew and the others might be less wild and more fun if they avoided the trap of the neglected sex life which many leading strivers fall into. The ambitious man who develops a happy two-sided sexual relationship before he becomes over-stressed may never become a performing star like Campbell. He's likely to have a lot more pleasure and deal much better with his business stressors.

So next time you hear about production conferences being held at Handy Mandy's or that unofficial sitting of the Victorian Parliament during which the House's mace was lost in a brothel, think about the other side of the picture.

Remember the over-stressed executive mightn't have much time or energy for sex and may be more harassed than horny when he's caught. He may find it hard to tell if he's taking out the boss's wife because he likes her, or because the boss is taking it out on him; instead of finding happiness, he might easily find hell.

"Now this time no barking. Just breathe."

NOMADIC NYMPH

we snared lovely deborah leigh before she flew north for the winter

FISH on the Great Barrier Reef have never had it so good since Deborah Leigh left the bright lights of Sydney to join the crew of a Cairns-based marine research craft. Around Sydney's beaches and discos or before the cameras, Deborah is a crowd-stopper. Swimming across the reef, free and naked, she looks sensational. Sloe-eyed Deborah has spent the past four Australian winters cruising the tropics as a crewmaid aboard the *El*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

"Dusk is my own special time of day. I stroll along a deserted island beach and dream about what has passed and what might be."

Torito, the research lab for Queensland marine biologist Dr Walter Starck. "I just drifted into the crew and found the lifestyle perfect," she says. "I love the sea and I love the sun." Unashamedly self-indulgent, our Deborah drifts back to Sydney each summer, but when autumn begins to raise goosebumps

"Nothing turns me on quite as much as the ocean and the tropical sun. Nothing except men, but they have to be very, very special."

"Cities are full of poseurs and pushers – and they are really about as sensual as a scratched record."

she knows it's time again to resume her tropical odyssey. "I guess the winters on the reef and in the Solomon Islands have spoilt me," says Deborah. "I do have a sophisticated side. I like to be wined and dined in grand restaurants but I find I want to spend less and less time among the beautiful people. I yearn for the endless white beaches of my favorite island, Malaupaina in the Solomons. Being in the islands is so private and so natural. There is nothing more sensual than the

"I am probably the only girl I know who prefers to have a bouquet of frangipani to a long-stemmed rose."

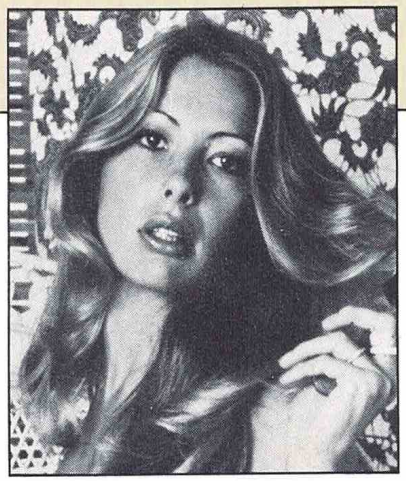
warm sun caressing your body, and you can make love whenever you feel like it." Deborah's frangipani garden is a far cry from her pigtailed days in a Sydney all-girls' school. But now that she's a big girl, Deborah prefers mixed company. She also prefers moonlight filtering through the palms to the harbor lights but, as she says: "A girl, even a girl in love, can't live in paradise for ever. I will have to keep coming back to Sydney now and then to boost the bank account."

"I like to be free from the madding crowd. But I am not a free-lover. I'm a real one-man girl."

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Deborah Leigh



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Deborah Leigh

BUST: 33" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 33"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 20.6.56 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney

GOALS: To be happy, to travel the Trans Siberian railway.

TURN-ONS: The smell of the sea, the hot sun all over me, men.

TURN-OFFS: Arrogant people, manners, voyeurs.

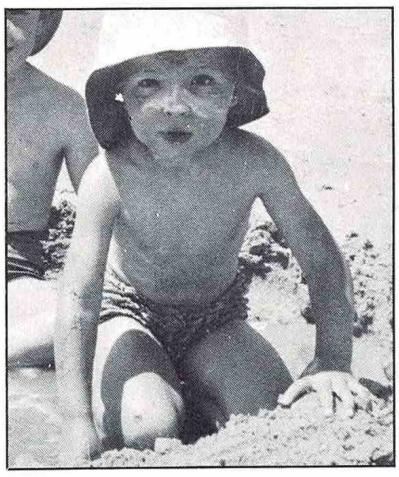
RELAXING: long solitary walks on the beach, a night at home listening to music.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Modern dancing, Scuba diving, horseriding.

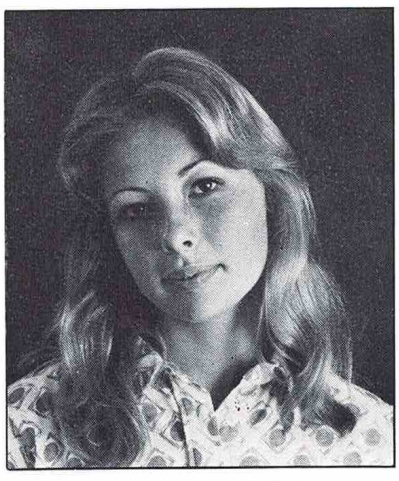
FAVORITE MOVIES: Casablanca, Turning Point, To Have & Have Not.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Mikhail Baryshnikov, Humphrey Bogart, Marlon Brando.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bob Dylan, The Amazing Rhythm Aces, Jimmy Buffett, Bob Seger.



At 2: Toothless & topless



3rd form: Never been kissed

At 17: Bali bound

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A gentleman was rhapsodising, after a night at the revue, about one of its dancers. "Do you know, she can kick her right leg as high as her head?" he told his friend. "What's more, she can kick her left leg just as high. And between the two of them she earns a very good living."

Bloke at a party, doing pretty well with a bird, thought he'd put it on her. "How do you like your eggs in the morning?" he asked.

A sweet smile. "Unfertilised, thank you."

What's that lump in your groin?" Riley asked Pat. "A grenade," replied Pat. "The next time Murphy kicks me in the balls, I'll blow his bloody foot off!"

Hear about the girl who married the guy who was half-French, half-Greek? She didn't know which way to turn.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *harem* as clitorish allsorts.

After six weeks away from home, an executive went to a brothel and offered the madame a handful of $20 bills for "the worst one in the house". He was told that for half the amount he could have the best one in the house. "Look, lady," he replied, "I'm not horny – I'm homesick!"

On their first visit to Australia, the European couple decided to be adventurous when they came across a stall selling hot dogs. When she received hers, the wife opened it cautiously, had a peek, then snapped it shut.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed in horror, "what part of him did *you* get?"

How about the bloke who had his wife fitted with a gold diaphragm. He wanted to know what it felt like to come into money.

A man playing appalling bridge finally excused himself to go to the toilet. "That's the first time all night," hissed his infuriated lady partner, "that I know what he's got in his hand."

Our Unabashed Dictionary says the difference between a *hair dryer* and a *vasectomy* is that the former is a blow-dryer.

What bit you?" asked the customer, noting the mark on the barmaid's face.

"I think it must have been some sort of fly," she replied, blushing prettily.

"Thought so," he said. "Next time, don't be in such a hurry to get it undone."

When the formal private briefing of the attractive new teacher by the vice-principal was finished, the latter took a few puffs on his pipe and said: "I have an informal piece of advice for you as well, Miss Bell. There's only one way you can get along without submitting to the sexual advances of the principal."

"Well – er – what way is that?" responded the girl, turning red.

"I'll explain it," continued the vice-principal, "as soon as you've undressed."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *conceited priest* as an altar ego.

The trouble with being the best man at a wedding is not getting the chance to prove it.

A loud-mouthed Texan was boring everyone rigid about the size of Texas when he was told by one of his long-suffering captives that *he* knew of a Texan so big that they planned to bury him in a king-sized coffin.

"Ah'd believe that," smiled the gratified Texan.

"Yes, but they overcame that problem," continued the other man. "They gave him an enema and buried him in a shoe-box."

The sergeant-major, infuriated by his new squad of recruits, was bawling them out when he noticed one of them whispering to his mate.

"What were you saying, digger?" he demanded.

"I was just saying to myself, sarge," replied the trembling lad, "that if you thought I was going to stand here and take that sort of shit, you were an uncanny judge of character."

Sign in massage parlor window: LET OUR STAFF SATISFY YOURS!

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"It's that sort of thing that gives us girls a bad name."

UP THE WORKERS!

they stood for legalised drugs, no taxation, abolition of government welfare and free education . . . but somehow the libertarians lost their head

article By BOB HOWARD

I WALKED in to see John Singleton for the first time in mid 1974 feeling a bit like a dog that had spent a lifetime chasing cars and had finally caught one. I was there, but had no idea what I was going to say.

At that time I was editor of a small newsletter called *Free Enterprise*, which some friends and I published. We had no money and no prospects but were fired with ideological fervor, and as one of our many faintly desperate activities we used to try to contact public figures who had made statements we agreed with. We were looking for the big break, I suppose, hoping to find some sympathetic millionaire who would give us the resources we needed to spread the message.

With dogged persistence, but little real hope, we contacted John Singleton. He had stirred up a great deal of controversy during the '74 Federal election with his Liberal TV commercials. We figured that he just might be on our side.

The zippy Sydney headquarters of his advertising firm, Doyle Dane Bernbach, contained a very different world from the one I was working in at staid old CSR. I felt a little odd standing in the velvet-lined boardroom wearing my dark grey pinstripe and clutching my ideology. And the man himself . . . young, blond and suntanned.

"G'day, buddy! C'mon in." Not quite the smooth advertising executive I had expected.

We talked about the newsletter and what we believed in and were trying to achieve. We had a few beers, and I know John wasn't really interested in doing anything to help us. But that didn't matter, because he had a better idea. Fresh as he was from the demoralising experience of trying to get the Liberal Party to say something specific, and from the impossible task of trying to make Bill Snedden sound genuine, John believed that Australia needed a new political party – one that really promoted all the things the Liberals were supposed to stand for.

John asked me to get my friends together to draft a party platform – and gave us three weeks to do it. Some task for a bunch of amateur political philosophers who knew nothing about the specifics of politics or political parties. I don't think any of us had even read a party platform.

Still, we were determined to get the party off the ground. Using the credo of a US libertarian group, economist Mark Tier, architect Patrick Brookes, solicitor Ramon Barros and I wrote out our draft. In it we spelled out our blueprint for a free society. It was an extremely radical philosophy with, from a political viewpoint, some unfortunate implications. But we were an ideological group, not a political group, and so we didn't baulk at going where our philosophy took us. We believed in it then and, even after all that has happened, we believe in it now.

Libertarianism – which permits ultimate freedom of thought and action – is by no means new. Its adherents include such historical figures as Lord Acton, Herbert Spencer, Adam Smith, Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine. Much of the modern resurgence of interest in the philosophy is due to Ayn Rand, unpopularised in Australia by Malcolm Fraser's supposed admiration of her. Our group grew out of, and fortunately beyond, an Ayn Rand discussion group.

Our central principle was that no person or group of persons (including governments) had the right to *initiate* the use of force, fraud or coercion against any other person or group. As far as we were concerned, if you left other people alone you could do what you liked. This meant that we opposed such actions as theft, murder, rape, fraud, assault and trespass. It also meant

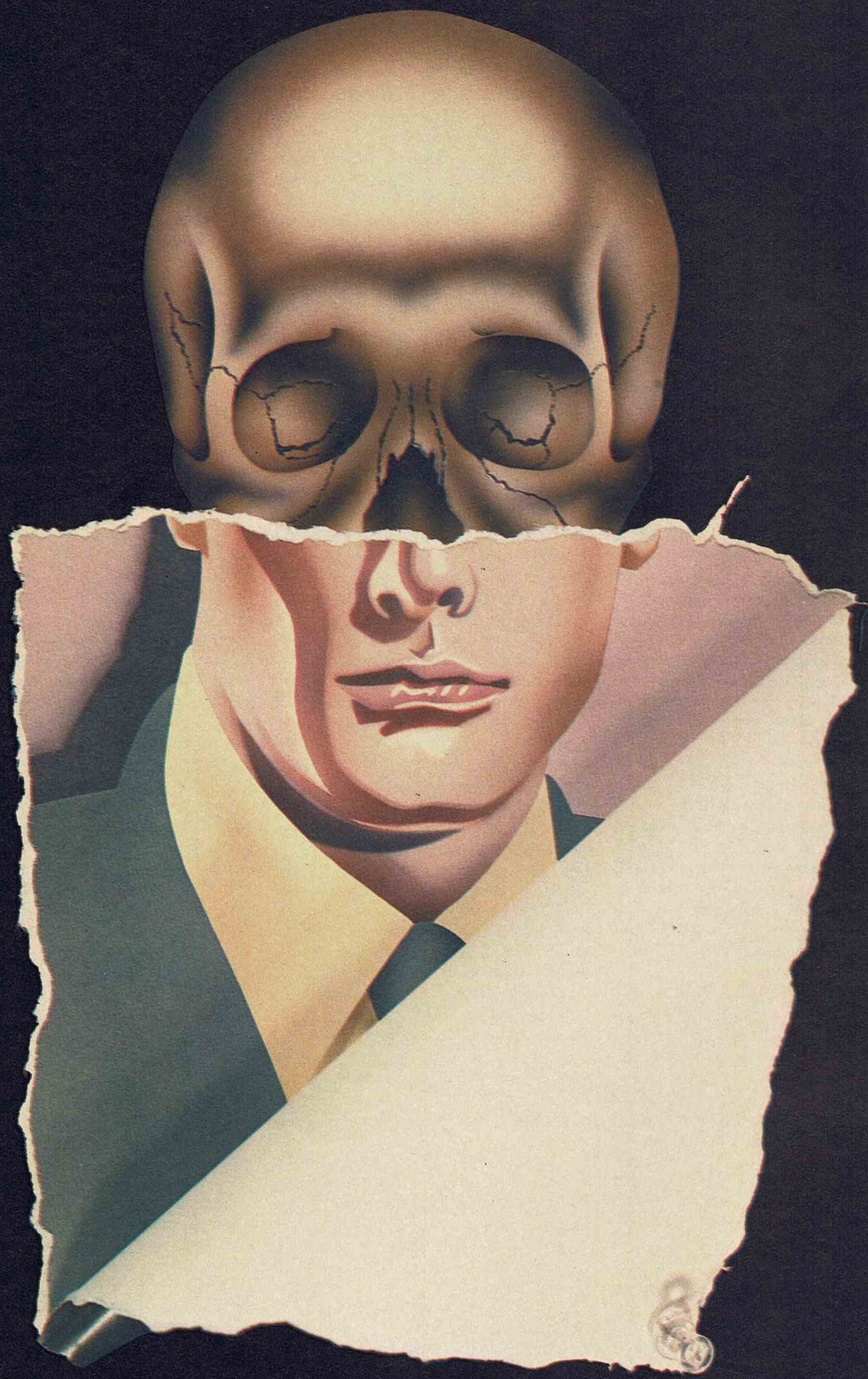


Illustration by Keith Davis

that we considered taxation theft, and therefore all things financed by taxation immoral — including government welfare and education. We opposed all government economic regulation, and wanted to abolish government coercive monopolies such as the Mint, Australia Post, Telecom and the railways.

We aimed to legalise all prohibited drugs and allow open immigration, permit gambling and all forms of voluntary sexual behavior, including prostitution and homosexuality. We proposed to abolish compulsory education, voting, and all types of involuntary commitment.

We stood for absolute economic freedom (a simple expression of individual freedom that, miraculously, is not recognised by the left) and absolute social freedom. We saw our major enemy, the chief initiator of force, fraud and coercion, and the cause of most of our economic and social problems, as the State.

Governments, we believed, were to blame for our problems, and did little to solve them. Inflation, for example, is a direct result of government fiscal irresponsibility — printing money to buy favors and gain political power. Unemployment is a direct result of artificially high wage levels that result from wage legislation, the government-created Conciliation and Arbitration Commission, and the trade unions.

In its turn, trade union power is able to bring this country to its knees only because the unions have been made strong by government-granted privilege and government neglect. Successive governments have exempted unions from, for example, the Law of Torts and Damages — you can't sue unions for damages or losses caused by industrial strikes — and have failed to protect the rights to freedom and property of business owners, consumers and workers.

And it's all such a con. Union leaders use their members as cannon fodder in a much larger game; they *need* high unemployment and bankrupt businesses. They *need* an economic crisis, because it is out of that crisis that they hope to construct their supposedly benevolent socialist or communist dictatorship. In our platform we supported the right of people to join *or not join* a union, and to withhold their labor if they wished. But we also opposed the distribution of government privilege — to unions, businesses, countries or people. And we would certainly have abolished the Arbitration Commission and the entire vicious paraphernalia of government wage-fixing legislation.

While government interference continues, many of our problems are insoluble. Take the Queensland controversy over street marches. Streets are public property, so theoretically "the people" have the right to use them for marches. But equally, "the people" have the right to keep them free of marches. This is the eternal dilemma with public property. You can only please some of the people; the rest will be justifiably dissatisfied.

Our solution? Abolish public property — sell the streets! The issue could then be decided very easily by the street owner. As with every business, he or she would decide, on the basis of economic democracy, what was best in terms of dollars and cents. The supreme virtue of such a solution is that it provides a clear-cut means of resolving disputes. It is also flexible and responsive to public needs. Businesses prosper by providing what the public wants (in a free market, that is; not in a rigged market as we have now, where businesses often survive on government privilege), so the consumer would, in the end, dictate the terms.

The same applies to public utilities like Telecom and Australia Post, which regularly slash services and hike prices. No private business could afford to be so insensitive to consumer demand.

All these things are so very, very obvious. All it requires to see them is to break out of our knee-jerk mental attitudes — our habit of reacting to every problem with the attitude of "more control is required", and "the government orta do something". Governments will never solve all these problems because, more than anything else, they cause them.

There are some very unpopular political positions in such a philosophy. But our attitude was that if our fundamental principle was correct, and if all these positions followed logically from it, then we had no option but to stand behind them. So we did, and in doing so we made the new party an ideological party, a party dedicated to principle rather than popularity. John Singleton raised an eyebrow at some of the points in our draft: "Oooooh, mate," he'd groan on reading a more contentious bit, "do we really have to say that?" But, to his credit, he did accept it.

When it was finished, we drew up a constitution, chose a party name and decided on a launch date — and in all three decisions made mistakes.

John suggested that we limit the constitution to one page. He wanted a simple document that would give the "points of order" merchants very little to play with. But we also wanted it to be strict, for two reasons. First, there was always the possibility of an external takeover, particularly in the early days. We didn't want to start the party only to see it pass into the hands of some organised group of political opportunists. Second, knowing how unpopular certain sections would be, we wanted to minimise the chance of our philosophy being watered down for the sake of political expediency.

The party name was a very contentious issue. We spent more time arguing about that than anything. "Why did you call it the Workers Party?" was the common lament. We initially decided to call ourselves the Independence Party, but at the last minute realised it was too bland. We wanted a title with punch, and didn't mind it being controversial. It was speculation about the name in *The Australian* that caused us to rethink. The Workers Party, too, had already been considered and rejected, but finally we went back to it. It was punchy, we knew it would be controversial and, importantly, it was appropriate — we *did* stand for people who worked. We didn't believe in egalitarianism. We believed in reward for effort.

I think the name could have worked for us if the party hadn't acquired its unfortunate image. The Lang Hancock-John Singleton-Max Newton-Sinclair Hill connotation of money, business and Rolls-Royces didn't quite fit the traditional image of the name — even though all those people have worked much harder than most for what they've got. But in politics it's not what you are that counts, but what you are seen to be, and our name came to be seen as a typical advertising-style try-on. We ended up caught in a double bind. One large group hated us and the name because it was, in their eyes, a fraud — we stood for big business and the rich, not the workers. Another large group wouldn't have anything to do with us because, well, you couldn't tell your friends in Toorak or Vaucluse that you belonged to the *Workers Party*, could you?

If I could go back now, I would choose the name that most closely represents our ideology: the Libertarian Party. But perhaps it's as well that we didn't use that name; it remains untarnished for the future.

The third mistake we made was over the launch date — Australia Day, 1975. It was much too soon. But that was symptomatic of a much more fundamental problem that goes right to the heart of the question of why the party failed.

I have stressed the fact that we were an ideological party, and I've done that simply because ideological parties are very different from other political parties. The conventional parties are concerned primarily about popularity. Principles are used only when it's considered safe, and especially when it's convenient. Rather than use them to derive hard-line political positions, these parties either reject them, or at best temper them by reference to their ultimate gods — the opinion polls. If a particular policy is popular, then they fall over themselves to show how they support it, always have supported it and always will support it. If it's unpopular, then, regardless of what they have previously said on the matter, they instantly seethe with righteous indignation and angrily denounce it. If it's very, very unpopular, they may even feel safe to moralise about it. Occasionally they make a mistake and back a loser, and then we are treated to the pathetic spectacle of their mental gymnastics as they struggle to change positions.

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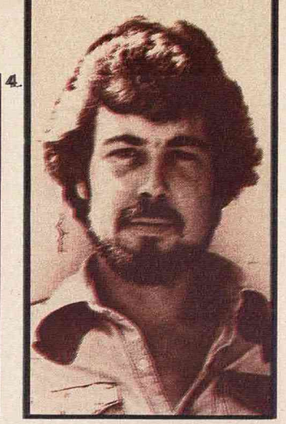

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1. Bob Howard
2. Duncan Yuille
3. Lang Hancock
4. Mark Tier
5. John Singleton, Sinclair Hill

Orwellian "newspeak" and lovely memory holes reign supreme. "Politics," they say, "is the art of the possible." And then, with due reverence: "You can't do anything unless you are in power." To that end, politicians willingly pervert our language and develop amazingly selective memories. Unfortunately, by the time they get into power, they're so compromised that they find it almost impossible to do the things they supposedly want to do. As American newspaperman H. L. Mencken once put it: "Elections are advance auction sales of stolen goods", and governments merely "brokers in pillage". Control of government for them is control of the political means of gaining wealth — the vast machinery of privilege distribution. It's an unholy alliance of power brokers and privilege seekers conspiring to rip off the unfortunate taxpayer.

Given the system of government that we have, this cannot be avoided. Democracy is inherently immoral. It's a numbers game where at best a majority — and frequently a minority — can do what it likes.

But might does not make right; that's the philosophy of the lynch mob. The original concept of democratic government was that it be severely limited in what it could do — limited by constitution. This meant that the will of the majority (theoretically), via the government, could apply to certain things, but that there was a whole range of citizens' activities beyond the reach of government. Some of these were detailed in the American Bill of Rights, for example.

But this idea has long since been corrupted and perverted. The US Constitution specifically forbids involuntary servitude, yet for years America had the Draft. The First Amendment guarantees freedom of speech, yet in the US there are numerous examples of censorship. Our own Constitution stipulates that trade between States be free. Yet, in the recent case over wheat, a majority of our High Court managed to talk itself into believing that regulated trade is somehow still free trade.

Our system of government is not democratic in the original sense. Rather, what we have is an abuse of democracy — democracy gone wild. Governments can interfere with, and regulate, any and every part of our lives. They can seize our children, our property, ourselves — at will. They have done so in the past, and will do so until we wake up and stop it. It doesn't matter which political party is in power. From Liberal/NCP to Labor to the Democrats — they all accept the basic rules of the game. They do the same things to get power, and operate the same way once they're there. All they disagree about is who gets what.

Of all the major parties, Labor is the most honest, and the closest to having real principles. But even there, the indications are that the future of the Labor Party will lie along the same shameful lines as the Liberal/NC parties. It was ironic to watch the post-'77 election debate in Labor circles over the issue of radicalism versus gradualism. Unfortunately the outcome was never in doubt. Power is the name of the game, and for that reason people like Tom Uren, Jim Cairns and Bill Hartley will never oust the Neville Wrans and the Don Dunstans. More than any other person, I think Neville Wran embodies the future of the Labor Party, a political force less and less distinguishable from the Liberals.

The Liberal/NC parties are no more than a very sad and sick joke. They typify what Alexander Solzhenitsyn saw so clearly — the lack of moral courage that is destroying the West. Not only have these parties disgraced their Liberal ideals, they have even managed to go a long way towards destroying those ideals as ideals for most Australians.

The Democrats, of course, embody perfectly the democratic disease. They accept the principles of democracy so completely that they even decide what

they believe by popular vote — a totally disastrous course of action. The Democrats' idea of a third party representing "middle Australia" is somehow or other to position themselves *between* Labor and the Liberal/NC parties. In other words, they seek to outcompromise the lot of them. Reluctant or weak-willed compromise in the face of political pressure is bad enough, but embracing compromise as a positive virtue, as the Democrats have done, must surely be the ultimate indication of intellectual bankruptcy.

We entirely rejected the ideas and methods of these parties. What we offered in our platform was a radical alternative view of the way in which government should operate. To misquote Frank Chodorov: "The only way to get rid of the abuse of government power is to get rid of government power." That was our credo.

As an ideological party we functioned differently from the major parties. Rather than take our political positions from opinion polls, we took them from our basic philosophy. We stood for what we thought was right, rather than what we thought was popular. So, whereas other parties change their beliefs to suit public opinion, as an ideological party we sought to change public opinion to suit our beliefs.

But of all the mistakes that we made, the grand-daddy of them all was failing to realise what this implied. While we were very definite about not compromising our principles, we made the mistake of trying in every other way to operate like a normal party. We accepted without question that the goal of our activity was to get people elected, and that the name of the game was to get money, to get members and to contest elections. We should have known that was suicidal.

With a philosophy as radical and as far outside the mainstream of popular opinion as ours, the maximum potential thinking vote for us was no more than five percent nationally. The only way we could have increased that figure would have been by the virtual con-trick of hiding the more unpleasant aspects of our philosophy and selling only the popular surface aspects. Who, for example, isn't in favor of lower taxation? But who is in favor of an open go in heroin traffic? We stood for both but pushed only one, and there are no prizes for guessing which.

By accepting normal political goals, we committed ourselves to a certain course of action. We rushed into launching the party without proper preparation, on the implicit assumption that it was just another job of selling a product to the masses. So we held meetings, ran advertisements, sought media and press exposure and tried to talk everyone we saw, from best friends to taxi drivers, into joining the party.

A national organisation of sorts evolved. The party was run by a board of governing directors, made up of John Singleton (chairman), John Whiting, an Adelaide doctor (president), Duncan Yuille, ex-secretary of the militant General Practitioners' Society (secretary), and me.

They were heady days, and for a while we did okay. Our membership grew, we quickly established ourselves in most States, and we even polled well in our first elections. In fact, in our very first electoral test, the Greenough by-election in Western Australia, we came within about 50 votes of beating the Labor Party.

But the mix was wrong. Ideological parties cannot survive by imitating the methods of normal political parties. We just didn't realise the true nature of the problem we were up against. We should have realised it was hopeless to try to mass market the party.

Conventional political parties when they begin have a very limited time in which to succeed. They have to score at elections because that's all they exist for. If they haven't done that within five, or at the most 10, years, they've had it. But ideological parties, facing as they are the huge task of bringing about massive and fundamental changes in public opinion, need to think in terms of 20 and 30 years. Possibly the best example of the methods and the dedication such parties need is to be found in the career of Lenin and his Bolsheviks in Russia.

Lenin realised the crucial importance of a strong party structure, of a dedicated cadre of committed and educated party members, and of an effective party newspaper. No party can survive for 20 or 30 years in the wilderness without these things. Needless to say, we had none of them.

There was a prejudice in our party against organisation. This was partly an understandable reaction against bureaucratic procedures and structures, but it should not have blinded us to the importance of building, in a systematic and deliberate way, a party structure. If necessary, we should have forgotten about elections for a while and simply concentrated on building that structure. However, the temperament and style of John Singleton were not suited to that, and the rest of us, in our ignorance, were not able to advise him to use his talents in the way they should have been used, while we got on with the job of building the party. Instead, everyone was sucked into the mad chase for popular support. Binding John in the same way we did to our cause was like hitching a champion race-horse to a milk-cart.

Singleton is a brilliant seat-of-the-pants man, not a slow, methodical planner-builder. He never pretended to be an intellectual and did not want to be the party's figurehead. He thought he was wrong for that, and so we elected John Whiting president instead. But Whiting's isolation in Adelaide, coupled with the fact that the media made their own choice about whom they preferred to talk to, more or less pushed Singleton into becoming our major spokesman.

But good though Singleton was, he couldn't succeed, because of the fundamental mistake we had made in operating as a normal party. By trying to mass-market our philosophy we misrepresented ourselves, misused the resources we had and made it impossible to get those we needed to survive. This happened because the only way we could make our presence felt was to simplify vastly our philosophy and concentrate on the most popular parts of it. This led to an undue emphasis on economic issues, with tragic consequences.

More than anything else, we became firmly identified as a big business party. We were seen to stand for conservatism and for money interests by promoting free enterprise and being associated with people like Lang Hancock, Sinclair Hill and Max Newton. And how ironic that was, because real free enterprise of the sort we wanted is the very last thing the big boys of the Establishment corporations want. The prefer the closeted world of the mixed economy, where their friends in government can protect them from the rigors of the market.

Contrary to popular opinion, we were not funded by Lang Hancock. He disagreed with many aspects of our platform and correctly predicted that we wouldn't succeed. He wished us well, and appeared at functions on our behalf, but he believed that it would be detrimental to whatever slim chance we had for us to be too closely associated with him. In his own words, he would simply be "lead in the saddle" — something that concerned him much more than it did us. Lang Hancock is a fighter, with enormous moral courage, and there is every indication that his message is beginning to get through to people. I only wish that he didn't suffer from the traditional conservative errors of underestimating the importance of civil liberties, overestimating the importance of defence and not understanding the motivation of the environmentalist-natural living-alternative lifestyle movement.

It's an unfortunate blindness that seriously undermines his credibility

"It's the people downstairs. They want to know what we're watching."

with the most important section of the political community – young people.

Unfortunately, as he feared, his conservative image did rub off on us. We helped this along by another error – beating the anti-communist drum with a series of public meetings featuring Max Newton.

Newton always struck me as a formidable man. He reminded me of Rex Connor in many ways, though he was at the opposite end of the ideological spectrum. I really don't know how much of our philosophy Max accepted. There must have been enough in it that was important to him, but again, in our ignorance, we didn't make use of his talents to best advantage. Anti-communism is a dead issue at best, and as far as young people are concerned it's just about a total turn-off – not because young people are pro-communist, but because they are understandably quite cynical about its use as a political issue. It was a double mistake on our part, because emphasis on it leads to a misinterpretation of international politics. A good case can be made out for accepting Britain and the US as the two most imperialistic powers of this century; to see the USSR as the big bogey is to do little more than to repeat the propaganda that we've been fed in comic books and history books for the past 30 years.

If our association with Lang Hancock and Max Newton helped us to be indelibly associated in the public mind with conservatism, then the NSW Senate campaign featuring Sinclair Hill brought the money image to the fore again. It wasn't fair, but then I guess such things seldom are. Hill ran because he believed in what we stood for. Like Singleton, Hancock and Newton, he is a boots-and-all, blood-and-guts type of man. He didn't profess to be an intellectual, but he had sound commonsense and the courage to stand up and be counted. But his campaign was doomed from the start. You can't mass-market ideology, no matter how much you simplify it.

And because we simplified our message, much of our support was shallow. Many of the people who gave us that support didn't know much about what we stood for, and probably wouldn't have agreed with it anyway. All they knew was that we espoused some vague notion they believed to be free enterprise, but they would never have carried it as far as eliminating all government economic regulations and all government statutory bodies.

This attitude wasn't confined to those people who voted for us, either. Too many of our members shared it. Because of our unfortunate image as a conservative, business party, we attracted a certain type of membership. If we had been seen as a radical, libertarian party, it could have been a different story.

This difference was crucial in many respects. Most important was the members' attitude to party success, which came to be seen in terms of electoral results. We had to do well in elections or else, in their eyes, we had failed in our task.

So when we failed to get anyone elected in '75, and worse, when Fraser was elected, this support quickly disappeared. And when that happened, the party died.

The sort of support that we needed, the sort of members who would have been prepared to work unflaggingly for our ideals without the prospect of immediate success, were the idealists in the community – in particular, young idealists. These people are motivated primarily by their beliefs, and don't need the constant stimulus of electoral success to keep them going.

Unfortunately, because of the way we marketed ourselves, because of the unfortunate image we acquired, we alienated most of these people. There was no way, for example, that we could have gained a foothold on the university campuses. There we were not only seen as the lackeys of big business but, far worse, we were labelled fascists. In the light of the philosophy we stood for this was a ludicrous claim, but in retrospect I can see why we were seen in such a negative way. It was because we were seen as conservatives. The conservatives' psychology makes them intolerant of civil liberties, and leads them to repress activities that in any way smack of permissiveness, of sensuality, of a lack of *control*. Thus they value highly law and order. Almost in spite of themselves, this leads them to attempt to stamp out these very *human* activities, and because that is impossible, finally to champion a fascist police state. This is why Joh Bjelke-Petersen is branded a fascist, and why Queensland is seen as a wowser police State.

The stupidity of the situation was that we in the Workers Party and the people in the universities had so much in common. Our goals – peace, freedom, a decent, human world – were similar, even though our proposed means were different. More than any others, those were the people whose support we needed for our long-term survival and ultimate success.

All this need not have happened had we realised the simple fact that we were an ideological party and acted accordingly. If we had thought in terms of 20 or 30 years for ultimate success, if we had realised that, as a strategic primary, we had to work on public opinion to create a market for our ideas, then we might have used tactics appropriate to the task.

We shouldn't have worried about being popular or practical or realistic. We should have been proud of being political ratbags. You can't change public opinion by telling people what they already agree with. Instead of moving towards the people by watering our message down or dressing it up, we should have kicked, prodded and provoked people into examining their prejudices and assumptions and, by so doing, moved them towards us.

As the radical left has done successfully for the past 30 years at least, as well as Aborigines, gays, women and ecological groups, we should have recognised that the slow process of change is best accomplished through uncompromising, radical shit-stirring.

If we had adopted this tactic, we would have been able to remain true to ourselves. We would have developed a far stronger party, made up predominantly of committed young idealists, and we could have built a public image that more truly reflected the nature of our philosophy. And whereas John Singleton was misused as a leader of an ideological party operating in a conventional political manner, he could have been a shit-stirrer par excellence.

As it was, we survived through 1975 in pretty good shape. Ironically, we owed that more than anything else to Gough Whitlam and the fear that his Labor government was creating in the community.

When Fraser was elected to power in December, 1975, the Workers Party went into swift decline.

Many of our best people were burnt out by the ferocious effort they had put into the election, and while the results were okay (about 175,000 votes nationally), they weren't spectacular.

But more than anything else, it was the great contradiction of being an ideological party, but operating as a normal party, that killed us. When a party ends up being so misunderstood that it is supported by people who should rightly be its enemies and hated by those who should be its friends, then there is no way it can possibly work.

And it's all such a terrible shame because, more than ever, I think the ideas of the Workers Party are not only the most important, the most radical and the most integrated ideas ever presented by an Australian political party, they are also the ideas that must be implemented if we are ever to solve our pressing social, economic and political problems.

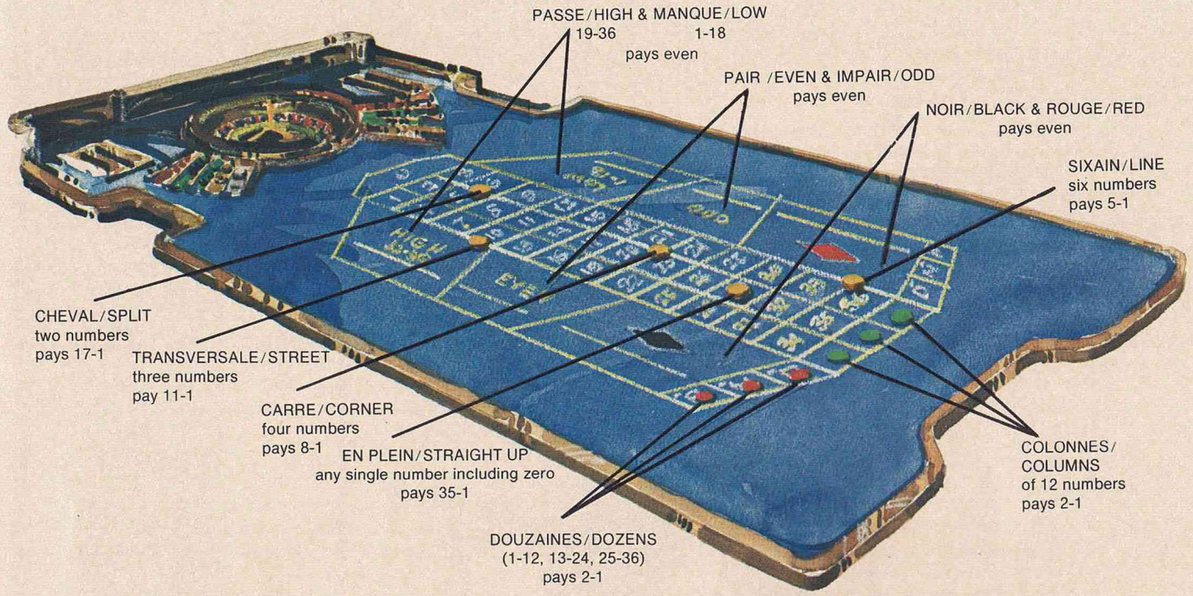
But then, I guess there's always next time.

SPLITTING CHIPS

modern living By JOHN HAMPSHIRE

we'll soon be able to bet from darwin to hobart, so be prepared for legal casinos with our advanced guide to gambling

ALL THE cards in the big-money game of Win a Casino Licence are being shuffled, and several winning hands have been dealt around Australia. The Tasmanian Government took the first gamble with Wrest Point, a bet that's paid off rather well. Since 1973, the State has taken more than $10 million in taxes – even after reducing its cut of gross profits from a third to a quarter – without allowing for the ancillary benefits of extra tourism and employment. The group that controls Wrest



ROULETTE

Bets are laid on the table in the appropriate places — either by the player or, at the player's request, by the croupier — between spins. The wheel is kept turning at a more or less constant speed in either direction, and the ball is rolled around the rim in the opposite direction. As the ball starts to slow, and before it falls into one of the numbered compartments, "rien ne va plus" or "no more bets" will be called.

You may wager that a single number will come up, or one number of a group of two, three, four or six adjacent numbers. You can also bet that the number will be either red or black, odd or even, or in the range 1-18 or 19-36. There are two ways to bet that one number in a group of 12 will appear: in the first (1-12), second (13-24) or third (25-36) dozen; or in one of the three columns of 12. You may also make a cheval, or split, bet across two dozens or two columns, when the odds are 2-1 on, or 1-2.

I chose the French table, but the American tables are more popular because the game is faster. Only English is used by the croupiers and for the table markings, and some have lower minimum stakes. There is no difference in the odds because Wrest Point does not use that Nevada excrescence, the wheel with two zeroes.

The idea was to see how far $500 would get an average player over a night's gambling, so I went against my instincts and played some of the systems listed in the Peter Arnold book: even if there is no guarantee of winning, the money is supposed to last longer.

First were the even money systems, of which the Martingale is the simplest. It involves betting on red/black, odd/even or high/low, and doubling up the betting units on every losing spin, so that whenever you score you have won one unit. It's here you strike the first problem on Wrest Point's French table — the minimum wager on even chance bets is $20.

By the time you've had four losses in a row and are betting 16 units, you are talking about $320 — an impossible system in these circumstances. Up to this point the outlay is $300, so if you do make the $320 bet your total investment is $620 for a less-than-even chance of winning $20! The chance is less than even because the odds are calculated on 36 numbers, while the wheel contains an extra number — the zero. This is where the so-called "house edge" comes in. There is no other significance to the zero, and it may be backed like any other number on the wheel.

A more reasonable system than the Martingale is a variation which requires the gambler to start betting in single units, rising to two after, perhaps, four losses, then to three and so on. It means the player must keep a record, noting the units lost and crossing them out in turn as wins occur.

Given an average amount of luck, a series might take 25 or 30 spins to cancel, for the grand profit of one unit. I tried this method, but after eight losses and a zero I was down $220. The zero is not a total loss when it comes up because Wrest Point plays le partage, whereby half the stakes are lost and half retained by the player.

I then tried the Labouchère, or cancellation, system. In the short term it offers a reasonable chance of success, but by its nature can lead its followers into sudden disaster. A series of numbers is written down — taking Arnold's example, say 1, 2, 2, 3 — and the bet is the sum of the numbers at each end. Thus 3 + 1 is played and struck out. If it wins, and the next bet of 2 + 2 wins, the series is cancelled for a profit of eight units. If 3 + 1 loses the total is added to the series, which becomes 2, 2, 4. Again sticking to the even chances and working in $20 units, after a 22-digit series of wins and losses I was $80 down, and faced the prospect of having to outlay 13 units — $260 — if I wanted to follow the pattern. I passed, at that point down a total of $300 after briefly following the basic systems.

I cashed $100 to play another popular system, which is based on the fact that the third column — 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, 33 and 36 — contains only four black numbers. The bets are placed on this column and black, on the basis that if none of the column numbers is hit the bet, more often than not, will be saved by the bet on black.

The minimum column bet on the French table is $10, but since I was forced to put $20 on the black I went for the same amount on the column.

This system proved the most successful. From a total of 73 spins I had only 19 total losses. The bet on black saved my lost column bet 29 times, the column bet won 16 times and the "jackpot" of a black and column win together happened nine times. The result was a gain of $50, leaving me $250 from the original $500.

I now turned to the unfamous and infamous Hampshire psychic vibration method, based on the assumption that someone "up there" will whisper in my ear at the last minute and tell me which number is about to come up. I try to help things along by noting in which part of the wheel the ball falls most often, since it can happen that a rhythm will develop and the ball will hit different areas in turn in a vaguely regular pattern — an observation which gives rise to the tableau des voisins, a sheet which lists the 37 numbers on the wheel and the four numbers either side of any number.

After starting with 25 $2 chips — the minimum on the French table for individual numbers is $2 — I finished with $270 from 76 spins, on several of which I did not make a bet. The biggest coup was a two-chip bet on 21, and a two-chip line bet across the six numbers 16-21 — the line bet pays 5-1 — which paid off 80 chips when 21 came up, a return of $160 for $8. The most I lost on any one spin was $8. Although I went down heavily on the systems so that I finished with a small profit, roulette is the game that attracts a lot of big gamblers because it offers the chance for big wins, as well as letting more cautious players stick to evens bets. Just as importantly for many people, it is the most alluring of the casino games and has become synonymous with opulence and glamor. Yet it is a simple game and, contrary to most uninformed impressions, quite fast — which means it does not take long for any observer with a little foreknowledge to get into the feel of the game.

TWO-UP

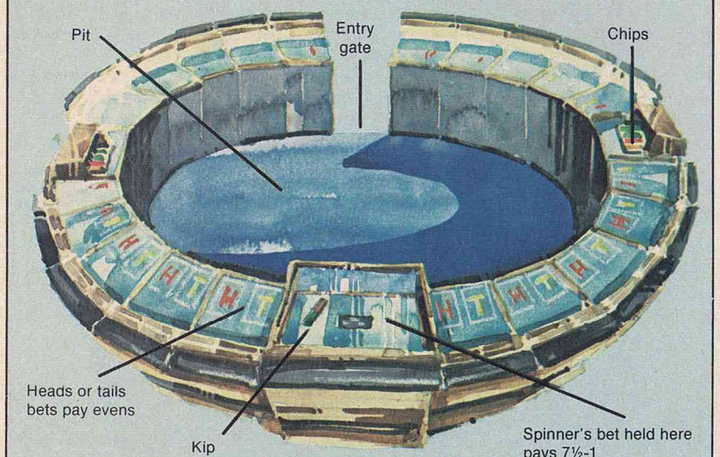
The two-up game played at Wrest Point is rather different from the pub affairs celebrated on Anzac Day. All bets are made against the house. Players are not permitted to strike wagers among themselves. The spinner is nominated in turn around the ring, and he bets on himself at odds of 7½-1 for a minimum $2 to a maximum $20.

The spinner is invited into the ring and allowed to select two pennies, which are placed on the kip — a piece of wood about 8cm long and a little wider than the coins — one heads up, the other tails up. Once all bets are laid, the boxer will call "come in, spinner," and the coins are flipped straight up. They must rise to a good height and spin, or the boxer will declare the throw void.

To collect, the spinner must throw heads three times before throwing tails once. Bets by players around the ring are settled each time two heads or two tails are thrown, for even money. The spinner loses, too, by throwing odds — one head, one tail — five times in a row, when the house also collects all bets placed on heads or tails around the ring. All bets are frozen when odds are thrown. The five-odds rule is where the house picks up its edge.

On the night I played, almost every new spinner threw heads then tails, with perhaps two or three odds in between. I backed this pattern 25 times for 14 wins and 11 losses, and a profit of $50. I could have made $90, but I took the kip twice for $20 a time, the first time performing according to the pattern above, the second throwing tails immediately. It's not as anonymous as blackjack, since you are carrying everyone's money when you spin, but a bit of chiacking is part of the fun.

Illustrations by Phil Davidson



Point, Federal Pacific Hotels, also turned up trumps in the Northern Territory. It has won the right to spend about $5.1 million setting up the Alice Springs casino by next year, and about $9.5 million on a Darwin hotel-casino project set for completion in 1981.

This means that the lads running the illegal casinos, a fact of Australian big city life for many years, have a future that is less than rosy. The Sydney boys have known this since July, 1976, when Neville Wran first flighted the legal casino bird. Despite being shot at by some expert moral hunters, the bird is still in flight.

Federal Pacific is interested in a NSW licence, and has also put on some pressure in Victoria. It has leased the Windsor Hotel in Melbourne since the Victorian Government bought the stately old building to save it from demolition. Another Victorian company, Dennis Catering, has tried to get the nod for a casino, but so far there are few signs of success for anyone in that State.

Although the Federal Government firmly squashed the idea of a gaming house in Canberra, there might yet be one on ACT soil if the people of Jervis Bay have their way. It has been suggested it should be built on a site originally excavated there for a nuclear reactor.

If that sounds an unlikely place, consider the proposal for a casino at Coolangatta Airport, straddling the NSW-Queensland border. Since it would be on airport land, it would be administered jointly by the State governments and the Federal Government — probably the only conceivable way of getting one on to Queensland soil in the near future.

Sir Charles Court's Government also has a record of tough stances against illegal casinos, so it is hard to see Western Australia going legal quickly. Yet whatever the attitude in some States, the fact remains that very soon we are going to be able to play roulette from Darwin to Hobart.

With this in mind, it was time to find out where the pitfalls lie for the player who has never set foot in a casino, legal or otherwise. The obvious place to go was Wrest Point. A little tour around the casino and the answer to the pitfalls question was equally obvious: ignorance and greed, not necessarily in that order.

If you want to give yourself half a chance, learn something about the games you want to play *before* you get to the casino. Don't wait until you put your first bet on the table before you start asking questions. If you do, it's goodbye — unless you have an astounding amount of luck. Lack of knowledge is such a problem that Wrest

BLACKJACK

The dealer plays up to seven people at a time. The player puts his stake in the box on the table in front of him — he may also play adjacent vacant boxes — and the dealer then puts one card in front of every player and himself, and a second card in front of every player. At Wrest Point the dealer stays on one card until he has completed all the other hands on the table.

If the dealer has an ace, he will ask if anyone wants to take "insurance" against his making a blackjack, an unbeatable hand. Players may then place up to half their original stake on the insurance line which, since it pays 2-1, allows them to cover their original bets. Unfortunately, the odds are rarely favorable. The dealer will then ask each player what he wants to do by pointing at the cards and stating their value, for instance "17" or, where an ace (worth 1 or 11) is involved, "seven or 17."

If the player has blackjack — an ace and 10 or court card — it will be acknowledged, and sometimes paid immediately at 3-2; if the player has a total of 9, 10 or 11 he will be invited to double the original stake — doubling on 11 is almost always advisable, doubling on nine or 10 will depend on the dealer's card and your experience; if the player has two cards of equal value he has the option to split them, placing the original stake on each, and playing them as two hands. Note that if you double, or if you split aces, only one more card is dealt to each hand. If you hit blackjack on split aces, you will be paid evens and not 3-2.

This is the system I played:

BANK HOLDS:	PLAYERS SHOULD:
A, 10, 9, 8, 7	draw to 16
6, 5, 4, 3	stay to bust
2	draw if 12

always split eights and aces
always double on 11
double on 10 and nine only if dealer holds six, five or four.

Again it must be brought home that there is no such thing as a sure thing. This is not an infallible system — as Peter Barnard was quick to repeat at the end of the night — but simply an intelligent way to play. There are many possible variations. Intelligent play is based on an easily overlooked fact: the blackjack dealer has no option about the way he plays his hand. He must draw if he holds 16 or less, and he must stop on 17 or over. Thus, the odds are against you if you sit on 15 and the dealer holds a seven.

The second line of the table represents the worst cards a dealer can get, which means you should sit if there is any risk of busting — if you hold 12 or more. These cards are bad for the dealer because he must draw at least twice to score more than 16. If the dealer has a two it's not so hard for him to come out in front, so you should take the risk if you have only 12. Some players would say you should also take the risk against a dealer who holds 3.

Next to the way you play, the most important aspect is the way you bet. The people who keep siphoning off their winnings each time they score are on a slow road to success at best, and a quick exit at worst.

Try setting yourself a range of double-up limits. I settled on from $4 — two $2 chips, so that if you hit blackjack at 3-2 you don't end up with an unusable $1 chip — to $40. If I won on $4, I would let the bet double to $8, then $16 and so on until I started taking off the winnings to keep the bet to my self-imposed limit of $40.

I had one eight-win sequence for a gain of $40 a time, plus eight other $40 wins over the 102 hands I played — a total of $640. I lost the 20 chips six times, at a cost each time of my first $4 stake. In other words, I was winning big with the casino's money and losing small with mine.

A measure of the success, again given a reasonable amount of luck, which can follow if you play sensibly is the fact that at one stage I was down to my $4 stake plus $10 in hand. No one can beat a run of bad luck, but you can learn to make the most of a good run.

When a new dealer took over after I had played about 90 hands, I had trouble getting another 20-chip sequence started. I chose to take this as a warning not to be greedy, and left.

MINI-DICE

Mini-dice is Wrest Point's version of the caged dice game, derived from hazard and the American chuck-a-luck. Three dice are used. Bets are placed and the cage is spun. When the dice come to rest, the numbers showing determine the payout. Bets can be made on any number from one to six. If the chosen number appears once, the gambler is paid even money; if it appears on two dice, he is paid 2-1; and all three dice showing the number pay 10-1. "Field" bets may also be made. The field gambler will be paid even money if the total of the three dice is five, six, seven, eight, 13, 14, 15 or 16. The field bet offers better odds than backing individual numbers. It's worth a try.

KENO

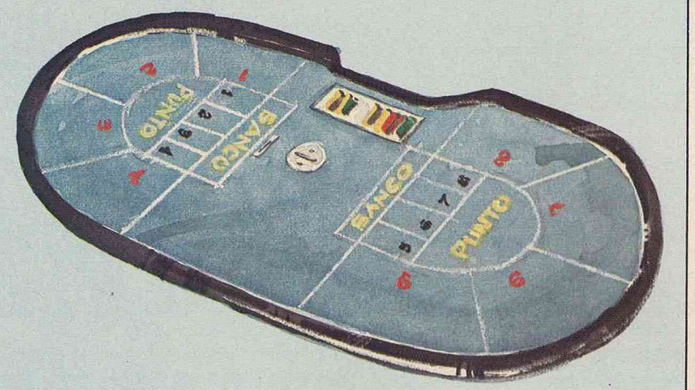
A new game at Wrest Point, but one which is popular in Nevada, keno resembles Tattslotto or bingo. Boards with the numbers one to 80 are set up at various places around the casino. The bettor uses a slip showing the same numbers. He may cross off up to 15 numbers, and also decide how much he wants to bet. As each game is closed, 20 numbered balls are drawn by the house and the numbers appear on the boards. If enough of the gambler's chosen numbers appear he has won, the payout depending on the amount wagered. The maximum win at Wrest Point is $10,000; the odds against winning this with a $1 bet on a 10-spot ticket are almost nine million to one.

PUNTO BANCO

Punto banco is a derivation of baccarat and chemin de fer. It offers each player the chance to hold the bank. Only two hands are played, the bank's and the "player's," which is played by the house.

The principles are the same for all three games: the object is to get cards totalling nine, with court cards and 10s counting as zero. A major difference is that no bank need be raised among the players, as all bets are made against the house. A player may back either the bank's or the player's hand.

There are no options for either the bank or the player, as everyone must abide by the Table of Play: the player must draw if, after each hand receives its two cards, his total is nought, one, two, three, four or five; must stand on six or seven; must expose his cards if he has eight or nine. The banker's defined moves depend on the player's actions, as well as the cards he holds.

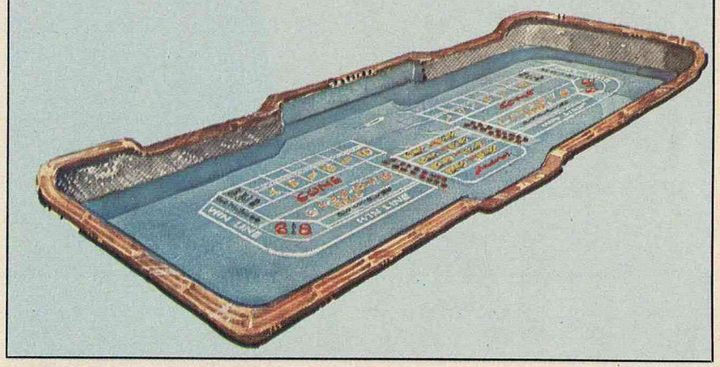


CRAPS

It is not possible, within the scope of this article, to define and analyse all the wagers that craps bettors can make. Peter Arnold's encyclopedia devotes seven pages to the game, and Wrest Point provides the closed circuit TV program and printed material to help novices.

The basics of the game are simple; it's knowing how the odds move in your favor that is important. I can't do better than to quote the relevant passage by Arnold: "If the shooter (the person to whom the dice pass in turn around the table) throws a 7 or 11 he wins. Each of these numbers is known as a natural. If the shooter throws 2, 3 or 12 he loses, these numbers being known as craps. Any other number . . . becomes the shooter's point. He continues to throw the dice until he throws either his point, i.e. the same number again, when he wins, or a 7, when he loses."

The degree of skill required is high, but the craps player can reduce the house edge to as little as 0.5915 percent by betting correctly. Your money can go a long way when you become skilled enough to keep track of the percentages and make the bets with the lowest house edge. The advantage of the Wrest Point game over the US style is that the odds are offered in the familiar way, that is 5 *to* 1 rather than 5 *for* 1. The difference in that statement of the odds is worth 20 percent of your winnings.



Point has installed a closed circuit TV channel devoted to instructions on how to play the games offered in the ground floor casino — roulette, blackjack, craps, punto banco, mini-dice, keno and, of course, two-up.

There always will be things you should know that the casino can't be expected to cover. The house is unlikely to tell you how and where to cut the "house edge" to a minimum, so one of the best bets you can make is to buy Peter Arnold's *Encyclopedia of Gambling* (Collins).

This well-written and comprehensive guide to odds and probabilities — there is a difference — should help you get reasonable value for your gambling dollar, or at least steer you away from the obvious idiocies, such as playing systems at roulette. I started with $500 and tried some, and can tell you there is no such thing as a guarantee against going down the mine. I was lucky to walk away from the French roulette table $20 ahead.

I moved to the blackjack table, armed with the results of a chat with Wrest Point's assistant casino manager, Peter Barnard. He clarified for me some ideas about playing and betting, particularly as they apply under the British system of the dealer taking only one card initially. I stuck to a good, intelligent method of play. Luck is always needed, of course, but I turned $100 into $620.

This meant that I arrived at the two-up ring carrying $1140, feeling lucky and ready for some boisterous action. An entertaining hour later I was $50 up.

Craps and punto banco were two games not available when I was at Wrest Point. In the labor-intensive business of running casino games, they are worth putting on only when the crowds are good, and appear generally on Friday and Saturday nights.

I did play keno, the casino's newest attraction. It's a lucky numbers game — like Tattslotto, bingo or football pools — which offers the player many options in the amount of numbers chosen and needed for a win, and the amount wagered.

The casino relies on local players to provide most of its bread and butter, but the jam comes from overseas and interstate tourists. By far the most popular way to get into Wrest Point's action is by package air holiday. Ansett offers the most options — 16 — and the popularity of all such tours augurs well for any other State which chooses to get into the casino act.

One last point: if you would like to win in a casino, study the games *before* you place your money. Good luck.

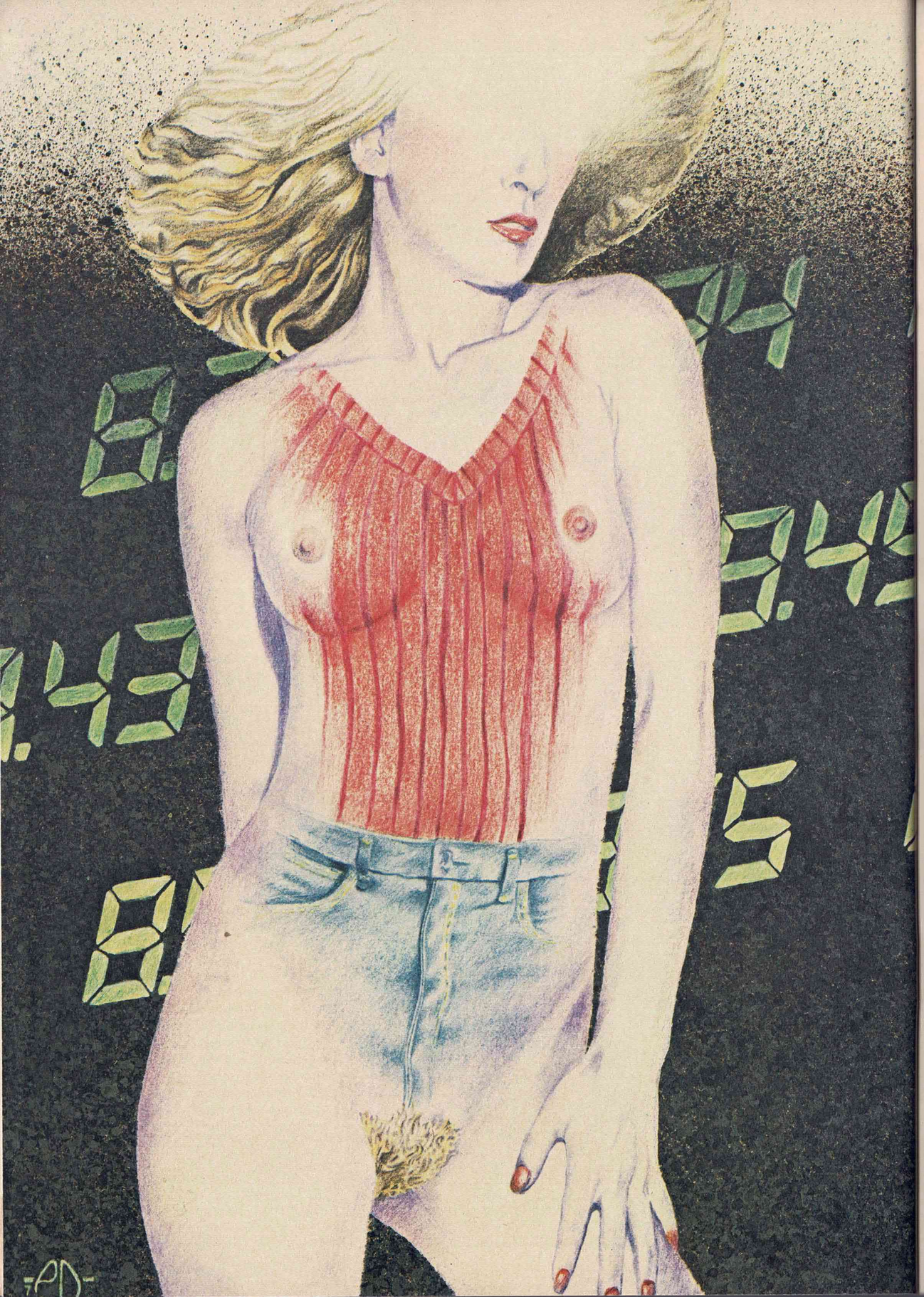


illustration by Peter Dawson

morgan had it all set up, so why did she have to start crying on his shoulder?

fiction **By Rod Easdown**

The Morning After

MORGAN rolled over in the blissfully warm bed and looked at the digital clock – 8.33. Soon the numbers would mean something, but at the moment they just swam as part of the pleasurable sensation of a warm bed and Saturday morning. Thank God for warm beds and Saturday mornings. Reality started to form when Morgan first became conscious of the fact that there was no one in bed with him. That would have been nicer, warmer. But there wasn't.

Reality became concrete. Puck went the digital clock and that meant it was rapidly getting closer to supermarket time. Laundromat time. Footy and booze and dirty jokes with the blokes and possibly a party and a poke later on, and now the numbers on the clock had a significance and Morgan's head was taking in the feelings and sensations and noises of the day.

Last night. Christ. Total disaster. Twenty bucks it would have cost. Twenty bucks and a bloody good show passed up and bugger all at the end except that she thought he was a great guy and very noble (and very platonic – Christ!) and someone who could be relied on for a shoulder in times of trouble.

It had seemed so bloody certain. Jen had invited herself over for dinner and she'd always seemed interested, but it was just that neither of them had ever got around to it. So, she'd said, why don't I come around on Friday night and see what kind of a cook you are? And I'll bring some hooch and don't worry, I'm easy to please, and then that magic smile all over her face. Putty in my bloody hands. So to hell with Johnno's show and to hell with Johnno's chicks promised in abundance. He was virtually in this girl's pants now. Dinner at his place – beautiful. Wouldn't even have to persuade her to come back there with him. She'd come under her own steam and with a smile, bringing her wonderful bouncing boobs with her.

There wouldn't even be the ordeal of the drive home when no one wanted to talk to anyone else, but just to sleep and think about the screwing that had just gone and the best way to explain it in the pub. *(Just slowly working my mouth up her chest, I was. Didn't even go near her tits and that confused her. She didn't know what was going on. Then I bit her ear and as she went oohing from that, POW, whacked it up her. Holy hell, did that make her jump!)*

Friday afternoon he stole time to whip down to the gourmet centre and get some steaks, seasoned salt, lemon pepper. Um. Frozen pancakes for dessert – take them out of the box and put them on a plate in the fridge and she might even think he made them himself. Couple of good bottles of wine. She'd bring some, too, but it would probably be lousy and the more the merrier, anyway. Soup, just in case. After-dinner mints. Peanuts . . . bugger peanuts, make it cashews.

And a knowing, worldly smile for the blokes back at the office when they asked what he had lined up for tonight, a few hints maybe so the poor bastards would suffer. Morgan was on to a cert tonight, and they could have their wives and dumb girlfriends and screaming brats and the Friday night movies. Tonight Morgan planned to ride.

Mad bloody rush when he got home. Number one, clean the pigsty. Number two, get the food ready to go. Number three, get Morgan ready and primed to win a heart. The flat had been easy to clean – it had a spare bedroom. Three days' dirty dishes that smelled a lot like old Kentucky Fried had taken the time. Thank Christ he'd remembered to buy a table cloth a few weeks ago. And for the electricity strike which had forced him to buy some candles. And for his reliable old ex, Angela, who'd left some good wine glasses behind when she departed.

Hot shower. Carefully chosen, not-too-scruffy but not-too-neat jeans and a big, generous turtle-neck jumper that would have cost anyone else 60 bucks, but Morgan had a good mate who was a storeman at a department store and who couldn't play poker a damn. Lots of Aramis, the smell of success, and that's true at the price, but it never failed to win hearts. That and confidence. Morgan was pleased with his confidence.

Everything was set when she knocked. Phoebe Snow was singing, and he was reading – no, leafing through – *Newsweek* and the cork was out of the first bottle of Bin 389. Jen was a knockout when she wanted to be. Long, blonde hair swirling deliciously from her head to explode on the red sweater at her shoulders. Clear blue eyes sparkling in the subtle light reflected on the door from the bare globe on the landing, and that magic smile again. Genuine, gut-tearing pleasure. What a charge she could give a man with that smile. Tonight she was smiling for Morgan and only lucky Morgan.

Jen had a great body, no denying that. Superbly round tits that flowed like treacle from her shoulders and gently curled around to stretch the rib in that

sweater and make it take a dive in between, graciously underlining the separation of the perfect pair. Morgan prayed for small, cherry-red nipples that would harden and stretch out under his hand and stay that way. He could almost feel one nursed gently between first and second finger as his palm rode gently over the preciously buoyant flesh.

It was only when she turned in profile that her tits really seemed big. When she was facing you they harmonised with slightly rounded shoulders and rib cage. But on the side they fell away suddenly to her delightfully slim waist and the gentle inward curve of her back, which reversed itself in a magnificent compliment to mathematical finesse in describing her arse. Tight. Christ, it could well have been sculpted in marble.

There was no certain point where the arse ended and the legs began — just the type of smooth flow which made Jag jeans a million bucks. The same essential curving was there around her box, too, but there you could see where the legs were. You could spot the gentle lines where she had sat down to swamp that promised territory with warm legs. You could pick where the briefs would be underneath (hope to Christ for pastel knickers with lace edges), and you could visualise where the pubic hairs would start and trace it down to the absolute conclusion. A body like that make all the shit of living worthwhile.

Dinner had been okay. The lemon pepper worked specially well on the meat, the frozen broccoli hadn't tasted frozen (the pancakes had, but bugger the pancakes) and the wine had been smooth and easy. And with coffee and brandy he'd borrowed from his sister some nice introspective music so they could sit in front of the Vulcan and talk beforehand, so it wasn't just animal humping. That was important to chicks. The mistake, he decided, was the music. Too bloody sad.

She had allowed herself to dig too deeply into her own feelings. How the hell was he supposed to know she'd just busted up with her One True Love? She had been speaking her thoughts and fears out loud, taking advantage of the intimacy of the atmosphere to confide with misty eyes and quiet voice, and had become more and more enmeshed in herself. Morgan had begun to realise by then that she'd come to dinner because she needed someone to talk to. And now she was wallowing in it.

And Morgan hadn't quite known how to handle it. Sure, sure, your average dumb chick loved crying over old lovers, but Jen wasn't a dumb chick. She was forthright, powerful, controlled. She was ambitious at work, the type of chick he'd earlier thought needed a good shaft to sort her out. Later he had decided she was just insecure. And any security she'd built up with this bloke who'd just tossed her over for the 17-year-old with big tits was in pieces now. It was all poured out on his shoulder, and the last thing he'd expected was tears.

Dubious situation. He had taken her in his arms and held tight as she let it flow out. Stroking her hair, kissing her forehead, feeling her tits pressing against him. There was still a chance he could get her into the sack. He could make her feel as secure as hell, for tonight anyway. When a chick turns on the waterworks you're often a lot closer than you think — that was the old lesson most blokes didn't have the sense to learn.

So he was gentle and told her what she wanted to hear; he was her understanding confidant. Then all it should have taken was some gentle, subtle steering and it would have been the old rat up the old drainpipe. Yet his confidence had been on edge, he'd been a little nervous. It hadn't been in the plan, all this loving and caring bullshit, and Jen was still largely an unknown quantity. Jenny, my God. That body had been right there. Shit.

She had still been talking, softly, as it all went through his head. Christ knows what she had been talking about; he'd switched off a while ago. Just the same old stuff women come through with. He'd made his move smoothly and elegantly. Held her face gently but firmly and told her she was great. Told her she was attractive. Told her she had very, very deep emotions, deeper than most, that would finish her unless she learned to handle them (that one always killed 'em). He continued the buttering until she'd been almost ready to spread. Christ, hadn't it given him the shits when she suddenly seemed to come out of it, looking around the room and running her hand through her hair and excusing herself — all the hallmarks of a self-conscious lady.

He had almost let his bitterness come out and hit her between the eyes when she went out the door with her little speech of thank you and apology and lovely meal and God I must look a mess. Maybe he should have told her to go jump. But he'd just stood there being pleasant, encouraging, closing the door. Up the bloody spout. Nix, boy, SFA tonight. Half the bed vacant and bloody good wine to be pissed against the wall for nothing. Jesus, the other stuff would have cost half as much and she never would have known the difference. Now, as far as she was concerned, he was Morgan the angel. Morgan the reliable shoulder. God almighty, why did these whimpering molls always pick his shoulder?

Puck. He looked over at the clock. 8.56. Roughly time to stir himself. Or he could be lazy and stay in bed and bugger the laundry. Decision time. But the phone started ringing, so that settled that. He lurched out to the still clean living room.

"Is that Robert Morgan?" the voice asked. "Speaking," Morgan yawned. "Mr Morgan, I'm Sergeant Arthur Crisp, police. I'm told a Miss Jennifer James was at your residence last night. Is that right?"

"Yes . . . um, yeah. That's right." Morgan reacted before he had time to realise he could be letting himself in for something. He was on his toes now.

"She was there till late? Have a few drinks, did she?"

"Hell, I don't know. I mean — yes she was here, yes we had some drinks. What I mean was I wasn't counting what she drank. We had some wine. What the hell . . . um, what's going on?" Morgan demanded to know.

"Maybe you should have called her a taxi, Mr Morgan. She died this morning. Car accident. Three others were badly hurt . . ."

"Jesus Christ," Morgan muttered.

"I'll be around there in, oh, 15 minutes," the measured voice continued. "As far as I know you were the last to see her alive. Apart from the other driver, of course, and he can't talk with his jaw like that."

Morgan was very cold. She'd piled into another car. Her fault. Not his, nothing to do with him. Why was fat boy talking like he was going to throw the book at him? He put the handpiece back on the cradle and walked to the shower. Turned on the tap. Hot. Help him to think, had to think. Yes she'd been drinking, but not a hellish lot. She had looked tired when she left, well not really tired, more weary. He remembered that it had struck him as quite amazing that a chick could look that weary when all she had been doing was shooting the crap about some bloke who had given her the arse. Christ, chicks take things seriously. Not like him.

Okay, he was prepared to admit that last night was quite a blow to his ego, but he knew he'd get over it because he was strong. Blokes are stronger like that; chicks just cave in to emotion. Jenny, that magic body and those glorious tits. Spread all over a dashboard someplace.

"That'll teach the silly bitch for not staying here and screwing," he said aloud to the shower curtain.

"As I said, I've slipped into something more comfortable."

SILVER GHOSTS

a finer individuality from the days before number plate initials

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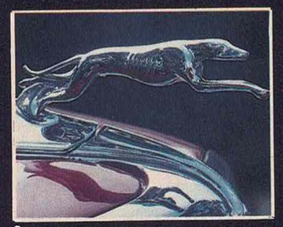
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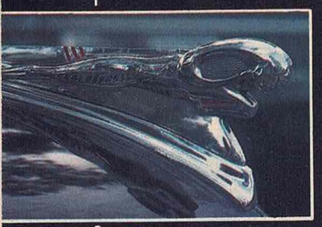
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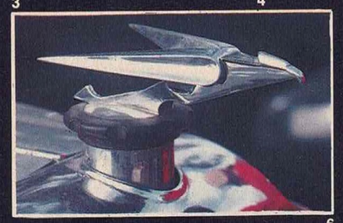
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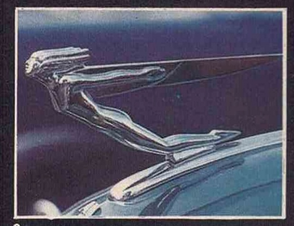
THE proud flights of the bonnet birds have now dwindled to rare migratory passages, glimpsed only when enough flock to some corner of the world to make up a rally. The great car bonnets of the first decades of this century have been chopped, squashed and smoothed by the exigencies of style, aerodynamics and economy. With a few notable exceptions, such as the famous silver lady of Rolls-Royce (8), today's bonnet emblems look more like Spandau gun sights. If you can *find* a car wearing a bonnet emblem, that is.

Originally prompted by the need to have ready access to the large upright radiator, the lumpy threaded cap at the end of the bonnet was a ready target for the first generations of automotive individualists. Like the prow of a battleship, the proud emblem would cleave the air to announce the passage of this tribute to man's ingenuity – and the owner's social standing.

Emblem designs were limited only by the ingenuity of the makers. Of course, many emblems were irrevocably associated with various makes of cars, but the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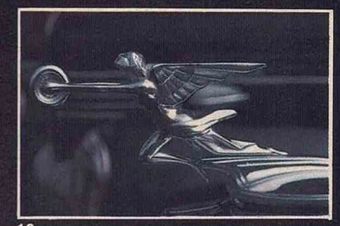
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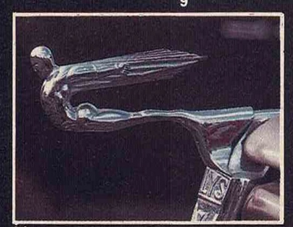
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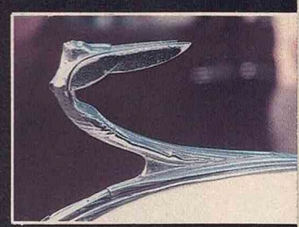
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off-the-shelf accessory types were nigh infinite in their variety. The six pictured here (4, 7, 9, 11, 12 and 13) are fine examples of the hundreds from which a motorist could choose. Styles could also vary widely within one model's range, such as the Model A Ford (1) and a later Ford (2), but more often some consistency would be obvious, as with the Dodge ram (3, 16) and Packard's flying lady with wheel (10, 15).

Animals were always popular, even if styling made some, like Vauxhall's bird of prey (6), almost unrecognisable. But by far the most popular were the ladies with flowing robes or wings. Makers with an eye for an unusual impact turned out odd variations, such as the winged torso of the Essex (5) and the Egyptian head of the Stutz Bearcat (14).

It's probably only a rumor that improved bayonet designs were derived from some emblems after several pedestrians were inadvertently impaled. Certainly, new emphasis was given to our understanding of who were the quick and who were the dead.

Somehow, looking at the road ahead just isn't the same any more . . . even if you do have your initials on the number plate.

Photography by Peter Carrette

PING! WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART

. . . or how a love affair ran aground in stormy weather

humor **By RON SAW**

EVERY second Tuesday, after Dr Sphincter had made his visit and the cops had been paid, Mrs Groin gave her young ladies the night off.

It didn't mean that they could leave the premises – Sundays were "going home" days – but if they felt like it Maxine and Penny and Stormy and The Nun and Salvation Sally and Lesley, the Coolangatta Case, could drink beer from a keg, sing a few sad songs and dance, with approved gentlemen, to the clanking of what must have been the last whore-house piano in the city of Perth.

Mrs Groin's brothel was a wire-fronted, semi-detached cottage about the middle of Roe street, when Roe street was Perth's last, sad centre of tolerated prostitution. It wasn't much of a street: the grimy, wired-in little cottages, most of them brothels, on one side, and on the other the railway tracks, from which passing schoolchildren gleefully screamed taunts at men who beat on the doors in the afternoons.

And the house itself was a far cry from the grand brothels of Victorian and Edwardian days. There was no plush and there were no chandeliers, and the nearest thing to a marabou-trimmed peignoir was Mrs Groin's satin tea-coat, which she'd trimmed with osprey feathers from her Aunt Daisy's picture hat, although I don't say that was very close.

But at the back of the house, at the end of a long, lino-covered corridor, there was a big, bright, friendly room, with arm-chairs and a stuffed owl and a chiming clock over the fireplace, and a roll-top desk where Mrs Groin sat, counting the short-time towels and brooding over the racing and trotting form sheets. Every second Tuesday night the approved gentlemen would roll a barrel through the sorry little back yard and set it up on the kitchen sink. And when Mrs Groin was ready – when the young ladies had assembled, with a deal of backchat and bottom-slapping – the keg would be spiked, the first jugful delivered for Mrs Groin's approval and the first dance tune

played on the old, shiny upright piano. After that the party went the way, or most of the way, of most keg parties: singing and dancing and a few jokes, with an occasional fall.

Where it stopped short of normal was in brawling and sexual contact. Mrs Groin would have no fights – even excited argument was frowned upon – not so much because noise attracted the police and other undesirables as because fisticuffs upset the young ladies. And sex was out of the question. It was the young ladies' night off, their night of rest and recreation. "I've worked meself," Mrs Groin would say. "I know what's what. A night's rest is the best investment."

One young lady was always left on duty, up front, to take care of any regulars with urgent business – I think the girls used to toss for it – and any gentleman "feeling nasty", as Mrs Groin put it, was welcome to see her; but as far as I can recall nobody ever did. There was always too much action in the big room.

Mrs Groin used to favor newspapermen as guests – a preference which made her pretty well unique – first because she imagined that all newspapermen had inside information about what was "going" at the races or trots, and because, rather charmingly, she, alone among the grimy old madams of Roe street, seemed to hope that her girls might do well for themselves, that they might even marry well. And, I think, she saw journalists not only as tolerant, almost kindred spirits but as men as close to a profession as any whore could hope for. The fact that nothing ever came of this hope in no way altered her high opinion of newsmen, and she was encouraged by the fact that Lesley, the Coolangatta Case, had once lived with a football writer in Sydney, or said she had.

So there was singing and dancing and light argument and occasionally there was an outbreak of a violent game called Who'll Carry The Mail, a sort of indoor rugby with no holds barred, which always had to be stopped before the furniture was broken. Salvation Sally, whose father had been a Salvation Army bandsman before taking to drink and throwing himself under a steamroller, would bring out a tamborine and bang it pretty well while dancing a passable can-can. The Nun, who, in low states of mind, threatened to "take the veil" and had even bought one in readiness, would put on her wimple, in which she looked pretty fetching, and dance wild cachuchas and fandangoes. Maxine and Penny, the lesbians, danced together and sometimes, wearing false walrus moustaches, sang Offenbach's *The Two Gendarmes*. But the strangest of all was Lesley, the Coolangatta Case, whose mother, a Brisbane madam, had sent her west, it was said, to serve her indentures with Mrs Groin.

About midnight, when she had reached a sort of stunned state, she would see a big silver ball overhead. "Here it comes now," she would cry, pointing. "It's floating, it's floating." Everybody would look up, but Lesley was the only one who ever saw the big silver ball. Sometimes it came in from the kitchen, sometimes it floated over the owl on the mantel.

"You're sure that it's not the moon, Lesley?" asked a big sub-editor by the name of Gruff.

"Moon!" she said indignantly. "Did you ever see a moon that looked like that?" she asked me. I told her no, I had definitely not.

And always, after she'd seen the silver ball, Lesley would start taking her clothes off, swooping around in a slow, suggestive dance which she said was "modern ballet" and baring her big, handsome breasts and as much else as she could bare before Mrs Groin got to her and put her to bed.

The only young lady who never seemed to get wound up one way or another was a redhead named Stormy, and it was Stormy with whom I had a strange sort of love affair.

She was the youngest of the young ladies – from the advanced age of 20 I could tell that she was about 18 – and she was probably the best whore of them all. In another age, when people cared about the education, presentation and elocution of whores, she might have become a great courtesan. She dressed expensively and with style, whether in street clothes or her working clothes, and a natural, graceful sensuality allowed her to show just enough thigh or cleavage, to make just the right gesture or smile or comment to arouse interest, then excitement, then, in my case, half-mad passion.

The first time I danced with Stormy, I asked her where she'd come from, expecting the usual vague Sydney or Melbourne or Gold Coast background. But:

"Peppermint Grove," she replied, giving Perth's most fashionable address. "Ay say, would yoh laike to see mai ferret?"

"What?"

"Mai ferret. His nem is Ferdy. He's sew sweet. Madam, may we gew and see Ferdy?" she asked as we modern-waltzed slowly past Mrs Groin. As she spoke she moved her belly against me in a way that was at once prim and frankly carnal.

"Aw, you and your damn ferret," grumbled La Groin. But she smiled fondly. "Well, don't be long." And to me: "You better remember the rules, snow. No touching." I told her, quite honestly, that I'd remember the rules.

The ferret, a strong-smelling creature, lived in a hutch on a sort of porch off Stormy's room. I looked at it for perhaps three seconds, then looked at Stormy. She was bent over the hutch, and somehow her crisp, plain white blouse had fallen open, and there was one wonderfully brown, firm breast; entire, from chest to pink, conical nipple; hanging slightly, rather like a large, ripe mango. I felt sweat break out between my shoulder-blades.

"Now," she said gaily, "we must fained some suppah for Mister Ferdy. He eats raice bubbles for his suppah. Up there."

She pointed to a stack of cereal boxes on top of a tall wardrobe, and I made a sort of move to reach them down for her, but: "Noo, noo," she said. "Ay noo which one."

She climbed on to a chair, hiking up her tight skirt as she did so, to avoid straining the material, I supposed; hiking it so carefully, riding it so high that for a split second I stood confronted, at a distance of about a foot, and slightly below eye-level, with the downy evidence that Stormy had apparently forgotten *all* her underwear. I passed at once into a species of cataleptic trance, emerging only when I heard her calling me back to the singing and dancing. It was the beginning of the affair.

Two weeks later, at the next keg party, I "sat out" about 10 dances with her. We sat on an old and mouldy swing chair in the back yard – it seemed to have been nested in by cats, or possibly possums, but the musky scent of Stormy overcame all others – and she told me the story of her life:

"Ay really come up out of a very rich society fambly and I wenter this ladies' college" – her accent and her diction tended to ebb and flow – "but I can't tell yer no nems on account of the disgrace . . ."

"The . . . ?"

"Well, yoh see, ay din haveter gew into the houses: I mean, we was sew rich. It was just because of me niffomane."

"I see. Yes, of course. Er . . . What?"

"Ay mean, ay'm a niffomane. Ay just laike the job. Ay laike doing it. So ay hadda give away me name an' day me hair. Ay'm really a blonde, yer see."

I had seen, though in retrospect and with passion cooled I'd have put the color at off-mouse, or even ferret; but she was keen to show me again. Stretching out one leg, gracefully bending the other, she slid the skirt over her thighs again.

By now I had begun to suspect that Stormy wasn't really having trouble

"I'm sorry, sir, but a tie is required."

with the laundry, that she was in fact trying to stir me up. She had stirred profoundly. Something covered with fish-hooks had risen from around my liver and was now trying to get up into my throat.

With a sort of mist rising from my nostrils I reached for her, and she let me paw around her loins for perhaps eight seconds before she patted my cheek and stood up. "Taime to gew backer the dawncing," she said.

"Oh, Stormy," I moaned. "Don't . . . I mean, let's stay here – no, come back to my place . . . anywhere . . ." A tiny grain of my hypothalamus was wondering whether we might run off and live with her rich society parents in Peppermint Grove. I was still staring at her, in agony, panting, loathing Gruff for dancing with her, when Mrs Groin announced that it was 2am and time for the gentlemen to go home.

I yearned for Stormy.

I suppose I could have gone back next night – gone back and paid my money like anybody else – but I didn't. I didn't mind her being a whore – I think I found the idea rather exciting – but I didn't want to be part of her whoredom. I probably had some qualms about taking my turn between drunken soldiers and Yugoslav market-gardeners, and I daresay I had some plans about taking her away from it all; but it would have to be done on a Tuesday night. My Stormy, the one I could reach, was the every-second-Tuesday-night one, the one with conservative street clothes and no underwear, and the Peppermint Grove upbringing, and the ferret.

So every other Tuesday night I saw her in the big room at the back of Mrs Groin's brothel, or in the back yard, or on the porch with the ferret. I'd hurry to Mrs Groin's, sometimes comfortable in the company of newsmen; sometimes lost among strangers; and always Stormy gave me a few minutes of privacy and a few seconds of fevered groping, and nothing more. It played hell with my mind.

Once, while feeding Ferdy and being allowed the usual flashing glimpse of Stormy's bare body, I got so depressed that I accused her of being more interested in the ferret than in me.

"Oh, heow ken yoh seh a thing laike thet?" she asked. "What hev yoh got against a poor, dumb enimal?" When I went back to the barrel Mrs Groin told me I looked as if I was coming down with a fever. "I'd swear you've got the blood pressure," she said. She was right there. The blood, roaring in my ears, must have been about 500 psi.

After a while I began to think about seeing Stormy on a business night, walking right in and shaming her; began to wonder how I'd handle it if I actually got in as a customer. I was soon to find out.

One of the more conservative recreations of Perth newspapermen used to be the bucks' party in the Press Pavilion of the West Australian Cricket Association ground. It wasn't the kind of event that would have passed for a stag party in the 1960s and '70s. There were no blue movies and certainly no demonstration sex acts. There was, in fact, only one feature that set the night slightly above the usual beer-and-singing, and that was the Knocker Raffle.

Everyone attending put two shillings into a plate and bought a ticket; and when the keg was dry the raffle was drawn and the winner was obliged to spend his winnings in one of the Roe street knockers. Not everybody wanted to win, but what you wanted didn't matter one way or another. The winner was borne off and, sometimes despite his screams, bundled into a brothel.

For a while the girls were both incredulous and indignant at having a soup-plate full of silver coins passed in, but when the Knocker Raffle became established they acknowledged it as an honor to be selected, and all they really objected to were flash cameras snapping as the winners emerged.

In the third month of my passion for Stormy, at a time when nothing, not even her salvation, meant as much to me as her bedding, I won the Knocker Raffle. I was escorted to Mrs Groin's, and not only to Mrs Groin's but, deliberately, by the newsmen who knew what I'd been going through, to Stormy's door. I was almost swooning with longing – I think I may have fainted a couple of times between the WACA and Roe street – and it was probably just as well they carried me right into her room. But it was a different Stormy.

Her working gear that night was a flowing, white negligee, through which her brown body glowed excitingly, but her mood seemed rather more businesslike than I remembered. She smiled at me the way she might have smiled at Dr Sphincter on visiting day. I gave her the plate of money.

"Pretty stupid, all those coins." I said. "But I . . ."

"Thanks, darling," she said. It was the first time she'd called me darling. "All good money, y'know."

"There's, uh, four quid there."

"That's nice. Well, look, dear, the madam's gone out for a while just now. Four pounds'll get you half an hour, but if we hurry I can put it all in me piggy-bank."

"What?"

"I mean, if we can get it finished before she comes back I can put all that into my piggy-bank without paying her half. See?" She pointed to a fat porcelain piggy-bank on her bedside table.

"Oh, sure. Er, Stormy . . ."

"Over here, darling." She led me to the washstand and subjected me to the indignity of the "inspection", with Dettol. I turned my face to the wall.

"Ah, how's the ferret?" I asked her thickly.

"Looks okay to me, darling. Now, then . . ."

Quickly she moved to the big double bed, parted her negligee and threw up her legs in a sort of obstetric readiness.

"Cummon, love," she said. And at the same time she took a coin from the soup-plate and dropped it into the piggy-bank. "Cummon, love, the madam'll be back soon." *Ping, ping, ping, ping* went more coins into the porcelain piggy-bank.

"Stormy," I said. "Uh . . ." Something seemed to be draining out of my chest, through my ears.

"Whatsa matter, love?" She closed her legs, almost modestly, and looked at me with a frown.

Ping, ping, ping, ping . . .

"Oh, nothing really. I . . ."

"Well, cummon, hurry up, love. Don't waste time." She moved into position again, her golden thighs raised, her hands delicately beneath her hips. *Ping, ping, ping, ponk.*

"Stormy," I said, "couldn't we . . . well, I mean, I didn't want to be . . ."

She sat up. "Listen, darling, d'you want a naughty or don't you?"

"A naw . . . ?"

"If you want a naughty, love, you'll have to get a move on. The madam's . . . cummon, now. You've been nearly half an hour already." *Ping, ping, ping.*

I'd been about three minutes, but it didn't matter. I preferred her estimate.

"Stormy," I said nervously – because I thought she might kill me – "I think we'd better ferret . . . I mean forget it. Some other time, maybe . . ."

She sat up quickly and I threw my arms protectively over my head. But she was smiling, almost warmly.

"Sure, love. Come back another night and . . . *ping, ping, ping, ping* . . . we'll have a real nice time." The legs closed, then the negligee and the last coins pinged into the piggy-bank. It was the end of the affair.

She let me out, to the customary cheers of the Knocker Rafflers.

"God almighty!" shouted Watty, "that was a quickie. You were supposed to get half an hour with her, weren't you?"

"Aaaah," I drawled. "Half an hour! What the hell d'you think I am – some kind of a romantic?"

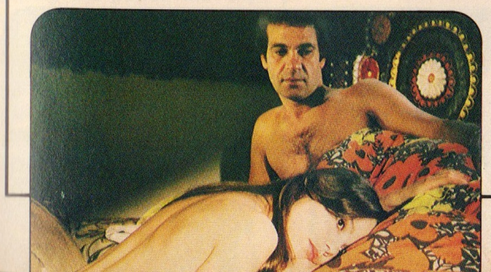
FOREIGN BODIES

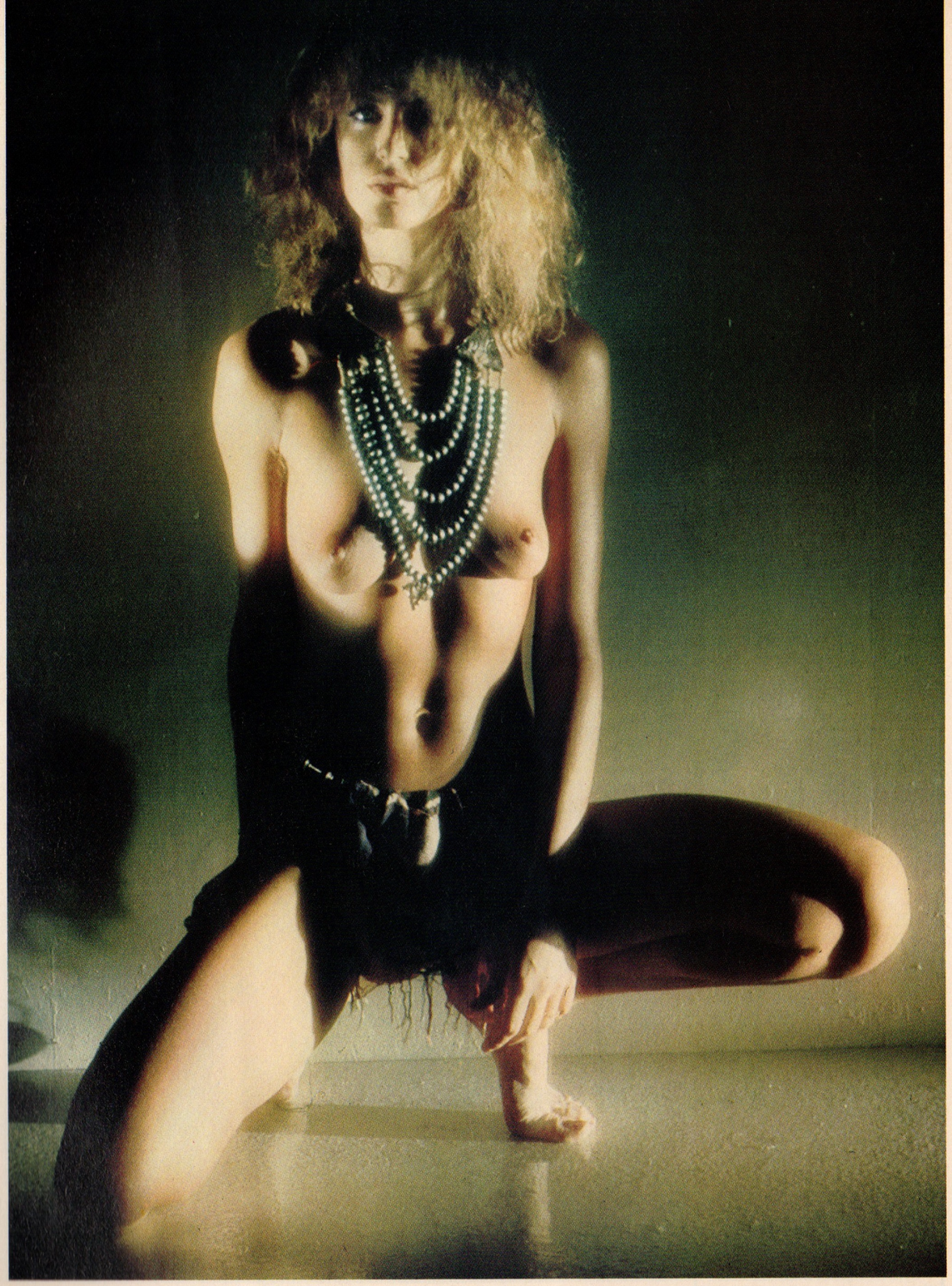
you could never forget their, er, faces – but can you put a name to these film lovelies?

HOW often have you been telling a friend about a great foreign movie you've seen, only to forget the name of the star? "You know, that tall, blonde girl who was also in the film about spies in Venice." Those sexy ladies of the foreign screen not only have names, but also many of them are famous – and becoming more so – on the international film scene. Foreign movies are becoming more and more popular in Australia, so here's your chance to match the faces with the names and get to know these exceptional women. And the first is **Eleonora Vallone** (above and left), whose movie career is just beginning. This beautiful 24-year-old Italian is the daughter of actor Raf Vallone, a veteran Latin lover (last seen in *The Greek Tycoon),* and memorable screen beauty Elena Varzi, now retired. Eleonora was married young, which often inhibits a girl's career. Separated from her husband since last year, she has a four-year-old son and divides her time between the child and classes in painting, acting, voice and guitar. Eleonora has made an adventure movie, *L'Aquila Bifronte* (that means *The Eagle With Two Faces*), co-starring Franco Nero and Helmut Berger.

A French friend describes **Catherine Serre** (left) as a demoiselle "who stays close to all the good things in life — money, men, love, sports and movies". When she's not hob-nobbing in Paris with Jean-Paul Belmondo or other "in" people, Catherine is a pace-setter in the social swim at St Tropez — and it's not difficult to see why. She is a very accomplished skier and sailing enthusiast, but she takes her life seriously. "Everything I do I take seriously," she says, "and I have an absolute passion for cinema." Television, theatre and modelling were her mainstays until last year, when she landed a role in *One Two Two,* a French film about a famous World War Two bordello. And in the upcoming James Bond thriller, *Moonraker,* starring Roger Moore, she is cast as one of the perfect lovers assigned to repopulate the planet.

Israel's **Nitza Shaul** (right) was discovered while serving her time in the army in an entertainment unit. This delightful former soldier no longer does a song-and-dance routine, and cannot think of herself as a sex symbol, though she is the most popular young actress in the country. "I'm doing quite well," Nitza admits. "I can't walk the streets of Tel Aviv because people recognise me." And they are also lining up to see her highly praised performance in *Little Man,* a romantic comedy movie in which she plays an army entertainer who impulsively gives her all to five lucky soldiers. In an armored tank. During a rain storm. When Nitza's first film, *The Policeman,* opened in London in 1974, critics found her "bewitching" and "the prettiest girl seen on the screen for many a month". Nitza commutes between Tel Aviv and London with her husband, Boron Salomon, a conductor and classical guitarist. While waiting to see where *Little Man* leads, Nitza has collaborated in writing a film adaptation of "a famous novel" she will not name.





Italy's **Dalila Di Lazzaro** (left) was discovered by Andy Warhol through a photograph advertising eye drops. Dalila's eyes have it, and she wound up with a feature role in Warhol's *Frankenstein,* which led to a contract with top producer Carlo Ponti (Sophia Loren's husband), and several other films. This was followed by endless speculation in the gossip-hungry Italian press that she and Ponti were more than just business acquaintances. "Ponti is a very nice man — like a father to me," she says. She wonders at times whether the movie world is not too cruel and cynical for her tastes. But Dalila, who Warren Beatty says looks like Julie Christie, is still with it, and her ambitions include making movies by Robert Altman or Bertolucci or Fellini, which is not unlikely. Her most recent appearances were in *The Girl In The Yellow Pyjamas,* with Ray Milland and Mel Ferrer, and *The Last Romantic Lover,* directed by France's Just Jaeckin, who made *Emmanuelle.*

Looking more *Lolita* than Lollobrigida, Italy's nymph-like prima donna **Leonora Fani** (right) would rather play corrupted innocents than ingénues. She finds ample opportunities in such films as *Bestialità* and *Pensione Paura.* Leonora ran away from her northern Italy home when she was young to seek fame and fortune in the south. Her career began when she posed nude for an Italian magazine, her compensation for not winning a "Miss Teenager" contest. And since then she has gone on to brighten up at least 20 movies. Leonora says that 10 years from now she would like to direct a movie of her own. "I'd be a militant feminist," she says, "if it wasn't for the love of keeping the peace with my boyfriend, who is against it." Leonora also dreams of appearing in an Ingmar Bergman film, and of being able to fly a small plane all day, with the possibility of touching down whenever and wherever it pleases her.

Brazilian bombshell **Sonia Braga** (left) is being hailed as the Marilyn Monroe of South America. Her film, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands,* broke all records last year as the most successful Brazilian movie. Sonia also starred in a prestigious TV soap opera that made her name two household words. She has done seven feature films since then, and the most recent, *Lady In The Bus,* is another steamer, certain to firm up sultry Sonia's reputation as the Number One sex symbol. *"Lady In The Bus* is very sexy," says Sonia, but rigid censorship laws in Brazil will probably mean that her local fans won't see some of the more torrid scenes. "In my country," says Sonia, "the best way to be a feminist is to assert yourself in terms of your work. To be a sex symbol, for a woman, is a political position. Every actress should get into magazines so that the censors in Brazil will become used to the idea of nudity. It's important to undress at this moment in history." No argument.

Born in Java of Dutch Indonesian parents who later moved to Holland when she was a child, exotic **Laura Gemser** (right) is a dark, graceful Eurasian beauty who throws dangerous curves as *Black Emmanuelle,* the adventuress of a profitable odyssey with lots and lots of sequels. Although the movies were not much aesthetically, they enabled Laura to edge her way up to small roles in big films (such as playing Orson Welles' mistress in *Voyage Of The Damned),* and major roles in minor European films opposite, for instance, Jack Palance and Stuart Whitman. More recently, she went to Japan to do *The Bushido Blade,* an historical drama. Laura has made 15 films in six years, and they have taken her all over the world. "I love to travel," she says, "and films take you everywhere. We have been to China, Australia, Hong Kong and Egypt."

the private life of Monroe

marilyn's maid and confidante reveals the shattering everyday life of the most famous sex goddess of them all

memoir

By Lena Pepitone

WITH WILLIAM STADIEM

I FIRST rang the bell of Marilyn Monroe's New York apartment – number 13E – on an October day in 1957. I was applying for a job as her personal maid and seamstress, and my heart was pounding. I expected the famous blonde sex goddess to greet me, so I was caught off guard when the door swung open and I saw only a trim, silver-haired woman in her late 50s, dressed in grey.

"We've been waiting for you." The door closed behind me. The lady did not bother to introduce herself. I soon learned that she was May Reis, Marilyn's private secretary and manager of the household.

She looked over two reference letters I had brought. She asked me very little and told me even less. I worried that someone else had the job and that she was simply going through the motions, but before I had completely given up hope, a figure stumbled through the office doorway. It was Marilyn. Totally nude.

"Excuse me," she squealed. It was an apology I was to hear a thousand times. Marilyn simply didn't like to wear clothes around the house.

"I'm Lena Pepitone, the girl from the employment agency." Marilyn's hands and legs relaxed. She stood and stared at me in a daze.

"Come with me." Marilyn took my hand and led me into the living room. She kept looking at me, and I looked just as hard. She was anything but what I had expected. Her blonde hair, which appeared unwashed, was a mess. Without make-up, her face was pale and tired-looking. Her celebrated figure seemed more overweight than voluptuous. I was astonished by the way she smelled. She needed to have a bath. Badly. Still, she was pretty.

Sprawled on a white couch, she brought to mind a deluxe prostitute on the morning after a busy night in a plush bordello, the kind my brothers used to whisper about when we were growing up in Naples. She seemed bored.

The large room where we sat reminded me of a hotel. There was a white piano, some nondescript white sofas, and wall-to-wall white carpeting marred by many stains. The view of the buildings across the street was gloomy. Floor-to-ceiling mirrors were everywhere. Even the dining alcove at the rear of the living room had a table with a mirrored top.

No sooner had Marilyn and I sat down than she took a long slug from a Bloody Mary. "What's your name again? I'm sorry," she said with a sheepish grin.

"Lena Pepitone."

"Gee, you're Italian. I love Italians," she swooned. "I was married to an Italian guy."

"Right. Joe DiMaggio. I know."

"We're going to be good friends," she said softly.

She was right.

The next morning I followed May through the foyer and into the bedroom wing of the apartment. "Is Lena here?" The unmistakable voice came from the first bedroom off the long corridor, with its wall-to-wall carpeting that matched the living-room rug, stains included.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I was amazed to see that Marilyn's room was tiny. The bed had no headboard. The only other

Illustrations by Dennis Magdich

the lonely, childish, unwashed, promiscuous and frightened woman behind the glamorous mask

furniture was a rickety grey night stand with a lamp, a small matching bureau, a little record player on the floor, and a black telephone by the bed, also on the floor. There were no paintings in the cramped, square room, only mirrors covering the entire wall behind the big bed and another wall on the left of the bed where the closets were. Inside one closet door was a huge photograph of Joe DiMaggio. There were only two windows in the room, both covered with heavy draperies.

Marilyn was sprawled nude on top of the disarrayed white sheets. A grey satin quilt had fallen on the floor at the foot of the bed. She rolled around, wrapping, then unwrapping herself in the jumble of sheets. She seemed to be trying to get up, but couldn't. With her black sleeping mask, she looked like a naked, female Lone Ranger.

"Lena," she said sweetly, "could you get me my Bloody Mary?"

"I think it's coming with your breakfast."

"Now," she pleaded. "Could I have it now?" I went back into the kitchen and took the cocktail off the breakfast tray the cook, Hattie, was preparing to bring in.

"Oh, thanks," Marilyn said. She had taken off the mask and was sitting up. She quickly gulped down the drink. Soon Hattie came in with the breakfast tray and placed it on the bed. Marilyn wolfed down her meal, scattering toast crumbs all over the sheets.

When I made an effort to open the curtains, Marilyn shrieked: "No! Don't!" Instead she switched on the small lamp on the night stand. "That's better," she said. "I can't stand light this early." There was no clock in the room, so I glanced at my watch. It was 11.30.

After Marilyn finished her breakfast, she flopped back on the mattress. I was afraid she was going back to sleep. "Well, what can I do for you today?" I asked just to keep her awake.

Marilyn made a face, then grabbed a pillow and buried her head in it. Then she slowly rolled over and out of bed. The short walk to her large closet was a major effort. She pulled out a white linen dress, sleeveless, clingy, and cut low in the front. "Can you let this out? It's too tight. I'll show you." As she struggled to fit into the dress, she sensed my amazement that she was trying it on without underwear.

"It might be better if . . . "

"I never wear anything underneath," she said.

"Nothing?"

"Why? Who needs it?"

I checked the seams of the dress and its lining to see how much there was to let out. As I got closer to Marilyn, my senses immediately told me that she was a day dirtier and more unkempt than when I had left her.

I finished my measurements. There was barely enough material in the dress to cover Marilyn's backside. She wriggled out of the dress, and stood admiring herself in the mirror. She cupped her breasts with her hands, pushing them up to check their firmness. She turned several full, slow circles, using both her wall mirrors to scrutinise every angle.

"You have a beautiful figure," I complimented her. I had the feeling she was looking for praise.

"Thank you," she replied sincerely. "My arse is way too big."

"It's sexy," I answered, and we both laughed.

"I like you," Marilyn said.

"Listen, let me fix you a bath," I suggested. "That'll wake you up."

"No! I don't want a bath! Champagne! That's what I need," she said, as if struck by a brainstorm. "Would you get it for me in the kitchen? Just ask Hattie. She knows where it is. Thanks a lot."

Hattie gave me a knowing wink when I conveyed Marilyn's request. She opened the refrigerator to reveal a dozen small bottles of Piper Heidsieck. She also showed me a cabinet stocked with many more of the same. There was enough for a month at least.

And my next couple of months with Marilyn were very much the same as my first day. I rarely saw her playwright husband, Arthur Miller.

Marilyn's life was incredibly monotonous. Her doctors' appointments (I later learned these were appointments with psychiatrists) and her acting lessons were virtually all she had to look forward to. She spent most of her time in her little bedroom, sleeping, looking at herself in the mirrors, drinking Bloody Marys or champagne, and talking on the phone, which seemed to be her greatest pleasure.

"That was Billy Wilder" or "that was Laurence Olivier" or "that was Montgomery Clift," I remember her saying excitedly.

But the calls she enjoyed the most – and talked the longest on – came from Joe DiMaggio and Frank Sinatra.

A call from either one could keep her smiling for hours. Aside from the phone, however, Marilyn had few interests. I never saw her read a book or a newspaper.

Marilyn owned four mink coats, in brown and white, a lot of scarves, but, of course, no underwear at all. In the bathroom vanity, she stored bottles of her favorite perfume, Chanel

No. 5, along with the more expensive Joy. But rarely did she perfume herself, let alone bathe or shower. In fact, her small bathroom didn't even have a shower curtain.

For someone who didn't like the tub, Marilyn spent an unusual amount of time in the bathroom. I often wondered what she could be doing in there for so long, especially since the mirrors in the bedroom were so much better for admiring herself, which she liked to do.

One day, thinking Marilyn was out, I went into her bathroom to straighten up, and I found her perched on the toilet, legs up, performing an elaborate ceremony with a bottle of some chemical and two toothbrushes. She was bleaching her pubic hair blonde. She shrieked with embarrassment so loudly that May Reis came in through the other bathroom door, which led to her office. May's eyes bulged out, but she discreetly left when she saw that Marilyn was all right.

I was so embarrassed that I couldn't move. Both Marilyn and I were beet red. She started laughing uncontrollably. "Now you know my secret," she roared. "You know, it has to match my hair." I had always assumed that Marilyn was a "natural blonde", and naturally blonde all over. Now I knew better. "With all my white dresses and all, it just wouldn't look nice to be dark down there," she said. "You could see through, you know."

"Is that safe, what you're doing?"

"It's a pain in the arse," she laughed again. "It burns, and sometimes I get these infections. But what else can I do?"

Two days later, I found Marilyn in bed with a big ice bag between her legs. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"It got all swollen from the bleach," she whined. She pushed the ice bag closer. A high price, I thought, for being a blonde sex goddess.

When Marilyn went to the doctor or to acting lessons, she couldn't have cared less about her appearance. But on the few occasions she did go out on the town, to premieres and the like, she became incredibly concerned about looking her best.

The preparations would begin early in the morning with the arrival of Kenneth, her hairdresser. He always brought a newspaper to read because Marilyn invariably kept him waiting for an hour.

Eventually, Marilyn would get up, run a comb through her hair and splash some water on her face, put on her white robe, and come out to greet Kenneth. I was surprised that she wasn't ashamed to look so sloppy in front of such an important beauty expert. "Hi," she would say, giving him a big kiss and smiling alluringly. She fidgeted with her robe, teasingly flashing it open and shut to distract Kenneth from the annoyance he must have felt at having been kept waiting. He simply steered Marilyn toward the bathroom for a long-needed shampoo.

While Marilyn sat under her hair dryer, sipping Heidsieck, Kenneth finished reading his paper. The real fireworks began with the styling sessions. Sometimes, Kenneth would be there for hours, trying one approach after another. At each new vision she saw in her mirrors, Marilyn would scream: "I hate it, I hate it!"

Once she was finally pleased with her hair, she turned to greet her make-up girl, who drove in from Long Island in peak-hour traffic, only to be kept waiting for hours. The make-up sessions were equally agonising. There were endless discussions over shades of lipstick and eye shadow, false eyelashes, rouge and powder. Later in the day, after the hair and face were "perfect", it was my turn to help Marilyn select clothes for the evening. More than once she became so frustrated that she began weeping, decided not to go out at all, took some sleeping pills and passed out.

With few friends, fewer outside interests, and no movies then in the works, Marilyn had very little to do. So, like many bored people, she ate.

When she was depressed, she sat against the pillows on her bed and ate alone. She gnawed the meat off her lamb chops, and then unthinkingly dropped the greasy bones on to the bedclothes. Sometimes she even wiped her hands on the sheets before picking up her glass of champagne. After these meals, of course, the sheets had to be changed.

She liked Italian food. In fact, she loved it. Gradually, my specialties became part of her daily diet, and she even devoured cold leftovers with gusto. "Don't throw anything away," she always said. What I cooked she would eat in bed more often than not. "The Romans used to eat like you do," I said.

I tried to teach Marilyn how to eat spaghetti with a spoon and fork. "It's neater," I explained, showing her the Italian way of twirling the fork against the bowl of the spoon. But she refused to try.

"I'm not Italian," she said, teasing me as she dribbled unruly strands of pasta all over her body. Once she wrapped two long, loose noodles around her breasts. "Look at me," she howled, puffing her chest out. "This is my idea of wearing a bra."

Whatever and whenever she ate, etiquette never concerned Marilyn. Among her unpleasant habits were incessant belching and farting. I later learned that she suffered from a bad gall bladder, which may have caused her digestive troubles. But, when she was aware of it, she found her noise-making hilarious.

One night Marilyn said that she had a craving for Italian food. I had never stayed late before, and I was excited that this would be my first chance to see Mr and Mrs Miller together.

I prepared a simple meal of spaghetti with fresh tomato sauce, chicken cacciatore and salad, then set the dining-room table. I got out a split of champagne for Marilyn, white wine for Miller, and called Marilyn to dinner. I felt very awkward about disturbing Miller in his study. His formality was unpleasant; it put me on edge.

Marilyn entered the dining-room wearing a white towelling robe, which, to her, was dressing for dinner. They sat at the table and ate without speaking for the longest time. Marilyn looked at her husband admiringly and longingly, as if she were dying for attention. However, he just ate quietly and did not look at her. Finally, she broke the silence. "Arthur" (I never heard Marilyn call her husband "darling", "sweetheart", or anything other than his first name), "you said something about going to a movie tonight. I'd love it if we could go somewhere."

"Maybe later," he answered coolly. He explained that he had some work to finish. If he did, they could go out. Marilyn seemed excited by the mere possibility. After they finished dinner, with no further conversation, Miller thanked me for the meal, returned to his study, and closed the door.

Marilyn jumped up from the table and pulled me into her room. I hadn't seen her this excited before.

"I think we're going out!" she exclaimed. "Help me find something beautiful to wear." We picked out, without any difficulty, a white silk blouse and matching slacks. She began to look, for once, like the Marilyn of my fantasies. She even took the bobby pins out of her hair, and combed it until the blonde mane was rich and luxurious. She went into her bathroom and actually put on make-up – bright red lipstick, mascara, rouge. At last I saw the famous image so many fans dreamed about.

"You look wonderful," I said.

"Oh, I hope so." She raced back through the living-room and knocked on Miller's forbidding door. She came out quickly, with some of her radiance gone. "It's still maybe," she moaned. "He's not finished."

Every time she heard a noise in the hall, she looked up anxiously, hoping it was Miller. After an hour she went back to the study. This time she

"I'll have to hang up now. I'm about to get a government grant."

walked very slowly. I sensed she knew what his answer would be. Marilyn tapped quietly on the study door, then went in. In a second she came out, sobbing. Her make-up was running all over her cheeks. Back in her room, she ripped her blouse off and hurled it across the room. "Shit. My life is shit," she wept. "I can't go anywhere. I'm a prisoner in this house." Kicking off her pants, she fell on to the bed, weeping uncontrollably.

I had no idea what to do.

"Why do you stay in New York instead of returning to Hollywood?" I asked her after one such outburst.

"Arthur. It's Arthur. He's why I stay in New York. He was going to make my life different, a lot better," Marilyn would often cry in despair. Evidently the "better" hadn't happened, and she was very frustrated about it. Frequently she told me Miller was the key to the existence she wanted to have.

Miller seemed a very distant husband. Marilyn maintained the greatest respect for him and his work. She always warned people to "hush" if they were chatting too loudly near his study. If there were any guests – agents, lawyers, and the like – she always brought them into her bedroom to entertain them. "Arthur's writing," she'd whisper solemnly. "He needs total quiet."

As for Marilyn and Miller, their only real contact seemed to occur late at night, after I left. Whenever they ate together there was little discussion, only longing looks on Marilyn's part. "I wish he'd say more to me," she once confided. "He makes me think I'm stupid. I'm afraid to bring things up, because maybe they *are* stupid. Gee, he almost scares me sometimes."

I wondered when Marilyn and Miller had the opportunity to be romantic. He was always up well before she was. He had his own bathroom, kept his clothes in a separate hall closet, and virtually lived in his study. He rarely ventured into her bedroom during the day. Miller would usually have lunch alone, walked the dog by himself, and seemed to have more fun talking business with May Reis, about future projects for Marilyn, than he did talking to Marilyn herself.

Nevertheless, after some dinners, Marilyn would cuddle up to Miller, which always brought a big, boyish grin to his usually stern face.

And on certain mornings when I went in to change Marilyn's sheets, she would greet me with the biggest grin. "Wow!" she once exclaimed, eyes glazed with a dreamy happiness, as she stretched and arched her back sensuously. "Don't change these, please, Lena." She rubbed her head along the sheets as if they were silk. "I want to lie on these all day."

"Didn't you sleep?" I asked, naively.

"Who said nights were for sleep?" she winked. I knew she had enjoyed herself.

Evidently, one night did produce the desired result. While Marilyn was in Hollywood making her first movie in more than a year, *Some Like It Hot,* she found out that she was pregnant. I remember her calling me long distance, squealing like a little girl. She asked me to start thinking about names, that she wanted me to make baby clothes, and that she knew it would be a girl.

But when she returned from the filming, her high spirits had vanished. She began to panic that the baby wouldn't be all right. She tried to avoid her normal routine of champagne and sleeping pills. Yet without these, she was terribly nervous. Normally, she would have paced about her bedroom, staring at herself in the mirrors, but she felt this would disturb her baby.

Something did go wrong. One morning Marilyn began screaming with intense pain. "I'm going to lose her," she shrieked. By noon Marilyn was so hysterical that we all knew this was not a typical depression. Miller rushed her to the Polyclinic Hospital. I could hardly work for worry about what might happen. Later that evening, Miller returned with the bad news. He was always serious and very composed, but this one time I sensed that he was fighting hard to avoid breaking down. He told me Marilyn had lost the baby.

Once Marilyn was home, I would often come into her room and find pages of different scripts scattered all over the bed and floor, sometimes in shreds. "I can't learn this," Marilyn would be screaming. "I can't act. It won't work." Once I saw her rip the pages out of a script and hurl them above her head, like a snowstorm. Then she'd start to weep so hard that only a heavy serving of champagne could calm her. On nights like these, I would stay on with her, often until after midnight. During these late evenings, with everyone gone and Miller in his study, Marilyn really started to talk to me.

I learned that she'd had a miserable childhood, that she'd been shifted from foster home to foster home. When she was 15, she'd had a child by one of her foster fathers. The baby had been taken from her against her will. She was sobbing out of control when she told me. She grabbed a bottle of sleeping pills by her bed and popped one in her mouth, washing it down with champagne.

When the pill began to take effect and she had quietened down a bit, Marilyn insisted on talking some more. She told me that, in 1942, right after the baby had been taken away, she'd been married for a short time – to Jim Dougherty, literally the boy next door. "I was 15, he was 19, and he already had lots of girlfriends his age," she said. "I kind of looked up to him at that time, you know, especially because he had a car."

Dougherty was drafted, and the marriage virtually ended, though the divorce came later. Marilyn, alone in Los Angeles, started going to bars by herself in the afternoon to drink alone. "That helped kill time. I didn't have anything to look forward to. And I liked drinking."

Men had tried to pick up Marilyn before, she said, but she had always refused on the ground that she was married. "It was fun when they tried to pick me up," she confessed. "Most of them weren't so hot, though. All the good men seemed to be off fighting somewhere."

Yet at one bar, there were other compensations. One person, a middle-aged man who told her he worked in the film business, just wouldn't give up. He offered Marilyn $15 to leave with him. "At first I was shocked. I hadn't been around enough to know what was going on. He had a suit on, so I didn't think he could hurt me. When I started thinking about a new dress I wanted and couldn't afford, well . . . I was pretty drunk, too . . . so I said okay. I still wasn't sure what he wanted to do." Marilyn described how they went to the hotel where the man was staying. He asked her to take off her clothes. "I thought that was a pretty good deal for $15."

According to Marilyn, she went back to this bar, and others like it, fairly often. For her, it was an easy way to pick up extra money. She said she got a kick out of seeing how excited the men would get when she took off her clothes. "They would tell me that I was beautiful, wonderful, you name it. They all acted the same way." It made her feel that she had a special power over men. "I didn't have to say a word. Just take my dress off."

One of the men she met this way told her he was a Hollywood agent. "These bars were full of agents," Marilyn said. "Or at least guys who claimed they were. A lot of the girls who hung out in them hoped they would break into movies that way." This agent was nicer than most, she said. "He really liked me, I think. We met a few times. He told me I was special, and had the looks to be in movies. He said that if I did *this,* what I was doing, with the right men, I might be able to be in pictures. I laughed at him and told him I couldn't act. And he

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said neither could so-and-so or so-and-so. He named some of the big actresses then. I thought about it after he left. You know, I decided maybe he was right." She laughed.

Marilyn laughed whenever I asked her about breaking into show business and her first contract with Twentieth Century Fox.

"What did you do in your screen test?" I asked her one evening. "What part did you play?"

"Part? I didn't say a word. Blonde hair and breasts, that's how I got started." Once, she suddenly got on her knees on the bed and looked at her chest in the mirror. She held up her breasts. "They were better then, firmer," she moaned, and drank more champagne. Then she ran her fingers through her hair, greasy from days of neglect. She made another face, as if she were not at all happy with the way she looked.

Marilyn said that for her test she had dyed her hair a brighter shade of blonde. "The blonder the better. Men have this weakness for blonde hair. It's true! I couldn't act. The reason I got ahead is that I was lucky and met the right men."

And the right men liked her. She told me how all the top bosses would make it a point to "inspect" the new starlets who had come on to the lot. "The worst thing a girl could do was say no to any of these guys. She'd be finished," she said.

Marilyn described how all the starlets would put themselves on "review" at special parties given at two big nightclubs. These private affairs were usually given the night before the opening of a major singer or some other name act. "Everybody in Hollywood was there to check over the new girls," Marilyn said. "We had our choice. We could be picked up by some handsome young actor and have a little fun. Or we could go off with some old bigwig and make a few dollars, or, if we were really lucky, we could get him to help us find a part. Most of us always tried to find an old guy. I got to be known pretty quick. They considered me a hot number back then," she laughed.

To give me more of an idea of what Hollywood life was like, Marilyn told me all about Joe Schenck, one of the studio's founders. He was a bald, bearlike man of about 70, with a huge nose and a huge cigar. He had been married to silent movie star Norma Talmadge, who left Schenck for George Jessel. He had a million-dollar yacht and a reputation around Hollywood as a man who had enough money to buy any woman he wanted.

"He had me come over to his house," she said. "It was a mansion. I had never been any place like that. He had the greatest food, too. That's when I learned about champagne. What I liked was hearing about all the stars I had seen in the movies. Joe knew them all. He seemed to have this thing about breasts. After dinner, he told me to take off my clothes and he would tell me Hollywood stories. I would just listen to those wonderful tales about John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Valentino, everybody, and Mr Schenck would play with my breasts.

"He didn't want to do much else, since he was getting old, but sometimes he asked me to kiss him down there," Marilyn grimaced. "I never want to have to do that any more," she blurted out, with what seemed to be intense, pent-up disgust. "It would seem like hours, and nothing would happen, but I was afraid to stop. I felt like gagging, but if I did, I thought he'd get insulted. Sometimes, he'd just fall asleep. If he stayed awake, he'd pat my head, like a puppy, and thank me. All the other girls thought I really had it made. At least the food was good."

All Marilyn's efforts for Schenck seemed to have been in vain. Fox dropped her after her first year. Despite Schenck's former power, he had recently gone to prison for labor racketeering in the film business. Even though he had been pardoned the cloud of gangland connections still hung over his head. Marilyn recalled: "I kept thinking that all he had to do was make one call for me, but he wouldn't push. 'It'll happen,' was all he said." Still, he kept having her drop by for storytelling sessions and told her to be patient. "I didn't have anywhere else to go. I didn't have a job. Joe was my only hope."

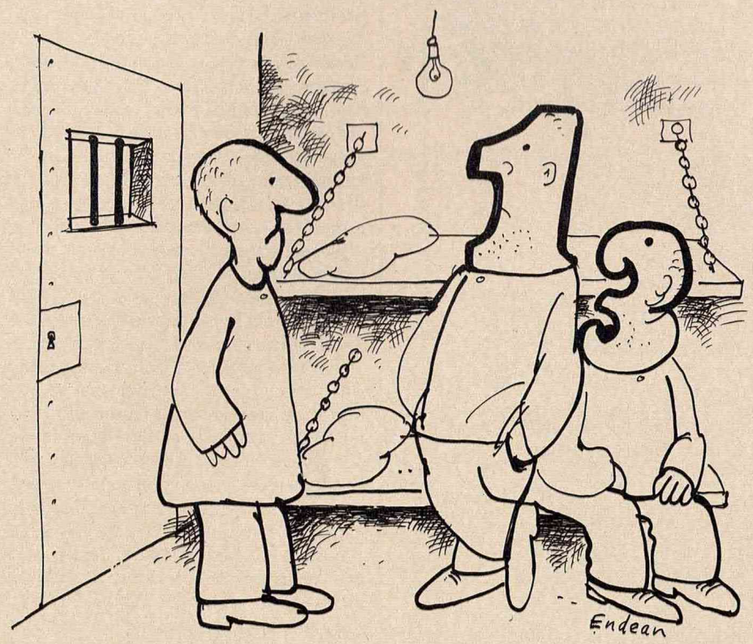
Her hoping eventually paid off. Marilyn was introduced by Schenck to Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures. "Joe was like Clark Gable by comparison. Mr Cohn wasn't even the kind who said hello first. He just told you to get in bed. For him, women were no more than slaves."

Cohn did put Marilyn's name up in lights, with second billing in a movie called *Ladies of the Chorus*. "I kept driving past the theatre with my name on the marquee. Marilyn Monroe! Wow! Was I excited!" After this picture Cohn and Columbia dropped Marilyn and, after some more anxious waiting, she got a bit part in a Marx Brothers movie, *Love Happy*.

"No acting, just sex again. I had to wiggle across a room. I practised jiggling my backside for a week. Groucho loved it. His eyes popped out. I remember he said: 'Young lady, I think you're a case of arrested development. With your development, somebody's bound to get arrested'."

Despite this spotty progress, Marilyn was beginning to panic. She needed a new sponsor who would give her the crucial push. She got it with Johnny Hyde, who she proudly said was the most important agent in Hollywood.

"He told me he had discovered Lana Turner, and now he was discovering me, and that I'd go even further. That made me dizzy." Again sex entered the picture. Hyde was very dapper and well-dressed, but he was only five feet



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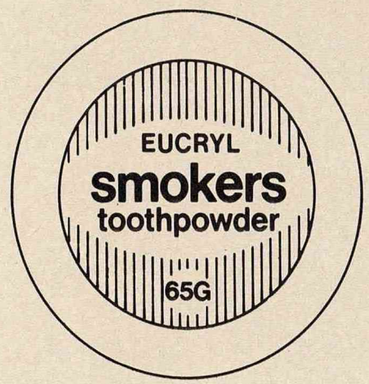

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tall. "He had the best clothes in town," Marilyn said, "but they were like doll's clothes."

When they made love, Marilyn said, he'd get upset if she didn't put on a display of ecstasy. "I didn't mind doing it," she shrugged. "But nothing seemed to excite me. It wasn't him. It was me. But he took it personally, and I had to act like it was the thrill of my life. At first I was kind of embarrassed because Johnny was so short, but everyone looked up to him – all the stars."

Johnny Hyde got Marilyn her two most important roles to date. They were small roles, Marilyn playing the kept woman of a crooked lawyer in *The Asphalt Jungle,* and another kept woman – to a vicious drama critic – in *All About Eve.* "I started as a dumb blonde whore," she complained. "I'll end as one."

Hyde died of a heart attack. Marilyn cried when she spoke about him. "He used to say I was the only one who could save his life, but I thought he was joking. And then I decided I did love him, but it was too late. I hated myself. Jesus, he was my friend. I could have saved him. I killed him. I killed him!" Marilyn started screaming and tearing her hair out, which she did whenever she got extremely upset. Her feeling that she had caused someone's death would surface again several years later when Clark Gable had a heart attack and died after making *The Misfits* with her.

•

Yves Montand was in New York during the autumn of 1959, doing a one-man song and dance show on Broadway. With him was his wife, Simone Signoret, who later won an Oscar for her role in *Room At The Top.* Several years before, the Montands had starred in a Paris production of Miller's play *The Crucible.* Like Miller, they had been accused of being communists, and were given a hard time by the State Department when they wanted to visit America. After being rejected several times, they were granted visas so that Montand could do his show. Miller was eager to entertain them when they arrived in New York.

I'll never forget Marilyn's reaction when they came through the door. Montand looked quite a bit like Joe DiMaggio, and I could sense that Marilyn saw this. Yves could hardly speak English, so Signoret translated for him. Marilyn barely spoke. She just stared at Yves and smiled, and he kept smiling back. The four ate, drank, and had such a good time that I couldn't understand why the Millers didn't have guests more often.

The next day, Marilyn was on the phone for hours, asking everyone she knew about Montand. She kept asking how Yves ended up marrying Simone Signoret. "She's not pretty," Marilyn would say. "And she's older than he is. What did she do to get him?" Through her calls, Marilyn found out that Yves got his big break as a cabaret performer because of a love affair with the great singer Edith Piaf. She was also older and not beautiful. Through Piaf, Yves became a real singing star in France. She also helped him get into movies.

"I bet he married Simone so she'd help him become a big movie star," Marilyn said. "That had to be it. For his career." Then she paused. "Well, I can't blame him. I mean, it's so hard in movies. You've gotta have connections. Anyway, she's really nice. I can tell he looks up to her. She's lucky." She wished aloud that she could do a movie with him. "If he would only learn English, he'd be perfect."

Once all the American stars began to turn down *Let's Make Love,* Marilyn decided that Yves should do it. She told Miller and her other advisers, who said his English would be an impossible problem. "He's learning real fast," Marilyn said. Yves had returned to the apartment alone several times and had told Marilyn about his poor childhood – how his father worked in a factory, how he himself had to quit school at 11 to get a job, how he worked in a spaghetti factory and as a hairdresser, how he got started singing in rough Marseilles cafes, doing the songs of Maurice Chevalier and imitations of Donald Duck. Marilyn was entranced.

Miller was usually around when Yves was there and would sometimes help translate for him and Marilyn. Frequently, he would return to his study to write while the other two drank champagne and chatted away. Sometimes Marilyn and Yves would hold hands while they talked, but they always let go when they heard the study door open.

Marilyn spent days on the phone pushing for Yves, and eventually he got the role. As soon as Marilyn found out, she began rehearsing her song-and-dance numbers with an intense determination.

She'd stay up half the night struggling to learn the words of the songs. She would use the living room as her stage, and sometimes she'd trip over tables or run into the sofa and bruise her legs. She would put on a black leotard and black net stockings and sing and dance for hours around the living room until she got things exactly right. Miller looked exhausted; he stayed locked up in his study or took his dog on long walks to get away.

Aside from Yves, the most exciting thing that happened to Marilyn in the months before she started *Let's Make Love* was meeting the Soviet Premier, Nikita Khrushchev, when he visited Hollywood. This was a publicity stunt dreamed up by Twentieth Century Fox. Marilyn had to be told who Khrushchev was. The studio kept insisting. They told Marilyn that in Russia America meant two things, Coca-Cola and Marilyn Monroe. She loved hearing that, and agreed to go. "I guess there's not much sex in Russia," she laughed.

Marilyn's dominant memory of Khrushchev was that he was "fat and ugly and had warts on his face and he growled. Who would want to be a communist with a president like that?" she joked. "I could tell he liked me. He squeezed my hand so long and so hard that I thought he would break it. But I guess it was better than having to kiss him."

In the early part of 1960, when Marilyn went to Hollywood with Miller to film *Let's Make Love,* they stayed, as usual, at the Beverly Hills Hotel. In the suite next door were Yves and Simone. It was the first time Marilyn really enjoyed making a movie. "It's Yves," she told me on the telephone.

Their relationship grew even closer when Miller went to Ireland for a few weeks to work with John Huston on the screenplay for *The Misfits,* Marilyn's next movie. I asked her if she would be lonesome all by herself. "All by myself? Are you kidding? I've got Yves and Simone right next door."

Then Simone won the Academy Award as best actress and Yves sang at the ceremonies. "She's got the Oscar," said Marilyn. "She's got Yves. She's smart. They respect her. She's got everything. What have I got?"

Simone returned to Europe soon afterwards to begin production on a new film. Miller came back, but he, too, decided to leave to spend some time with his son.

Marilyn and Yves quickly began their affair. "But what about Mr Miller?" I asked, when she told me about it.

Marilyn said she wasn't sure. She felt hurt that he had left her alone in Hollywood. "I don't think I'm the woman for him," she said without emotion. "Arthur needs an intellectual, somebody he can talk to. He needs someone like Simone." She broke into a big grin. "And Yves needs me."

Yves was due to fly back to France via New York in a few days. Marilyn had a rendezvous all planned for when he changed planes. She booked a room, under another name, naturally, at a hotel near Idlewild Airport. She ordered flowers and several bottles of champagne. She even took two baths the day of his arrival, one in the morning and another that night before she left for the airport in her limousine.

Next day, when I came to work, Marilyn was nearly hysterical as she described how all her plans went wrong. "Everyone will know," she moaned. Yves hadn't wanted any part of going to the hotel with Marilyn. He wanted to get back to Paris, and to Simone, as soon as possible. "He tried to be nice," Marilyn sobbed. "He kissed me and all. But he said that the idea of his leaving Simone was . . . ridiculous. He told me what a nice time he had had. The last thing he said was that Arthur and I should visit him and Simone in France. Wouldn't that be something? Now you know they're gonna be sitting in Paris and laughing their heads off at me."

At least Marilyn didn't have much time to sit around and mope. She was scheduled to begin making Miller's film, *The Misfits,* right away. Actually, one of her last fights with Miller, and probably the worst, was about his *Misfits* script. One afternoon she came into the bedroom screaming, and threw a champagne bottle against the wall, smashing it into a million slivers. "He said it's *his* movie – I don't think he even wants me in it," she barked, slamming the closet door open and shut. I thought she was going to break it off.

She stormed through the house and began pounding on the study door, which was locked. Miller refused to come out. "I'm your wife. I'm your wife," Marilyn kept screaming. "It's not *your* movie, it's *ours.* You wrote it, but you said you wrote it for *me.* Now you say it's all yours. You lied. You lied." But there was still no answer from Miller.

Marilyn kicked over some tables, banged down the keys of the piano, and grabbed another champagne bottle. When she returned to her room, I heard a terrible crash. She had thrown the bottle against the mirror behind her bed. Her sheets were covered with glass, and she kept slamming her body against the closet door. I grabbed her and held her tight so she wouldn't hurt herself. Miller did not sleep in the apartment that night or any other night before they left for Nevada in the summer of 1960.

As she usually did when she was upset, Marilyn began eating too much. She was getting fat. "I don't care," she snapped, when I tried to keep her from stuffing herself. "Who do I need to look good for? Who?"

"Clark Gable," I replied.

She stopped eating. She was dissatisfied with many things about her next film, but starring with Clark Gable was a fantasy of hers that dated back to her childhood, when she would

pretend he was her long-lost father. Actually, it was the presence of Gable and her friend Montgomery Clift that made Marilyn go ahead with filming *The Misfits*.

The first thing she didn't like was her role, as a divorced woman who moves in with a cowboy (Clark Gable). "I'm not just a dumb blonde this time, I'm a crazy dumb blonde," she complained. "Which is worse? And to think Arthur did this to me." Marilyn blamed Miller for all she didn't like about the movie. "He was supposed to be writing this for me. He could have written me anything and he comes up with this."

On one take, Marilyn told me, she was so electrified by Gable's kisses that she let the sheets drop and he accidentally placed his hand on one of her breasts. "I got goose bumps all over," she exclaimed. "That kiss ... that touch ... oh!"

Marilyn told me she slept perfectly that night, without one pill. She dreamed about doing even more with Gable. "But that was a dream. He treated me like I was his little girl. Sometimes he'd pinch me and say, 'Get to work, beautiful' or 'Why are sexy women so late?' Other times he'd give me a little squeeze on my arse and call me 'chubby' or 'fatso'. I always wanted to reach out and throw my arms around him, but I was too scared. I mean, you just can't go up and kiss Clark Gable. But once, after a really good scene, he kissed me on the lips and said 'Thanks'. I'll never forget it.

"You wouldn't believe how modest he was. He always said: 'There's a million guys look better than me.' One story he liked to tell on the set was that whenever some of his women fans tracked him down and told him how handsome he was, he'd just pull out his false teeth to show that 'I'm an old man, just like all the rest'." Marilyn couldn't have cared.

If Gable represented Marilyn's father, Marilyn saw her other co-star, Montgomery Clift, as her son, or maybe her baby brother. "If they think I've got troubles, they should look at Monty. He's more messed up than anybody," she would say.

Clift, who was one of Hollywood's best and best-looking young actors, had been horribly disfigured in a car crash. Marilyn said he never got over it. He drank and took drugs all the time. Marilyn felt very protective toward him.

He was the only big name in the cast who was on Marilyn's "side", as she described her conflict with Miller. (Huston, Eli Wallach, and all the assistant directors, cameramen, etc, were on "Arthur's side". Gable seemed to be above all this.) "With all that stuff about me and Yves in the papers, no wonder they all feel sorry for Arthur," Marilyn said. "It makes me look like a tramp. And Arthur looks so hurt, too; God, I don't blame them for hating me. I know he'd never hurt me – he'd do anything. But we're wrong, the two of us – this marriage is wrong. And it's impossible to explain it to the others here. It's none of their damn business. So they just keep thinking it's all my fault, that I'm a mean bitch. I'm not, Lena, you know I'm not."

Marilyn called me, in tears, one day when Clift had been injured during a rodeo scene. "He's so frail and sick, Lena. I hope he'll be all right ... fast. He's the only friend, the only star friend I've got. If he's out sick, I won't have anybody. I'm so scared." Luckily Clift recovered and was good company for Marilyn. "We try to figure out for each other what to do and take to fall asleep," she said. "He can't sleep, either. Monty's just like me."

She often thought she might be in love with him. "He needs me. He needs someone. I'd love to help him. Oh, but he's so impossible." Monty, as she called him, would come over to the New York apartment when he was in town, usually dressed in shabby clothes that looked as if he had slept in them for days. He always had a stubble of a beard and was hunched over. Like a concerned mother, Marilyn didn't think Monty was eating enough. She'd always ask me to prepare a big steak for him, and the minute he arrived she'd lead him to the dining-room table, where a feast had been laid out. He pushed everything aside. All he wanted was caviar and straight vodka, which he drank like water. Sometimes he'd take a pill and wash it down with vodka. Marilyn begged him to eat, but he simply shook his head. He seemed to be in a trance, just drinking, staring, and mumbling a few words to Marilyn.

They would talk about movies, sharing stories about how terrible Hollywood was. They talked about their psychiatrists. Now Monty was going to play one – Freud. That amused both of them. "I wish I could play one, too," she said. "God, you and I know more about psychiatrists than anybody."

However, Marilyn warned Monty about working again with John Huston, who was their director for *The Misfits*.

"He's a mean bastard," she said. "He'll use you. Maybe it's just with me, but I'd be careful."

"Monty needs a woman to love him," Marilyn announced one day. "Just like I need someone." She knew he was good friends with Elizabeth Taylor, whom he never discussed with Marilyn and about whom Marilyn was too proud to ask. Nevertheless, she kept regarding Elizabeth as her chief rival, and sometimes couldn't hide her jealousy. The million dollars Elizabeth was getting for *Cleopatra* continued to annoy Marilyn. Then she brought up a new way in which she was competing with Elizabeth, and losing. "I bet Monty sleeps with her. I bet he does," Marilyn declared. "Why her?"

Suddenly, Marilyn decided that if Elizabeth Taylor could sleep with Montgomery Clift, why couldn't she? She liked him more than anyone else in show business, and wanted him to feel the same way about her. Seducing him became a big challenge for her. On the day he was going to come over, Marilyn had her hair and nails done and picked out a very sexy outfit. Normally, all she wore was her white robe, and she looked as sloppy as Monty. Today would be different.

Marilyn selected a pair of white pants with a matching white silk blouse. Both were skin-tight and revealed every contour of her body. She even wore matching white high heels, and drenched herself with Joy. She gulped champagne to calm her nerves. Monty did a slight double take when he walked through the door. "You've got company," he apologised, thinking he had come on the wrong day. "Only you," Marilyn whispered softly. Monty seemed confused. Instead of sitting at the dining-room table, Marilyn lured Monty to the couch, where she fed him caviar with a spoon. She was sitting nearly on top of him, but he didn't make a move, not even when she sighed and lay down on the couch with her head in his lap. He just kept drinking and mumbling occasionally, as usual. Because Marilyn was so shy, this was absolutely as far as she could go. She told me later that she didn't have the nerve to reach up and kiss him.

Realising that the couch was a dead end, Marilyn soon got up to pour some champagne. Then, holding her glass, she slowly walked back and forth in front of Monty, who was still slouching on the sofa.

Her steps were very self-conscious, her hips swaying in the most alluring way. The light streaming through the windows was certainly to her advantage, showing off her spectacular figure.

As I came in with a caviar refill, Marilyn gave me a hopeless shrug. Then, without notice, Monty stood up and walked over to Marilyn. I watched from the hallway, hoping that she had accomplished her purpose. Her big smile told me that she thought the

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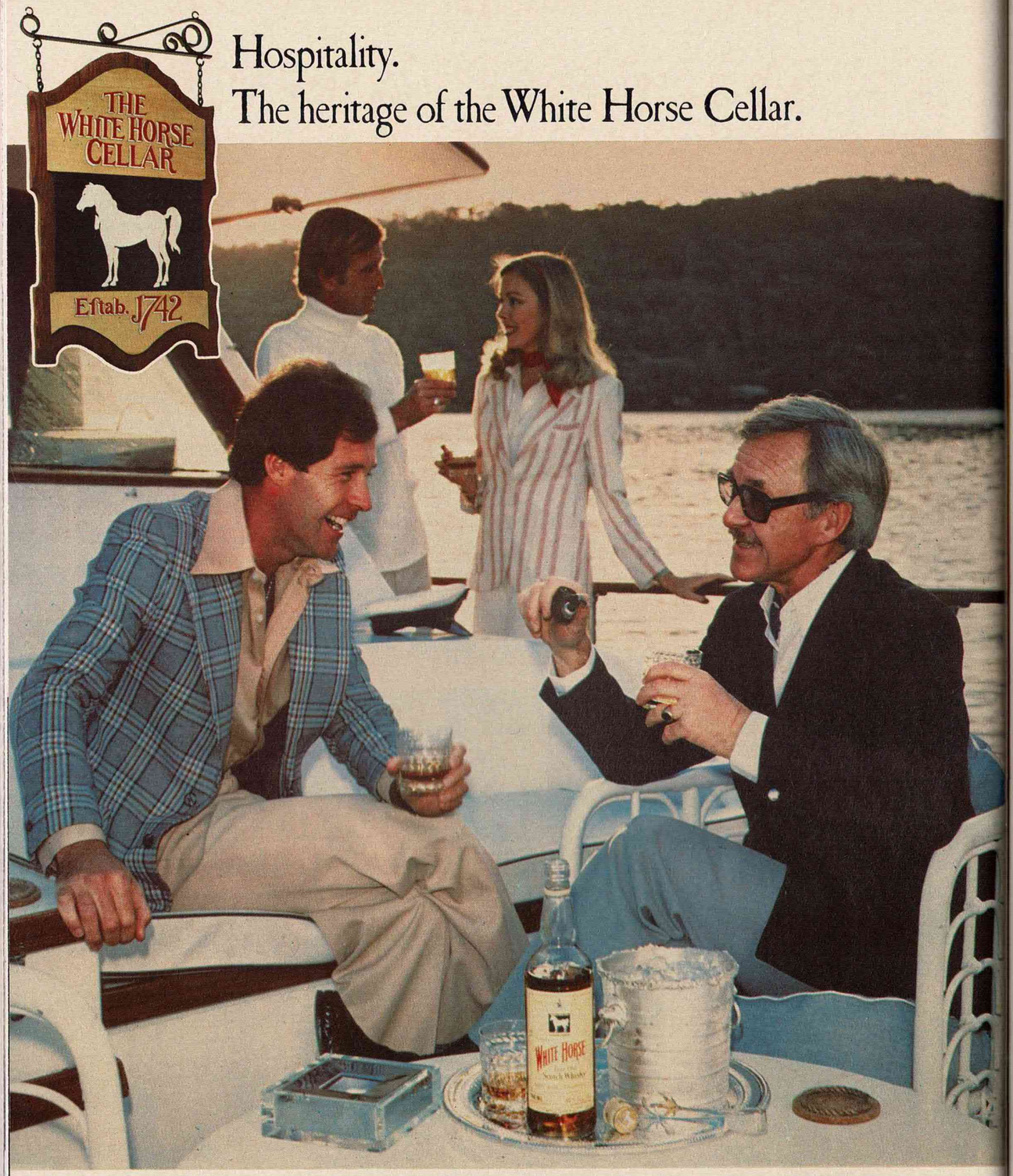

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same. But instead of sweeping Marilyn into his arms, Monty pulled back his hand to give her a teasing swat on her backside. "You've got the most incredible arse," he said, and pecked her cheek. "Listen, I've got to go. See you." As he closed the door behind him, Marilyn fell back on the couch and began giggling.

"I give up, Lena. I tried. Boy, I tried. You know, I kinda doubt that he does anything with Elizabeth Taylor, either. I think I was wrong about that. He's a mess . . . but I still love him."

Marilyn didn't take it personally. She had had a lot of fun trying. She went back to her bedroom and stripped off her clothes. Then she put on a Sinatra record, lay on the bed, and daydreamed away the afternoon.

Even though she struck out with Monty Clift, Marilyn began to be impressed with the idea that she was Hollywood's Queen of Sex. She kept on her diet, took better care of her hair and skin, and never stopped looking in the mirror. "I look pretty good for an old lady in her 30s, don't I, Lena?" she would ask me constantly, while strutting nude before her bedroom mirrors. She did, indeed.

Marilyn even began sending down for copies of PLAYBOY. She'd open the centrefold, look at some girl in her late teens or early 20s, then look at herself. "I'm better," she'd say. "Hmm . . . not bad, even if I have to say so . . . what do you think?" She always needed encouragement. Sometimes she would talk about appearing in PLAYBOY. She was worried that she had been out of sight for too long, and about the bad publicity from her hospital stays. "If I were in PLAYBOY, that would sure make everyone know I'm still around," she would say.

•

One afternoon in December, 1960, two months after Miller had moved out, Marilyn decided to go shopping. New York was aglow with the Christmas season. People were buying gifts for friends and family. Lovers were strolling down Fifth Avenue. And Marilyn was all alone; the divorce would be final in another month. She came back to the apartment, empty-handed and crying. There was no tree, no gifts, no cards. The place was cold and lonely. I felt sorrier for her that day than ever before.

I made her a big Italian dinner to cheer her up. When I returned to her room, she hadn't eaten a thing. She just stared at the food. "Take it away, please," she said. About 7.30 I came back to see how she was. Something told me that I had better watch her closely. My instincts were correct. The curtains to one of the bedroom windows had been pulled open, which was almost never done, for Marilyn liked it dark. And, the window was open. Marilyn was standing before it in her white robe. She normally didn't wear anything in the bedroom, except maybe when there were guests. The only time she even came near the window was to wave goodnight to me. This was more than strange. Both of her hands grasped the outside moulding. It looked as if she might jump.

I ran over and surprised her by grabbing her around the waist. She turned around and fell into my arms. "Lena, no. Let me die," she said. "I want to die. I deserve to die. What have I got to live for?"

"Are you crazy?" I said, closing the window and curtains.

"I can't live any more. What have I done with my life? Who do I have? It's Christmas!"

I had been through this sort of thing with Marilyn about a year earlier. Miller had been away in Connecticut, and Marilyn had gone to dinner with some people from Hollywood. She had given me the night off. When I arrived the next morning at eight, I found her unconscious on her bedroom rug, her face caked with the remains of her dinner, which she had thrown up. Unable to wake her, I called the doctor, a fat, friendly man who came immediately, pumped Marilyn's stomach, and put her to bed.

When May arrived, she called Miller in Connecticut. He rushed back, very concerned. Once Marilyn was awake, she smiled weakly and asked, with all innocence: "What did I do? Oh, am I hungry!" I made her some spaghetti, and after eating it all in an instant, she told me what had happened. She had dressed to go out (I had helped her), but found herself very depressed when no one noticed her at the restaurant. Her companions barely complimented her. They just talked business. She was so unhappy with the evening that she was unable to fall asleep. First, one sleeping pill, then two, then three, but nothing worked. "I got so mad about not dozing off that I just gulped a whole handful. I don't know how many. That knocked me out for sure. But I didn't mean to kill myself. Jesus, I'm not that far gone."

•

Marilyn's self-confidence suffered another serious setback in the summer of 1961. For a long time she had been having problems with her digestion. I had thought all her burping was caused by champagne bubbles, but it was her gall bladder. She went into hospital to have it removed. Although the operation was a success, the scar on the right side of her stomach seemed to shatter her whole view of herself. Her famous white, creamy skin had never had a blemish before, and now here was this nasty-looking scar.

In addition to the scar, Marilyn began to see a lot of other things she had never noticed before. First, her breasts. She used to take pride in how firm they were. Now she decided that they were getting flabby. She discovered tiny stretch marks there and on her backside, probably from gaining and losing so much weight. Her face was beginning to show an occasional line. "I'm getting crows' feet!" she gasped. For the first time, Marilyn could sense that she was growing older. It terrified her.

She returned from one trip to Hollywood with a bagful of brassieres. This was truly something new. The bras weren't ordinary ones. They were really just straps with the cups cut out. When I asked her why she bought them, she explained that she was worried about her breasts beginning to sag. She hoped these would hold them up and, since they were so skimpy, they were as close to wearing nothing as she could get. After about a week, she had thrown them all away. She just couldn't stand underwear.

She had also bought a large number of black and red lace panties. "Guys are supposed to like these," she smiled, holding them up to the light. "Who knows why?" They never got worn, either. Instead, she threw them into a drawer, "for a special occasion". Marilyn had bought lots of new clothes during this period. Because she had lost weight, she fretted that she didn't look "sexy" enough. Consequently, she wore everything tighter and tighter.

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On her 35th birthday, Marilyn told me: "Lena, this year things are going to be better. I can feel it. This is gonna be my year."

At first, it seemed she was right, the year ahead was going to be hers. A couple of months after her birthday, she told me she thought Frank Sinatra was going to marry her. He hadn't asked her, but Marilyn's intuition was usually right. "He's almost ready," she announced in triumph.

Things got worse when Marilyn found out that Sinatra was going out with Juliet Prowse, a stunning dancer from South Africa who was only in her 20s. His apparent preference for a younger woman drove Marilyn into a terrible bout of insecurity. Without him, she saw herself as a has-been. She now began criticising all the young, blonde "imitation Marilyns" that Hollywood was grooming, she feared, to replace her.

She was particularly harsh about Jayne Mansfield, who she believed had had an operation to enlarge her breasts. "At least I'm real," Marilyn

said. But getting older clearly terrified her. She told me that she had nightmares about being a little old lady, all alone in an asylum, locked in a cell. "I started with nothing. I'm going to end up with nothing," she wept.

In the middle of May, Marilyn sang *Happy Birthday* to President Kennedy at a huge celebration the Democratic Party was having at Madison Square Garden. The Kennedy family was another subject of rumors, which Marilyn denied. It was, and has been, frequently whispered that Marilyn was having an affair with President Kennedy, or his brother, Bobby, or both. Marilyn didn't get mad at these rumors. She just laughed. The Kennedys, whom she had met through Frank Sinatra's friend Peter Lawford, were "cute", Marilyn said. She liked them because they were funny and smart. "But they're not my type. They're boys."

Marilyn knew very little about politics, and cared less. Because she didn't read the paper or listen to the radio, she didn't know the Bay of Pigs invasion ever occurred. I remember telling her what a wonderful president John Kennedy was. All she could say was: "Well, he doesn't look like a president."

She got to know the Kennedys far better at parties that Lawford gave. Sinatra and his friends, such as Lawford, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis Jr, had been very active in helping Kennedy get elected and he, in turn, was a close friend of theirs. The Kennedys seemed to enjoy the movie world and their base in Hollywood was Lawford's house.

Marilyn spoke much more about John Kennedy than about Bobby. If he didn't look like her idea of a president, he didn't act like one, either. At least around Marilyn. He was always telling her dirty jokes, pinching her and squeezing her, she said. "That big tease," she laughed affectionately. She told me President Kennedy was always putting his hand on her thigh. One night, under the dinner table, he kept going. But when he discovered she wasn't wearing any panties, he pulled back and turned red. "He hadn't counted on that," she grinned.

Marilyn could never quite figure out why the fun-loving president would be married to the woman Marilyn called "the statue". "I bet he doesn't put his hand up *her* dress," she smiled. "I bet no one does."

Marilyn had other idols in her life who meant more to her. She often listened to Sinatra tunes while standing dreamily in front of DiMaggio's picture. One day I went into her room to hang up some clothes, but I couldn't get near the door of the walk-in wardrobe. In the doorway stood Marilyn, naked, as usual, even though the morning was cool and damp. One of her favorite records, *All of Me,* was playing on the record player near the bed, and she swayed gently from side to side in time with Sinatra's voice. She seemed to be looking at Joe's picture, but her eyes had the faraway expression I had seen in them many times.

Sinatra had given her a little white French poodle. "This is my baby, mine and Frankie's," Marilyn said, cuddling the dog in her arms. She named the poodle Maf, which was short for Mafia. Marilyn always teased Frank about his Italian friends. "They all look like gangsters to me, even though they're not," she laughed. She thought it was a great joke to name the dog after The Mob. "Frankie couldn't stand that name. He said it was dumb to call a French poodle Mafia."

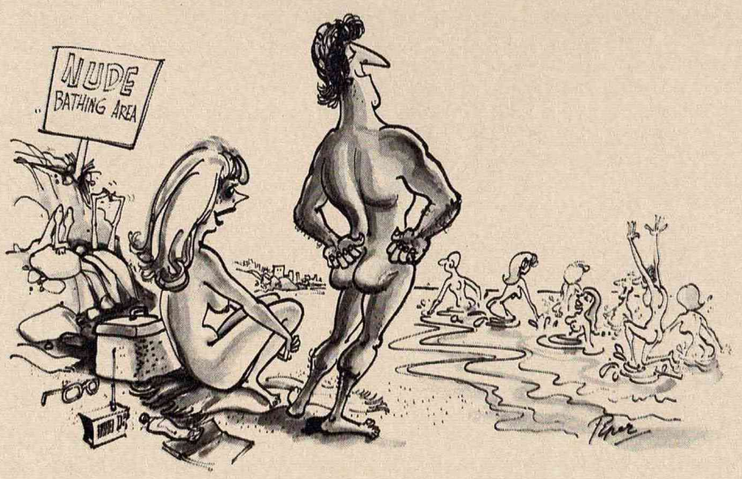
Sinatra and DiMaggio had once been close friends, but Frank evidently said some things to DiMaggio that made him crazy with jealousy. "I'm not sure exactly what Frankie told him," Marilyn said. "He was better friends with Joe then than he was with me. Frankie probably just wanted to tease Joe and figured Joe wouldn't take it too seriously. But Joe couldn't stand it when anyone laughed at him, so he probably let Frankie have it, but good. That was it for their friendship."

After her divorce from DiMaggio was finalised in 1954, Marilyn had gone to live at Sinatra's house until she could settle on a new place of her own. "Frankie and I got to know each other a lot better," she said. Unlike Joe, Frank never discouraged Marilyn in her screen ambitions. In fact, he used all his influence to help her. "It wasn't really anything," Marilyn said of the relationship, "but it drove Joe crazy, plain crazy.

"Frankie had some funny ideas, too. He could be as jealous as Joe." Marilyn told me that her habit of wearing nothing, or very little, around the house hadn't started in New York. "I never liked to wear anything." With a slightly wicked grin, she said that Frank didn't mind her not dressing as long as they were alone. But whenever he had company, that was another matter. On certain evenings when Sinatra had a group of friends over for poker, he told Marilyn to stay out of sight. These were all-boy gatherings.

Marilyn complained that she got bored sitting all alone in her bedroom. "All there was to do was drink," she frowned. One night, she told me, she got so drunk that she totally forgot Sinatra's strict orders. She absent-mindedly wandered downstairs with nothing on to look for him. She said that she was lonely and just wanted to talk to him. After walking through one empty room after another, she finally cracked open the door to the room where the card game was in session. Sinatra noticed her before anyone else. "He hit the roof," Marilyn told me. "He slammed his drink down so hard he broke the glass." Sinatra jumped up and pushed Marilyn out of view before the others could figure out exactly what was happening. "He yanked me aside and ordered me to get my 'fat arse' back upstairs. How dare I embarrass him in front of his friends? I tried to tell him that I thought his friends would like me more than their stupid cards. But I sobered up pretty fast when he looked like he was going to kill me on the spot. From then on, I always dressed up for him. Whether or not anyone was coming over."

Marilyn believed massages were a great way to keep her weight down. Accordingly after Miller moved out, she employed a tall, dark, good-looking



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man to give her massages. He wasn't muscular, the way I thought masseurs were supposed to be, though Marilyn assured me he had "the best hands in the world".

Her massage routine was an odd one. The man came about six in the morning and would be finishing by the time I arrived for work. The exercise would take place on a table in Miller's old study, which had now become Marilyn's gym. Like Miller, Marilyn began keeping the door closed. When I came in, I would hear the craziest giggling and screeching, both from Marilyn and the masseur.

I noticed that Marilyn took a bath before these sessions, and drenched herself with perfume. She would emerge from the study hot, sweaty and naked, though she never bathed afterwards. She just went to bed and slept till lunchtime. Then she awoke with the biggest appetite. "If you get massages, you'll never need another sleeping pill," she laughed. "I'm so-o-o relaxed."

Still another of Marilyn's male friends was her Italian chauffeur, who could have been a stand-in for Rudolph Valentino. Marilyn loved his dark costume and cap, and she referred to him as "The Sheik". She would frequently invite him up for champagne and would ask him to take her for rides, even when she had nowhere to go. The chauffeur, whose name was Johnnie, worked for the limousine service that Marilyn used.

After Miller left, Marilyn used the limousine service less and less. "The Sheik", however, continued his frequent visits. But now he came to see Marilyn as a friend, not an employee. Sometimes they'd lock themselves up in her room for the whole afternoon. Marilyn would usually dress up in a tight, black cocktail dress, put on make-up for him, and have a big tray of caviar and champagne set out for him. Again, the squealing, laughing, and other noises filled the house, but Marilyn never said anything about Johnnie to me. She just winked when he left, and I winked back.

She could sit for hours, talking about movie stars and other men she knew, rating them on their sexiness and dreaming about what it would be like to be their girlfriend. When chatting about her early Hollywood days, she told me that she would have slept with almost anybody who asked her, regardless of their looks. The only real requirement was that they be "nice".

She admitted that she did have preferences, though. At the top of the list were older men whom she could pretend were her father. They didn't have to be handsome, "just warm and strong like a father could be". When I asked her whom she would choose if she could sleep with any man in the world, she didn't hesitate. "Clark Gable," she said, then started to cry.

Aside from older men, Marilyn loved strong, dark Italians. She said that she liked men who took charge, told her what to do, dominated her. "That's why Frankie and Joe are so great. They're the boss."

I said I was surprised to hear this about Sinatra. Joe DiMaggio of course was a powerful athlete, but Sinatra was so skinny and weak-looking. "Oh, no, Lena, he's tough, real tough." Then she broke out into the naughtiest grin. "You know, Frankie and Joe have one thing in common."

"What's that?"

She covered her face with her hands and couldn't control her laughter. "I can't . . . I can't say it."

●

Marilyn was in a good mood in the summer of '62. Her mind was less on former lovers or her career than on the new man in her life, José Bolanos, a Mexican screenwriter. She was besieged with proposals for plays, for Las Vegas floorshows, for nightclubs, for movies. There was too much. She couldn't make up her mind.

She flew back to Los Angeles to be close to José who, she said, flew up often to be with her. She didn't want anyone to know very much, if anything, about their affair. Publicity, she felt, had ruined things with both DiMaggio and Miller. "José doesn't want to be part of a sideshow. He'd leave if he was. I know him." She said that in California they rarely went out and never to places where she'd be recognised.

The privacy seemed to be effective. Near the end of July, Marilyn flew home to New York for a couple of days with exciting news. "He asked me to marry him. I can't believe it." I kissed her and congratulated her with all my heart. "I don't know what to say." Her big smile vanished, as she thought for a long while. "Well, we haven't really talked about what José thinks of my career, where he wants to live. Lena, he's even more jealous than Joe. He might want me to get out of movies, too. Wouldn't that be something? And what if I had to live in Mexico? What am I going to do? I love him."

Marilyn's trip to New York was taken up with some business meetings, clothes purchases and sleeping. "There's no other bed like this one. I just can't sleep the same out there. I'll be so happy to get back here for good."

I stayed with Marilyn late each night, making her different kinds of pasta and veal dishes. "You could starve to death out there," she said, wishing that I could be with her in California. She had a housekeeper, an older woman her psychiatrist had recommended, but Marilyn didn't feel at ease with her. "She's like a spy for him," Marilyn said.

Marilyn didn't take a pill during her entire visit, though she did drink more champagne than usual. She was nervous, very nervous, about Bolanos. As she was going through her closets, she saw the picture of DiMaggio and suddenly began weeping. "If it could only have worked out . . . why, why didn't it? It's insane . . . two people who love each other and won't get married. Maybe if I wait, Joe'll . . . but if he doesn't, then José might leave . . . and there I am again, with zero. And getting older every day." The champagne kept flowing. "Oh, this is so mixed up. I don't know."

I suggested that maybe if Marilyn told Joe about José, Joe might finally give in. "Never!" Marilyn shouted. "He'd just get mad. I know what he'd say. He'd call José a gigolo, or something awful. Joe doesn't think any man can love me except him. He's my best friend in the world. I don't want to lose him. I don't want to lose José, I don't want to lose anyone. Oh, help me, somebody," she cried.

"What about the psychiatrists?" I asked. "I thought they could help."

"No. They're just getting me more confused. Sometimes I think they're full of shit. I don't need a psychiatrist. I need a man."

"Give it time," I urged her. "He's not rushing you, is he?"

"Not really. But he's so moody. He could change his mind tomorrow. I never know what's with him. You're right. We can wait. If he loves me, he'll wait . . . won't he?"

"Sure," I said.

Marilyn may have been mixed up, but she certainly wasn't unhappy. When she left in her white cotton pants and blouse, she looked like a beautiful girl in her mid-20s. Her hair was bouncy, her nails glowed, she even had the beginnings of a California tan from sitting around her pool.

"I'll never be fat again," she laughed. "It doesn't pay." Marilyn gave me a long embrace while we waited for the elevator. "I'll probably be back sooner than you think . . . with lots of good news, I hope. Wish me luck." I did, kissing her cheek. I kept thinking how beautiful she was, how she had overcome all her depressions. Her career looked great. She was in love. She was in high spirits. The last flash of white into the elevator and a softly whispered "bye" – that was it. I never saw Marilyn again.

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Mini Interview

Linda Kerridge

our lovely marilyn monroe look-alike is trying to hitch on to a star of her own

IT IS almost 17 years since Marilyn Monroe, the sex goddess of the '50s whom Truman Capote once described as the American geisha, died a victim of her own insecurities. When Monroe died Linda Kerridge was an eight-year-old stick of a girl, growing up on a 2000-hectare Riverina sheep farm, her baby blues fixed on dolls and horses rather than the stars. It has all changed now that Linda has blossomed into womanhood and into the image of Monroe. For the past couple of years the girl from Wagga Wagga has minced around the world as the reincarnation of Monroe. A rinse to bleach her natural honey blonde hair, a vermilion smear on her pouting lips, a strategically-placed beauty spot, and, turning on her breathless, baby doll voice, Linda can be devastatingly Monroeish. But it has now become a haunting. Linda wants her own identity back and, as PLAYBOY *staff writer* ***Russell Deiley*** *reports: "When Kerridge takes off the mask and the slinky gown, there is a tremendous lot of woman underneath. She is disarmingly honest and unashamedly ambitious. She wants to be a star in her own right, and there is enough high voltage in that neat little package to light up Ayers Rock."*

PLAYBOY: How does a pretty girl like you get swindled into posing daringly for the French magazine, *Lui*?

KERRIDGE: Well, a girl like me is not the same girl who was swindled. That was two years ago. I was so green then I would have made a gherkin look sophisticated. I would never fall for it again. I have grown up since then.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that in the *Lui* spread you wore a bra but no knickers?

KERRIDGE: No. I didn't wear a bra or knickers. But they wanted far more than they got. They weren't hard core pictures. They were more humorous, and they certainly weren't as daring as the pictures the magazine normally runs. The issue in which I appeared was probably the tamest they have ever produced. That was because I freaked out and wouldn't go along with the things they wanted me to do. There were no shots in which I appeared completely nude. There were just parts, the usual parts, of me uncovered now and again.

PLAYBOY: What is today's price for getting all your gear off?

KERRIDGE: No one could afford my price. If somebody offered me a million dollars I suppose I might. But under that price? No way.

PLAYBOY: You have said that look-alikes are a dime a dozen, hideous and gross. Why, then, do you make out as a Marilyn Monroe clone?

KERRIDGE: That was a quote taken out of context. When I went to Hollywood last year the girls I saw who were doing Marilyn were really hideous, common-looking girls. They were coarse. I was talking about them. I wasn't saying that all look-alikes were hideous. Anyway, it is not my prime ambition to be a look-alike. It is just one of those things that happened, a trick of fate.

PLAYBOY: When did you first think you looked like Marilyn Monroe?

KERRIDGE: I didn't. Other people told me I looked like her. I never thought I did. But when I went to Hollywood I thought, well, maybe I do, because people who knew her very well said I really did look like her. Marilyn's make-up man, Whitey Schneider, was one who said he thought I looked very much like her.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't the Monroe thing going before you went to Hollywood?

KERRIDGE: That was because of other people's prodding and pushing. It was just something that snowballed.

PLAYBOY: Was it worth $10,000 to simper through a 30-second TV ad in the Monroe image?

KERRIDGE: It would be worth more now. I would ask for more, but that is an academic question because I wouldn't do any more commercials with Marilyn in mind. They paid me $10,000 when I came back to Australia at a time when I needed the money. So I asked myself, why not?

PLAYBOY: Do you use the products you advertise?

KERRIDGE: No. I use anything. I have to be honest. If there is one thing I can't stand it is people being dishonest. When people ask me things, I like to give them an honest answer.

PLAYBOY: You have been offered the title role in the film, *The Life and Death of Marilyn Monroe*. Will you accept it?

KERRIDGE: No. I have decided not to do any films about Marilyn until I have done some other things. And only then after a long time. I want to make it clear that I don't do things just about her. Bill Harding, the author and criminologist, has written the script for a comic-thriller that I will be in this year. He wants me to star. It sounds good and really funny. A friend of mine in Hollywood is also writing a part for me in a film for American television. It will also be a comedy role. Most of my friends see me doing comedy.

PLAYBOY: One of Marilyn Monroe's biographers, Bill Burnside, says you have the same nebulous quality. Don't you regard that as a rather strange compliment?

KERRIDGE: No. People who knew her see things in me that remind them of her. I don't see that as weird. Nebulous is a compact word that means so many things. Everyone who knows me thinks I am a complex character. It was the way I was born.

PLAYBOY: You have been linked romantically with Jack Nicholson. As a lover or a conveniently celebrated arm to lean on?

KERRIDGE: I think that is something we shouldn't talk about. You shouldn't talk about other people who are famous and try to exploit their names for publicity. If I start talking about him I am exploiting a friendship. My relationship is private.

PLAYBOY: Is that episode over?

KERRIDGE: It is hard to answer that sort of question because you never know what's round the corner. I don't think of people as episodes. I am not never going to speak to him again or anything like that. I haven't seen him for ages. What did we do together? That's getting a bit personal. What does one do? Why does everyone ask me about him? Who hasn't been out with Jack?

PLAYBOY: More names. Jackie Onassis, Margaret Trudeau, Cary Grant, Telly Savalas and Gregory Peck are said to have turned down the offer to be Channel O's last Melbourne Cup celebrity. Why did you accept?

KERRIDGE: Because they refused. Obviously. They wanted someone to gather publicity and I loved the excuse to come back to Australia. The chance to come home was more important than the money or the publicity.

PLAYBOY: When people ask you for your autograph, what name do you sign?

KERRIDGE: Mine, of course. They don't expect me to sign Marilyn or anything else. Most of the people who ask me for my autograph know my name. It is my pleasure to sign. I have quite a following – mainly among teenage boys in London. It amazes me. I suppose they all love Marilyn and the

glamor image. It is the kind of image that is not around much any more. They grew up in a different time among different fashions, and it is something new and something they love. It is not just because I look like Marilyn. They see something else. I present something glamorous to them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you are glamorous?

KERRIDGE: When I try very hard I can be glamorous. I can also be the pits without trying.

PLAYBOY: If beauty is on a 10-to-one scale, how do you rate yourself?

KERRIDGE: I refuse to answer that on the ground that it may discriminate against me. Beauty is something that comes from within. I never feel I look good unless I feel good inside. If you are putting yourself out to be appreciated just from how you look, then people are going to see so many other faults because there is nothing to grab the attention.

PLAYBOY: Is there any part of your body you would like to change?

KERRIDGE: There are always physical parts that people would like to change. But you have to make the best of what you've got. I'm not happy with all parts of my body. There are lots of things I look at and find really icky, but if I feel good about myself and happy with what I am doing then I don't care. It's got a lot to do with confidence.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as saying that you want to live in America because all Americans are nice. Are all the nice Americans men?

KERRIDGE: I said that before I went to America because all the Americans I met here in Australia were nice. I don't now think that all Americans are nice. When I finally got there, I found that 95 percent weren't nice.

PLAYBOY: How do they rate with the people you know in Wagga Wagga and the rest of Australia?

KERRIDGE: It doesn't matter where you come from. I can't say that American men are better than Australians because there is good in both. Americans are very polite. I'll give them that.

PLAYBOY: Growing up in Wagga, were you a tease or the girl-next-door?

KERRIDGE: I was a late bloomer. I was very shy. I was never a flirt. I think I would have liked to have been a flirt, but I was too shy.

PLAYBOY: When was your first date?

KERRIDGE: I was very choosey. I never met anyone who met my standards until I was 15. He wasn't the first person to kiss me. That happened when I was 14 and at a party. It was one of those parties where everyone sits round and you are all supposed to kiss one another. It was the "in" thing. You had to do it to be one of the gang. Mind you, it was a lot of fun. I didn't kiss just anyone. He couldn't be an ugly boy with acne. He had to be cute. My first great love was when I was 16. I was still in high school in Wagga. I went out with him for a while and he left me for a girl with enormous boobs. Rejection brought dejection. I then thought that all boys loved big boobs.

PLAYBOY: What turns you on?

KERRIDGE: I find intelligence and a sense of humor very sexy. Sexuality is all in the mind. It's all total fantasy. I tend to like dark-haired people with hairy chests. But tomorrow I might meet a blond man with an unhairy chest. There is something provocative about dark-haired men, although turning on isn't really a physical thing with me. I am not turned on by bums, legs or muscles.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to diet?

KERRIDGE: No. I eat a lot, drink and stay out late. Every now and again I have a couple of healthy weeks. I can't bear regimentation. I love dancing and it is my favorite exercise.

PLAYBOY: Did you mean to offend the Arabs who wanted to shower you with priceless gems by saying: "Imagine what it would be like ending up in a tent with one of them?"

KERRIDGE: I didn't mind if they were offended or not. I am not looking for a rich Arab. I think you've got to have a sense of humor, and if you do you have to risk the fact that you might insult someone. So many jokes are made about people and you can't give them up just because you might insult somebody. Ending up in a tent with an Arab would be terrible. I can't think of anything worse. Oooh, it would be awful, not in the least attractive, no matter how rich he was. Money is no aphrodisiac to me.

PLAYBOY: Money might not be a love potion, but is it important to you?

KERRIDGE: Money is not the driving force behind me. It is good to have, but I don't like the idea of surrounding myself with a lot of possessions and having a lot of money in the bank.

PLAYBOY: Your career as a boarder at a a girls' private school was short. Why?

KERRIDGE: I am one of those people who attract trouble for no apparent reason. I had a headmistress who loathed me. It was just awful being in an all-girls' school. Segregation is the worst thing that has ever happened to schools. When I left the private school to go to the local high school I thought all my Christmases had come at once. All those boys. It was fabulous.

PLAYBOY: You reckon there are 900 faces to Linda Kerridge. Which one do you like the most?

KERRIDGE: That's difficult. I'm happiest when I am happy with what I'm doing. I am a much nicer person then. I am in a good mood and my sense of humor rolls along and I am fun. I hate myself most when I get depressed.

PLAYBOY: Is it realistic to want to become a great actress without having learnt to act?

KERRIDGE: Learning is imperative and it is something I am doing. Lessons give you confidence. But it is also important to have the basic ingredients. If you don't have the basic talent, it doesn't matter how much teaching you have. You'll never become fabulous.

PLAYBOY: Which actress do you like?

KERRIDGE: There are so many great actresses. I love Shirley Maclaine, Jane Fonda, Goldie Hawn and Judy Holliday. There are some rebels in that lot and I suppose that is significant. I am rebellious in my own way.

PLAYBOY: What do you wear to bed?

KERRIDGE: When I am not living at home I don't wear anything. I can't stand the restriction of wearing something to bed. But if I am at home I wear a nightie. You tend to be a little more conservative when your father, brothers and sisters are around.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever entered a beauty contest?

KERRIDGE: No. I don't believe in them. It's so degrading for a girl to be put up there on a platform and judged and compared with other girls.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer a certain perfume?

KERRIDGE: I am constant to Joy by Jean Patou. I meander on to others occasionally, but that is my favorite.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard yourself as a slave to your work?

KERRIDGE: You have to be a bit of a slave. You have to drive yourself hard if you want to achieve anything.

PLAYBOY: Is there room for marriage and children in your future?

KERRIDGE: If marriage happens it won't be for quite a while. It is totally out of the question for at least six years. I would have to be terribly, terribly happy with a man to have his children.

PLAYBOY: How many men are there in your life at present?

KERRIDGE: I'm not in love with anyone. I have lots of good friends.

PLAYBOY: How many proposals have you turned down and when was the last offer of marriage you refused?

KERRIDGE: I've had quite a lot, but I've never wanted to accept any.

PLAYBOY: Will you marry me?

KERRIDGE: You're just asking me for the sake of the interview. However, I suppose that is the last proposal I have had. But I don't know you, and a girl can't afford to be too free with her acceptances. If I had I would have been married 20 times. But I love being asked. It's the ultimate compliment.

blue water sailors are a strange breed who take a break from the sea only to drink, womanise and share yarns taller than their ships

article **By Reg Potterton**

ALL SAILORS have at one time or another thought that, on the whole, sinking is probably the best thing that can happen to a boat. Only while still afloat can it drive ordinary people insane, and maim and kill. It is difficult to love a boat that leaks all over your bunk when it rains or that diverts the ship's sewage into the food lockers. Boats have been known to do those things and worse. This is not a true romance. It is not romantic to be running before the wind into a nasty, unfamiliar harbor at night, in fog and against

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

Choose your critic.

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"...just a touch of firm acid which nicely rounds out the style"

"...good lift of fruit character on the nose"

"...good big fruit"

"...some evidence of residual sugar"

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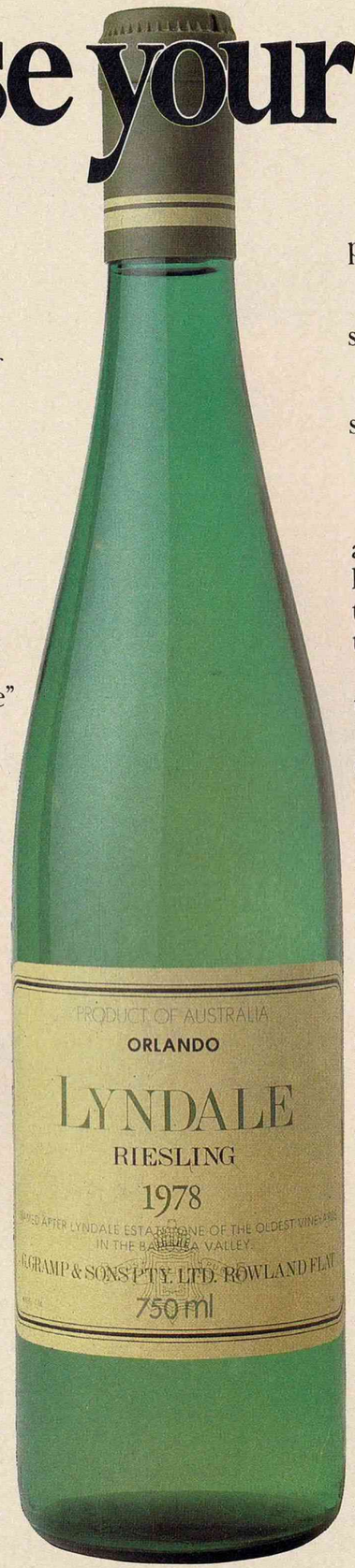
"...balanced with enough acid to give it a clean taste on the after-palate"

"...just a touch of sugar on the palate"

"...fullness more part of the structure of the style"



"...plenty of clean, fresh fruit"

"...light, delicate middle palate"

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While the blend may vary from vintage to vintage, the reviews you read this year, give or take a critic or two, will closely resemble those of former years.

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a foul tide, surrounded by oil tankers, with an engine that has just died and a mainsail stuck halfway up the mast. Some people would say that the feeling you get, once you've made it inside the harbor and are safely anchored, might be described as romantic, but it is not; it is just simple relief, magnified a million times over. Most sailors would agree that one of the best things about sailing is when it stops and you find you're still there. But it is by no means the best thing.

If it were not for the unfortunate fact that living on land makes people go genuinely crazy, perhaps sailors wouldn't go to sea, or at least they'd stay on land much longer. But the land-bound life is a problem: It tends to confuse people with its traffic lights and politics. There is nothing confusing about the sea. It is very complicated, but not confusing.

•

The island of Antigua lies just below the northern end of the Leeward and Windward Islands, a curving archipelago that forms the boundary between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Antigua was once a British island, the site of a great naval base for almost 100 years of uninterrupted warfare between European powers for naval supremacy in the Caribbean during the 18th century.

As everyone knows, the British, who will do anything to avoid speaking a foreign language, came out on top, which also gave them Africa, America, Australia and Asia – at least until the Americans, who really liked the game at first, came up with an entirely different game with guns and shooting in it, all of which meant a busy time for everyone employed in and around the Royal Navy's Leeward Islands Station, Northern Division, English Harbour, Antigua Island.

In Saint John's, the capital of Antigua, there are streets named after admirals Rodney, Hood and Nelson, three legendary figures from naval history. Nelson himself served at English Harbour for three years as captain of a 28-gun frigate. Many years later, as Admiral of the Fleet, he anchored briefly off Saint John's in his epic pursuit of the French fleet from Europe. Learning that it had already gone back the way it came, Nelson took off after it, a one-eyed, one-armed man leading 12 lines of battleships on another 4500 kilometre chase across the Atlantic, all the way to Cape Trafalgar on the Spanish coast, where he was killed, winning.

In the bar of the Admiral's Inn, which used to be the lead cellar and engineers' offices, is a portrait of Nelson: He looks out on the rowdy goings on beneath him, the drinking, the laughter and the talk about boats, and he seems to have an expression of serene detachment on his face, possibly because someone else is paying the bill.

The British hung on in English Harbour until 1899, by which time canvas had given way to the propeller and ships were getting too big to negotiate the entrance. So the navy abandoned the dockyard and sailed off to practise for World War One. The place lay derelict for the next 50 years. The occasional yachtsman might stumble on to it and think he was in some kind of sailing heaven, wandering around the silent buildings, seeing the great cannons that had been stuck into the docks to serve as bollards and hearing the humming of the wind in the rafters of the copper and lumber store. Over the years, people carted away some stone and brick to build houses in the adjacent villages, and a few roofs caved in, but much of it stood up. Now restored and revived, it is again a fully functioning dockyard.

And for the past 11 years, Nelson's Dockyard, as it is now known, has provided the background for an event that may well be the greatest annual celebration in the sailing world today, Antigua Race Week, which is officially known as Antigua Sailing Week, but only to officials. Serious critics of the ocean racing scene, whom nobody takes seriously, have objected that Race Week is nothing but a non-stop party, while others have insinuated that the founders of the event were a notorious gang of shifty castaways whose only ambition had been to promote a yearly binge where they could drink for nothing, fondle women and borrow money – scandalous allegations that have hardly any basis.

Everybody knows that Antigua Race Week is dedicated to the noblest principles of ocean racing, although it is debatable that a sport whose battle cry is "Eat shit and die, arsehole!" can be described as truly noble. Ocean racing elicits great surges of wild elation and ghastly plunges into black misery. It is much like war at sea, except that live ammunition is banned.

•

Race Week is usually held in late April or early May, just before the beginning of the end of the West Indies sailing season. Soon, the northeast trade wind starts to falter and fade; the wind shifts erratically to other quarters, the rains start, and the islands lose the steady breeze of the winter months and occasionally become hot and uncomfortable. In June, the hurricane season starts.

The Caribbean is not at its best in the summer, not for sailors, anyway, some of whom have busy schedules to meet. Charter yachts that work winters in the West Indies and summers in the Mediterranean usually anchor at English Harbour around Race Week to get ready for the passage across the Atlantic, to fix engines, repair sails, recruit crew, haul the boat out for bottom work, if necessary, and stock up with food, fuel and water. Hundreds of boats of all rigs and pedigrees, and from all around the world, arrive to prepare for their onward passages. Most of these are privately owned cruising yachts, ranging in size from the humblest eight metre cutter to 30 metre racing cruisers, and schooners, Baltic traders and the occasional Monte Carlo gin palace with helicopter. Nearly all of them will leave after Race Week, some to cruise elsewhere in the Caribbean, others going to Europe, to North or South America or to the Panama Canal and the Pacific.

In addition to the charter and private vessels are the Race Week celebrities, the racing boats. A big, fast ocean racing boat, something around 25 metres, say, and driven hard in 20 knots of wind, is like an arrow held at full stretch in a taut bow, with great stress exerted by the pressure of the sails through the rigging and down to the deck, where, when things go wrong, human flesh takes the load; things tend to go wrong in a race whenever a boat changes a sail or rounds a mark.

Ocean racing gives hours and sometimes days and weeks of the purest bliss, when the opposition is kilometres astern, the winds are favorable and constant and the seas slide away under the hull in a soothing hiss of foam. People lie in the sun or snooze in the shadow of wind-filled sails on days like those. "I wonder," they are fond of saying, "what the rich people are doing today?" After Antigua, they sail off to the next series of races, which may be thousands of kilometres away. Everyone is getting ready to go somewhere during Race Week.

The week also provides an opportunity for "boat niggers", which is how some sailors identify themselves, to run into old friends and exchange the garbled rumor and blatant slander that constitutes nautical gossip:

"I hear Triumph went down."

"Yeah. A mercy killing. He pulled out the plug in 500 fathoms and rowed ashore in the dinghy. They say the insurance people didn't bat an eye, paid him in full."

"John's looking for a new cook. Legover Lucy's getting off."

"I heard. He told me she once made duck a l'orange in a 50-knot gale and then screwed six guys for dessert. He'll never find a replacement like that."

"Rags was telling me about some charter skipper who got drunk ashore

and stole a horse to swim out to the boat with. He tied the horse to a cleat on the stern, climbed aboard and passed out on deck, but his horse panicked and tried to jump on, too. The owner is asleep with his wife, he hears this racket, comes on deck, finds his skipper drunk and out of it and a horse trying to kick holes in his boat, so he gets in the dinghy, gets a line on the horse and starts towing it ashore. When they get in shallow water, the horse feels the bottom, jumps over the guy in the dinghy and gallops up the beach and into town, dragging the poor bastard and his boat up the main street. The cops pick him up, don't believe a word he tells them and throw him in jail for wearing his underpants on a public street."

"That's the oldest sailing story in the world. Rags is an Australian, right? You know how Australians are."

"And what are you doing for laughs on your boat?"

"Oh, we're waiting for money," comes the usual reply.

Waiting for money! That is the authentic cry of the ocean wanderer. You can go to any anchorage anywhere in the world, and sooner or later you will meet someone sitting on a boat, staring at the water.

"What are you doing?"

"Waiting for money."

People spend months in remote ports waiting for money that's been sent to them but has by some cussing process been diverted to Tasmania or Chile. That is what happens to lucky people, those who still have money to be sent to them. Sometimes, even for the lucky ones, the day dawns when there's no more money, and there the poor yachtsman sits, unemployed, with no resources in the world and a food supply consisting of half a tin of yeast and a clove of garlic.

At times like these, those who are ambitious and unafraid may decide to go into the shipping business: guns on the African and South or Central American coasts, booze for Brazil (where whisky fetches around $30 a bottle) or dope from North Africa and South America. Some people carry diodes and transistors between Fiji and Australia, others run porn in the Red Sea and rock records in the Baltic and Black seas. Three years ago, an 80-year-old Swiss naturalist chartered a 10 metre sloop to smuggle a consignment of 28 illegal parrots from Colombia to Guadeloupe, and tried to talk the skipper into making an Atlantic crossing from Africa with two gorillas and a pair of rare ducks. The skipper had found the parrots rather trying while on the two-week run to Guadeloupe, so he declined and took up chartering in the Virgin Islands.

Most sailing people would no sooner deal in drugs and guns than the average citizen would choose to rob a bank or open a zoo, and when they run out of cash, they often start selling off bits and pieces of their boats or work ashore for a few months to save up something to keep the boat going.

Others become professional "traders" like the resourceful chap with the unidentifiable accent who arrived in the islands last season in a battered old schooner, selling diesel engines that had been removed at night from construction sites in Canada. He also dabbled in Trinidad teak and the Dominican coffee-bean market for a while, and in lean times he made a modest seasonal income by agreeing not to drag the sharks he occasionally caught on to the crowded beaches of various resort hotels. He and his crew of unquestionably psychotic individuals had begun to upset the visitors when they went ashore in the ship's boat, towing a string of dead sharks and loudly assuring some defenceless honeymoon couple from Nebraska that those were just the babies, the big ones had got away.

That gentleman describes his unusual work as "discount shopping". When last heard of, he had run into a spot of bother in Antigua, involving a collision and the brandishing of firearms, and had gone west to the Panama Canal, bound for California, where, as he confided just before leaving, there was absolutely sure to be "a bit of this and that, know what I mean?" going on.

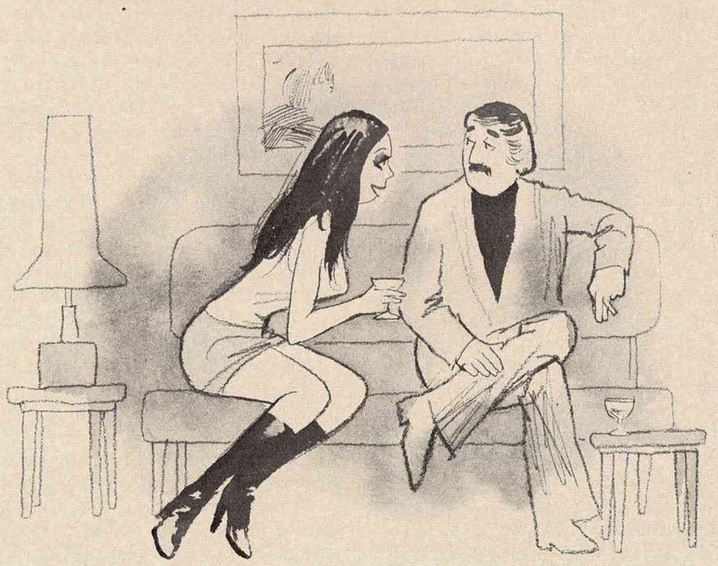
•

It may not be generally realised that all people who live and work on boats eventually become the victims of something called yacht madness. That affliction shows itself in many ways in the sailing world but in the ocean-racing scene most of all, because that is where the aristocrats of yacht madness are to be found.

Those are people who spend their lives racing around the world, across the Atlantic or the Pacific, around Cape Horn, between Sydney and Hobart, from Newport to Bermuda, around the British Isles, from France to Martinique, between the English Channel and the Azores, from South Africa to Brazil. A navy of niggers on the move. One man races across the Atlantic, singlehanded, in a yacht the size of a naval fighting ship; some of his rivals, also singlehanded, are in boats not much bigger than a service lift. Here we come close to the essence of yacht madness.

The rules of yacht racing provide clear evidence that sailors actually appoint madmen to office, so it is pointless to try to explain them. It is enough to say that nobody knows or understands the rules and that they are changed constantly, usually in dead of night. The reason that racing sailors spend so much time arguing about them is that they hope to confuse slower-minded rivals, especially just before a race.

The extent to which the sailing community accepts and respects racing rules may be judged by standing near a race-committee desk, listening to the opinions expressed by people who feel they've been unfairly done down by the decision of some cretinous geriatric on



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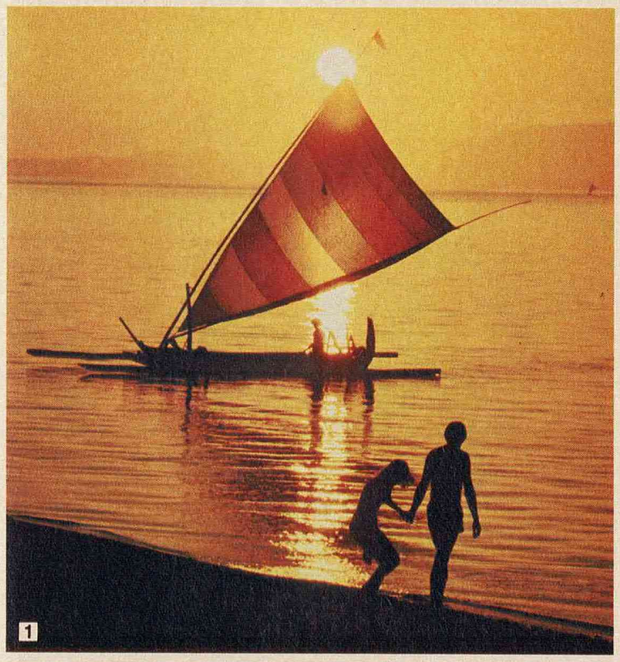

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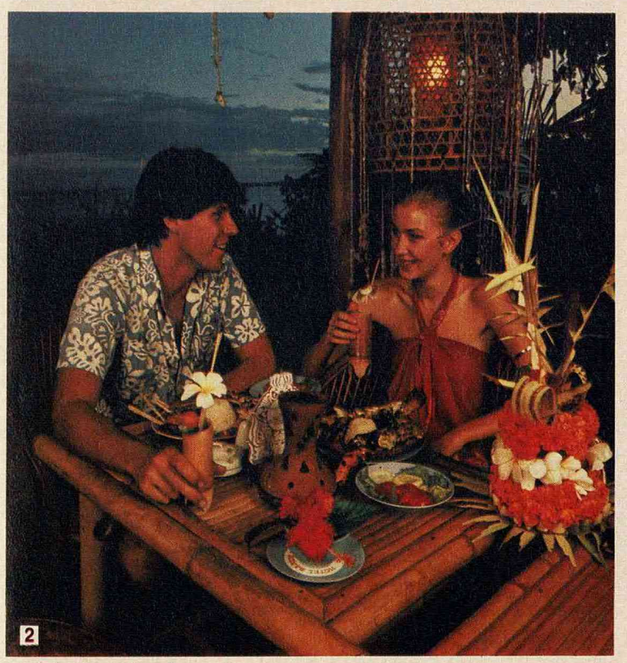

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the committee. Disputes are adjudicated by the protest committee, an assembly of typically flinty types who must decide which of the two liars in a protest is being the more truthful.

Supporters of the rules claim that their stunning complexity keeps the sport free from corruption by the mafia or the communists, all of which may be true; but one of their main functions is to divide competing boats into classes and, within those, to assign handicaps which compensate for differences in size and design. After that, all hell breaks loose.

Antigua week has six racing classes, and those cover everything from the biggest and fastest ocean racing boats in the world, the maxi-boats of around 24 metres, to multi-hulls, traditional boats and other categories in the racing and cruising classes.

•

Half-way through Race Week, one begins to notice that many celebrants display fresh scars. The Frenchman, whose little wooden bateau was so horribly crunched by that big cruising ketch that came rearing up on a rising sea and smashed down, bow first, across the Frenchman's stern; the Frenchman still limps. A woman has her arm in a sling after a collision between two boats in the traditional class. One fool wears a patch over his right eye where he was flailed by a snapping wire cable on a flogging headsail. Very few racing people are unmarked after a week in good winds off Antigua.

During Race Week, sailing people exploit the communal appetite for having a good time by holding an uncountable number of celebrations involving drink, food, music and naked, dripping people. There are end-of-race parties on the beach nearest the finishing line of each day's race, parties at the Admiral's Inn, at the Catamaran Club, at the Yacht Club and at hotels around English Harbour.

It is well known that yachting folk have highly sophisticated parties. One of the sophisticated things they like is the two-man upside-down margarita, where one man lays his head back on the bar and another man pours a margarita down his throat. A leading figure of the Antigua social scene, owner and skipper of a converted mine sweeper, plays military music and drills his guests in marches around the saloon table. Perhaps the most distinguished and original sophisticate to appear on the yachting stage in many a season was the English rock-'n'-roll drummer who was in the islands in 1976, idling away a year's enforced exile from British taxes on his yacht, with paid crew. He would entertain dinner guests by standing on a chair, dropping his trousers and manipulating his genitals to represent what he called living sculptures. " 'Ere, look at this, then: flamingo in flight, how about that? And my masterpiece, last chicken in the shop." He also used his navel to demonstrate a movement called "lady hurdler".

The truth is, all people who live and work on boats eventually turn into loonies, owing to prolonged exposure to the deep and dangerous trouble, frequently attended by maximum panic, that now and then lashes out at them just to keep them on their toes. The finger from the deep, some call it, and during Race Week one meets many victims who have felt its prod. That experience makes some people philosophical and reduces complicated human issues to simple formulas.

"What is it all about?" a man asked a veteran Atlantic sailor, a lady, at last year's Yacht Club party.

"Screws and news," she said.

Maynard, a shipping consultant who had been cruising around the islands for a month, waiting to sail south on Colombian business, disagreed with that analysis. "It ain't screws and news, man, it's toot and scoot."

Maynard works and prospers in the big-money, big-risk field of business boating. He says:

"This is a thing you either want to do or you don't want to do, dig? Ain't no middle ground. I do it as a career, full time. I'm not one of these guys who do it for the one-time quick shot and end up in the slammer. My advice to people who get busted is the same as my advice to my friends: stay loose and remember that when God made time, He made a lot of it. We're all just sitting here in the middle of eternity, so what's the big deal about jail?" Maynard never has to wait for money.

•

On the last day of Race Week, the dockyard is one big open-air party, revolving around the final race, which is open only to boats that have never been launched and that do not exceed about $20 in materials to build. Many of the entries disintegrate at first contact with the water and sink.

In the late afternoon of that Saturday, the Antigua Police Band parades around the dockyard flagpole, plays a few marches and anthems and fires off a rifle volley at sunset. Some say that is in memory of the poor thirsty souls who died waiting for service at the bar of the Admiral's Inn. The premier and the bishop take the salute, deliver speeches and lead the prayers, but it has been a long day and the sound system's not working too well, and while wholesome people may find it a stirring ceremony, others are no longer capable of decent behavior. Those who were there three years ago have not forgotten the young Englishman who climbed the mainmast of a big ketch that was tied up opposite the dignitaries' gallery and removed all his clothes — a disgraceful incident that created an outcry in the press. He was thrown into jail for the weekend and sentenced to two months' hard labor, reduced to a bribe of $68.

If you get locked up before Saturday night, you miss the last fling of Race Week, the ball at the Admiral's Inn. That is when the prizes are given out, champagne flows and the crowd dresses up and dances under spinnakers that have been suspended above the floor and ripple in the evening breeze. At the ball, however, some people don't look at all well.

"I can't talk now, my mescaline just kicked in," says one battered sailor.

"Judy split with some Italian boat to Panama right after breakfast. I wonder if she knows she's got my passport," another mutters. Snippets of conversation testify to the life ...

"Nobody can get sense out of him when he's like that. He just rolls his eyes and says he's got a loose cannon on deck."

"But if you just stick to rum on its own, you don't get the same kind of hangover you get when you mix rum with champagne, beer, whisky, gin and tequila. That's what made you want to eat crickets."

"There's nothing we can do to help, he's so far gone he's on the way back."

"She had a T-shirt with the message ONLY SAILORS GET BLOWN OFFSHORE, so I asked her if she made house calls."

"Or I could go to Bermuda and do the dinghy races, if I could get a lift there. Failing that, Camelot leaves for the Pacific on Monday, and they're still looking for a couple of guys . . ."

•

In the aftermath of Antigua Race Week, most people sit around for a while, staring into space, trying not to make sudden movements. Then the boats gradually slip away.

For it's not the romance of the sea that draws sailors but the reality, and one of the more obvious realities is that a boat, no matter what the size, means freedom. If you've got one, you just have to get in and shove off. At Antigua Race Week last year, there was a smallish boat that did well in her racing class. She was called Sujimo, and her owner was a middle-aged American who was, in a modest way, justly proud of her performance.

"Sujimo. Is that a Japanese name?" he was asked. "No, it's American," the man courteously replied. "It means Screw You, Jack, I'm Moving Out."

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1979 VFL PREVIEW

the knockers dismiss the code as a mania confined to only a couple of states . . . but the fans' passions run higher and higher as players vie for the most glittering prize in australian sport

A TRIUMPHANT David Parkin, Mr Nice Guy of Australian Rules Football, untangled himself from a mess of brown and gold streamers, scarves and cascading champagne to announce to a live audience of 101,000 and three million television fans: "This side will become the greatest Hawthorn has ever had. It will prove that beyond all doubt by doing something no other Hawthorn side has ever done – win two flags in a row." His forum was Australia's only superbowl, the Melbourne Cricket Ground last September, and the occasion which stirred Parkin to uncharacteristic lyricism was the Hawks' second VFL premiership in three years. Six months later, the Hawthorn team which won Australian sport's most glittering prize is having to put its muscle and skill where Parkin's tongue led them in the early spring of '78.

Many a side has learned to its embarrassment that there is often many a slip between the euphoria of a

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grand-final victory and the crucial opening rounds as defending champions. Every other team in the competition to meet Hawthorn this season will regard the game as a mini-final. Defending that mountain is tough. Essendon, first-past-the-post winners in the VFL founding year of 1897, found it tough. They were knocked off by Fitzroy in the 1898 grand final, first of the annual rituals that today command a national audience second only to that of the Melbourne Cup.

Richmond were the last back-to-back winners. They took the flag in '73 and '74, but the effort blunted the Tigers' claws. The glorious combination of '74 was on the ebb a year later and an also-ran in '76. A '77 revival burnt out in the sorting-out rounds of the finals.

The pressure on players and coaches in this most professional of all football codes mounts every year – off, as well as on, the field. The VFL competition is a multi-million dollar, 365-days-a-year business. Gone are the days when Melbourne footballers were satisfied to be Saturday night heroes to be feted and lured to bed. The top players now consider themselves superstars, and with cheque book arrogance the clubs have written the term into the six-figure vernacular of Melbourne football.

During the so-called silly season – a phrase that has taken on a new, mercenary connotation these past few summers – Geelong made no secret of the fact that it was prepared to pay $100,000 for a ruck rover. And even that kind of money was not enough to entice East Fremantle's Brian Peake to cross the Nullarbor. North Melbourne admitted with more pride than anguish that their versatile champion and current Brownlow Medallist, Malcolm Blight, doesn't pull on his boots for less than $1400 a match. Leigh Matthews, Hawthorn's prolific goal-scoring rover, reckoned $50,000 was a reasonable figure to change clubs. Lethal Leigh, however, had no intention of deserting the Hawks.

Although most clubs finished in the red last year, the deficit budgets have not been reflected in their off-season spending. By the time the transfers, horse-trading and the in-and-out-of-court squabbles were over, the money-watchers figured about $2 million had changed hands. And keeping a very close eye on the wheelings and dealings was the taxman, who is cutting an investigatory swathe through players' earnings. (Players from the 12 clubs face an estimated $300,000 tax payout for last year.)

As Ivan Moore, secretary to the Hawthorn high-riders, says: "We have a lot more to worry about this year than just playing football. In some cases we will have to give assistance to players to meet their tax commitments as well as working out new methods of payment." Moore is justifiably worried about the effect the treasury hunt will have on the on-field performance of the Hawks.

Now that the new season's opening skirmishes are over, the matches in the weeks to come will prove whether the various clubs were successful in finding the right recipes in the pre-season mixing. Shortly before the season began, they were all confident that 1979 would be their year . . .

•

Young men have grown to manhood, married and begun families since Melbourne reigned supreme as VFL champions. The Demons last won the flag in 1964 and that was also the last time they appeared in a final. It was the end of the salad days. Melbourne had cleaned up in '55, '56 and '57, were runners-up in '58, and bounced back as premiers in '59, '60, and '64. Since then, however, it has been downhill for the Demons, with the club's strength sapped by a combination of blind allegiance to tradition and complacency.

Last season Melbourne bottomed with a clutch of players – including brilliant captain Greg Wells – looking for a way out. "We left too much to too few," conceded secretary Ray Manley. "Morale was undermined." End-of-year committee elections saw former Lawn Tennis Association of Australia boss Wayne Reid elected chairman. The man who lifted Australian tennis back into the international mainstream stacked his new committee with ex-players – now all successful businessmen – and masterminded a rebuilding program.

First off, Wells was appeased and not only agreed to stay but signed a three-year contract. St Kilda's iron man, Carl Ditterich, who did a three-year sabattical with Melbourne between 1973 and 1975, has been wooed back as captain/coach bringing another Saints star Glenn Elliot with him. Collingwood discards Wayne Gordon, John Dellamarta and Phil Carman were snapped up to give Melbourne the most solid look in years. Melbourne have high, if not Everest, hopes. "We are looking for a place in the five. Anything more will be a bonus," Maley said.

•

It has been said that to take sides against Collingwood will give you a 50/50 chance of a smack in the mouth. In rougher days you might even have ended up with a cracked skull or a broken leg. Certainly no club has a larger or more faithful following than the Magpies. No club has produced more legends, nor won four flags on the trot, and no club can guarantee a grand final sell-out like Collingwood.

The Magpies have a regular booking among the final five, but in recent years the Collingwood Collywobbles have struck cruelly with glory just a kick away. Coach Tom Hafey finally decided to lay the ghost last season. On the premise that his team's disappointing performances had more to do with his players' lack of dedication than superstition, he decided to put stalwart Woodsmen like Len Thompson, Phil Carman, Max Richardson, Wayne Gordon, John Dellamarta, Shane Bond and Robert Hyde on the transfer list. It was Collingwood's biggest gamble in 20 years. The discerning Victoria Park crowd will soon let Australia know whether Hafey's new heroes – Bill Valli, the 27-year-old Perth player the Sandgropers regard as the new Mike Cable, Ross Brewer, Barry Price, Michael Woolnough and Stuart Atkin – come up to the mark.

•

Out in Melbourne's west in Footscray territory, the Bulldogs were making promises and arguing the toss with Norths over the future of ruckman Gary Dempsey. As one sceptic said: "The Bulldogs have made so many promises down the years they should write 'This will be the year' into the club song." Surely the promises were idle last season when Footscray touched greatness with a VFL record score of 33 goals and 15 behinds against St Kilda and then despair by finishing second last on the ladder.

It was a low point in three turbulent years during which 18 top-ranking officials resigned – two of them, Dick Collinson and Dr Tony Capp, on the tail end of death threats. The new administrative triumvirate of president Charlie Sutton, general manager Jim Allison, and coach Don McKenzie has established a new order with potentially lucrative sponsorship deals, an ambitious $9 million development plan for Spurling Reserve and a modern administrative system.

Time alone will tell whether old Bulldogs such as Robert McGhie, who has returned to the Footscray fold from Richmond, former Swan Stephen Hoffman, and their squadron of squires, led by David Mason, Richie Kennedy, Craig Knox, Shane Loveless and Andrew Pollett, can fill the club's 1979 promise of victory.

•

Richmond began the season under a new coach, Tony Jewell – a harsh disciplinarian stepping into the soft-leather slippers of gentlemanly Barry Richardson. It was the classic move: if the thoughtful, coaxing technician

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fails, try the boots-and-all coach. Based on his success with Richmond junior teams, Jewell was a natural in a year of change. Loyal Tigers can be sure that Jewell, who played a sterling back pocket role against Geelong in Richmond's '67 grand final victory, will stiffen his team's defence.

In finishing seventh last year, Richmond were the second-highest scoring team in the VFL. If Jewell can get their defensive act together, the Tigers' roar might once again echo through the Melbourne football jungle. With two of Australia's top rovers in Kevin Bartlett and Robert Wiley to keep the machine rolling through Alan Edwards, Bryan Wood, Michael Roach and Stephen Mount as a complement to a more rugged defence, Jewell has an abundance of thread to weave his own brand of magic.

•

There were times last year when Geelong were convinced it was going to be their year, particularly when a late, second-round collapse by Richmond ushered the Cats into the final five. But Geelong's dreams were dashed on the practice field a few days before the sudden-death semi-final against Carlton. Winger Michael Turner and centre-half back Paul Jeffries were injured in that rehearsal, and an earlier suspension of David Mason meant that Geelong began that knock-out match against Carlton way behind. They weren't helped by the loss of No 1 ruck rover David Clarke, with a crippling injury early in the match.

Coach Rodney Olsson learned a salutary lesson in that critical week. This year he is adamant that Geelong will finish at least two spots higher among the semi-finalists. Rugged practice matches will also be out. As straight a shooter as you will find in the league, Olsson is now in his fourth year with Geelong. He has the confidence of a very solid team, and the players have his. If they can put it all together more consistently, Geelong, who have snared the super athlete from Perth, Ramsay Vogunavich, might well be the team to get on at attractive odds.

•

After 35 years in the wilderness, a club is inclined to try just about anything to relive the glories of its history. Fitzroy's signing of Bill Stephen as coach might not fit into the "anything goes" box, but to some Lions loyalists it must have gone very close. Stephen has twice coached Fitzroy previously, and twice he has been asked to leave in controversial circumstances.

The young Fitzroy team has grown up together in the school of bruises. Next spring could just see them flower, particularly with the cross-pollination of experience with the signing of Collingwood's Max Richardson, the former Geelong half-back, Kevin Higgins, Demon Peter Keys and Jerry McCarthy from Hawthorn. There is a more rugged look about the '79 Fitzroy line-up, which, for the first time in recent years, boasts a goal-to-goal line to compare with any other in the VFL.

•

There are but two honors that have eluded Alex Jesaulenko — three third placings are as close as he has gone to winning the Brownlow Medal, and he has never captained Carlton to a premiership. While his Brownlow hopes have dimmed with the years, he can still lead the Blues to a VFL flag.

Jesaulenko also took over the coaching duties early last season when Ian Stewart had to resign through ill-health and celebrated his elevation by leading the Blues to 14 wins on the trot and into the finals. And Jesaulenko has the material to bridge the gap this year. All of last year's squad will be back on deck and Carlton are expecting great things from their former Sturt half-back flank, Robert Klomp, and their Rhodes Scholar, Michael Fitzpatrick, who will be back full time in the Blues ruck.

•

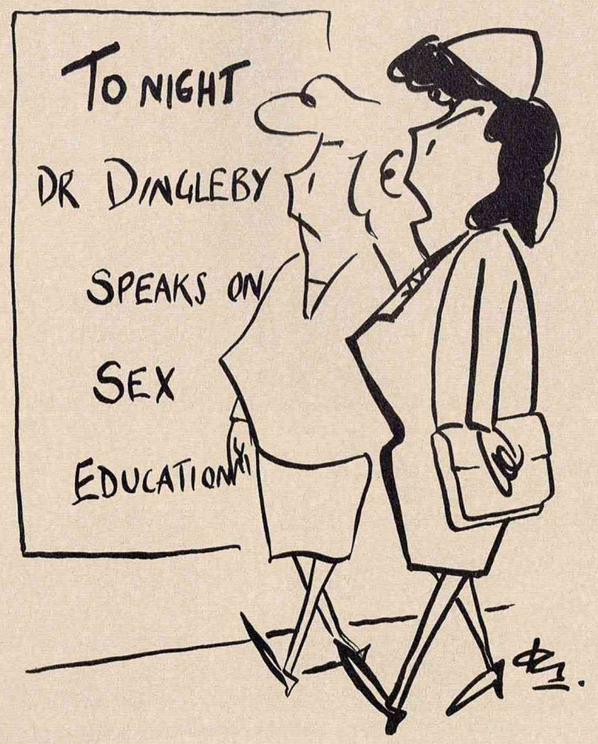
A question mark still hovers over that most enigmatic of the 12 teams, Essendon, and the Howard Hughes of the VFL, coach Barry Davis. In a game studded with extroverts, Davis is the odd man out. He is as private as Ron Barassi is public.

His unusual methods haven't been all that successful and last year, after being knocked out of rhythm in an early, violent clash with St Kilda, the Bombers disappointed to finish well down the ladder. Not that Essendon's failure could be blamed entirely on Davis's coaching. Many of the club's problems stemmed from the make-up of the team, which was overloaded with young, inexperienced blades who were constantly outwitted by older heads. The off-season buying was designed to give Davis a better-balanced team this year.

North's Peter Keenan, Collingwood's Robert Hyde and interstate buys in Barry Day from West Perth and Alan Reid from East Fremantle will give Essendon that much-needed starch and physical strength.

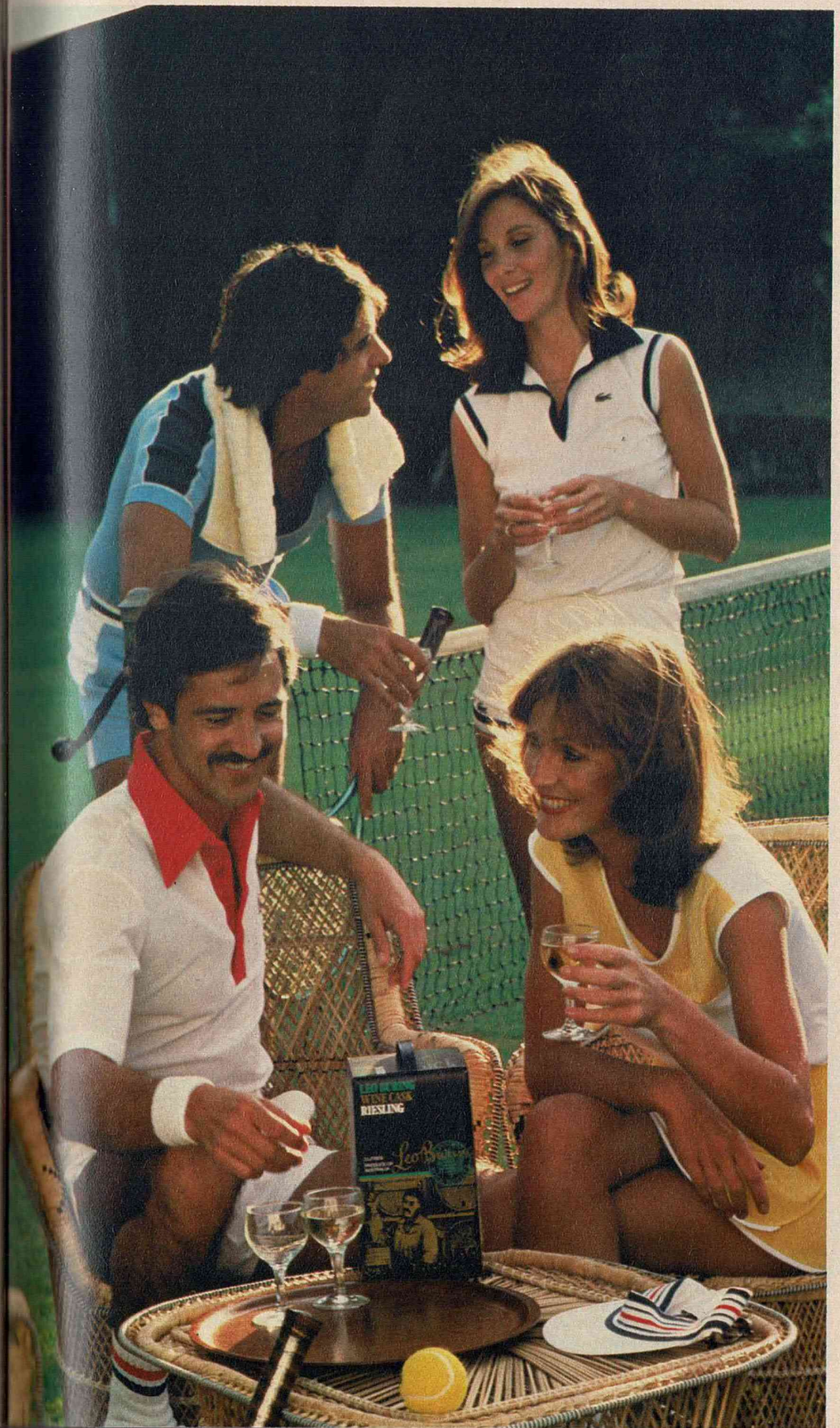
•

St Kilda just missed out on the five last season but, after a disastrous wooden spoon award in 1977, the Saints are still feeling the pinch of the financial strain that goes hand in hand with failure. Nor will things look very familiar out Moorabbin way this year with big Carl Ditterich off the scene. Ditterich's defection loads enormous



"I hear he stood up, said 'Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure', then sat down."

Leo Buring goes to all the best tennis parties.



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responsibility on to the other half of the St Kilda deadly duo, Barry Breen, but club secretary Ken Murphy is confident that, with support from the likes of Jeff Sarau and Garry Sidebottom, Breen will cope.

With an eye to the future, St Kilda blooded 11 youngsters last season and Murphy is confident that under the guidance of Breen and company the young Turks will fire this year.

•

Whatever on-field dramas unfold this year for South Melbourne will be matinee stuff compared with the summer madness that centred on the appointment of Ian Stewart as coach while the irascible Des Tuddenham still had a year of his contract to run.

The stand-off was resolved at the eleventh hour. Tuddenham was paid off; Stewart, three times Brownlow Medallist, was confirmed; and the Swans prayed that the schisms that developed last season would close. The signs are that it will be a happier year.

Talented ruckman Ricky Quade is back in the fold after retiring amid the gloom of the Tuddenham shadow and others – notably Graham Teasdale, whose form plummeted last year – have regained their confidence. If they can get their act together again, and if West Adelaide import Dexter Kennedy and wily Woodsman Len Thompson add the zip for which Stewart is searching, the Swans might fly again.

•

Already the educated money suggests that North Melbourne and Hawthorn will once again fight out the grand final this year. Norths have made some controversial buys to blend into an already slick outfit, but secretary Ron Joseph has no doubt that two 29-year-olds from interstate – Graham Cornes, a Glenelg-honed forward pocket and Russell Ebert, a ruck rover from Port Adelaide – will slot smoothly into the machine.

Joseph is also confident that Footscray's key man, Gary Dempsey, will be playing in the blue and white guernsey this season and, with supercool defender David Dench back with two sound legs, the Roos are favorites to win their third flag in five years.

The key to Hawthorn's season will lie in the form of the group of exciting young players who made such an impression in their first full year as seniors last season. If the young gamecocks of the ilk of Terry Wallace and Robert Dipierdomenico, who performed so outstandingly in the last grand final, can kick on, then Hawthorn might just confound the experts and pull off David Parkin's dream of winning two flags in a row.

A $34,000 business decision shouldn't be made on assumptions.

The following questions are designed to challenge some commonly held assumptions regarding the Mercedes 450SEL and the Jaguar XJ5.3

Are you right in assuming the Mercedes is more powerful than the Jaguar?

No. In fact the Jaguar's V12 engine develops 182kW (DIN) at 5,250rpm, while the Mercedes V8 develops 147kW (DIN) at 4,750rpm.

Does the Mercedes develop more torque (pulling power)?

No. The Jaguar's fuel injected V12 produces 364Nm at 4,500rpm, while the Mercedes V8 345Nm at 3,000rpm.

Does the Mercedes get away quicker?

No. The Mercedes 450SEL takes 15.1 secs to reach 110km/h which is considerably slower than the Jaguar XJ5.3 which takes a mere 10.8 secs.

Well, surely the Mercedes has the superior ride?

No. When comparing the Jaguar XJ5.3 and the Mercedes 450SEL the authoritative 'Wheels' magazine said: "The greatest compliment that can be paid to the Jaguar is that it also has the best ride. Perhaps the best ride in the world... Jaguar engineers...have refined dynamics to a new plane..."

In the event of an accident, what about safety features?

Both Jaguar and Mercedes are obliged to meet identical safety requirements. To their credit, both cars exceed these requirements comprehensively.

Does Mercedes provide more genuine interior luxury?

No. Says 'Wheels' magazine. "The Mercedes-Benz interior fails to convey the impression of luxury that most people expect from such a car.

"The Jaguar, by contrast, reeks of a small, intimate club...the interior is extremely tasteful...the facade is brilliant."

Quietness. The Mercedes must surely be quieter than the Jaguar?

No. 'Wheels' tested both cars for noise up to 160km/h and concluded. "The Jaguar is easily the quietest..."

In light of the preceding, would you be right in assuming the Jaguar XJ5.3 costs considerably more than the Mercedes 450SEL?

No. At around $48,502 the Mercedes costs nearly $15,000 more than the Jaguar at around $33,560.

Would you now like a more comprehensive comparison between these two fine cars?

If your answer is yes, write for our free 32 page booklet "The Luxury Car Comparison" plus 'Wheels' Magazine's comparative road test. Write to Russell Turnham, Jaguar Cars, PO Box 346, Bondi Junction, N.S.W. 2022.

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HOW NOT TO BLOW A JOB INTERVIEW

ONCE upon a time, when booze was cheap and wildcat prospectors were stubbing their toes on bonanza lodes and life was easy, choosing a job was a snip. Those were the days when it was the boss who tugged the forelock, the employee called the shots and changing jobs was the craze. Memories.

Today, reality is the dole line for many, with all the insecurity, agony and frustration of trying to find a job. Throughout the nation thousands are skipping the front and sporting pages of the newspapers, turning directly to the *situations vacant* columns, and then – clutching references that focus on the high points of a chequered career – hot-footing it across town to be first in the queue. The first these days, however, may be the last – victims of a new malady which US author Don Berliner calls Reference Ricochet.

OLD SCHOOL TIE SUPPORT

By his analysis in his eruditely titled *Want a Job? Get Some Experience: Want Experience? Get a Job,* Berliner weaves a tangled web of the RR scenario. You supply the prospective employer with the names of your most biased referees. They are a select band of old schoolmates who've collected letters after their names, maybe a charitable parson and successful friends whose backs you've scratched along the way. The sort of people Berliner describes as "super refs".

This is the stage at which the classic Reference Ricochet comes into play. Unless he got his own job under false pretences, the personnel manager on whom your wage-earning destiny depends gets on the blower and begins listening to one of your hand-picked super refs recommending you as a candidate for a life peerage.

He then matter-of-factly asks for the name of a mutual acquaintance who might vouch for all your sterling qualities. One call will lead to another until someone from your past innocently opens a can of worms. Maybe you had forgotten the old executive who greased the ladder after you propositioned his wife, but someone along the line will have remembered.

Berliner's advice on self-protection is to sharpen your ability to read between the lines of your resumé of career credits. Beneath the straight line of breaking surf, the undertow swirls. Three years' service as a subaltern in Her Majesty's armed forces sounds great until the delving personnel manager discovers you left the army for your fellow officers' good when the CO objected to your running a book on Baghdad Note's Melbourne Cup. Berliner recommends that the serious job hunter's best defence against Reference Ricochet is to be tight-fisted with references. Don't volunteer information that could rebound. Offer to supply references only if they are requested. In that way, if the company in which you're interested asks for some references, you'll be able to find out how many and what kind they want. The less expected from you, the less chance of bringing yourself undone.

A NEED TO BE CANNY

Colin Bain, managing director of Australia's largest employment agency, Westaff BSB, agrees substantially with Berliner on the need to be canny with references, but not for the same reasons. "Australians give references too readily and depend too much on them," he says. "No skilled personnel manager will depend on a single reference or group of references in deciding who will or won't get a job. He is much more likely to research an applicant's previous work record."

But he agrees totally with Berliner in warning job hunters against the pitfalls of the name game. Hulking Ernie Terrell discovered that in a Houston ring in 1967 when Muhammad Ali (whom Ernie persisted in calling Cassius Clay) kept the big boy on his feet for 15 rounds while cutting him to pieces and all the while asking: "What's my name?" People in authority don't take kindly to others taking liberties with their names. Some bosses, prospective and current, like to call their underlings by their given rather than their surnames. But beware – the informality on his part is likely to be strictly unilateral.

POLITENESS PAYS

Don't take the bait. Let him call you Dave, Basil, Charlie or whatever he likes, but you stick to the time-honored Mr Brown or whatever until he invites you to do otherwise. Similarly, don't be obsequious. A litany of yes and no sirs are, unless the boss happens to be a retired major, bound to bounce you.

And in these days, when women themselves cannot make up their minds about how they prefer to be addressed, watch your tongue if the person on whose decision your immediate working future rests is a lady. The bases labelled Miss, Mrs and Ms are loaded. When in doubt, stick to Miss – it's safer and, being in the control seat, the lady will soon let you know how she wishes to be addressed. Moreover, if the lady happens to be attractive, don't take her invitation to loosen your tie or remove your jacket as a passport to her bed.

In all prospective job situations, it pays to keep your head if you want to get a leg in.

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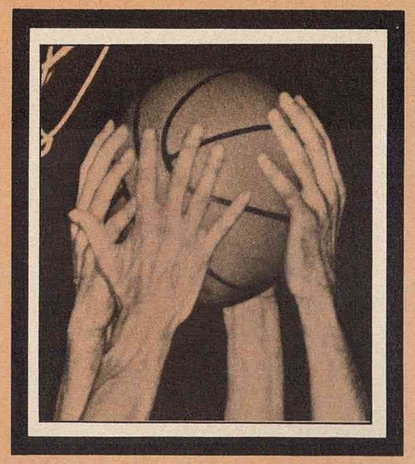


A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

THERE was once a Chinese-Scotsman who had the weirdest way of getting his rocks off. He used to pedal for hours on an old Raleigh roadster (his Chinese face inscrutable and his knobbly Scottish knees pumping glimpses from beneath the Royal Stuart tartan) in search of girls hurling their hams round netball courts. When he had found his mark, he'd whip his old Canon out from under his sporran to freeze the more revealing athletic poses for his fantasy gallery.

Kinky thrill seeker he might have been, but that old hybrid netball freak now takes his place in history as the Macfucius of the emerging concept that regular sport is the ultimate in sexual foreplay. The kinky chink's sex drive may not have been thought of as sport or a turn-on for natural appetites until a growing number of young chaps began singing the praises of squash – the sweaty, not the garden, variety – as the perfect aphrodisiac. They had been torturing themselves on the squash court in the cause of fitness for years, but only recently did they appreciate the fringe benefits strung in the fastest racket in the land. The earth began to move for one when he met a girl at a party and discovered they had a mutual interest in squash. They set up a game for the next night.

VIBES BOUNCE OFF EACH OTHER

"Something started when I saw her walk out of the changing room," he said. "She had fantastic legs that disappeared into these itty-bitty shorts. She wore a T-shirt teaser with the nipples showing through. It just kept building from there. Warming up, slowly at first, then building up the pace, criss-crossing the court, bumping into each other every now and again. Jeez, was it arousing. I never had any doubt how I wanted to end the night and, as it turned out, neither did she."

If, indeed, man and woman bounce vibes off one another during athletic participation, then the sexual revolution has taken another turn. Maybe Norm's *Life. Be In It* campaign has overshot the most obvious signpost to healthy, enjoyable exercise. Should we be spending less time at the movies, the discos and restaurants with the women in our lives and more time with them on the tennis court, in the gym or side by side on the jogging circuit?

Don't, for pity's sake, press your bird into making up the numbers in next Sunday's friendly football match. She is bound to become a little aggrieved if one of your stale-breathed mates keeps touching her in regions she has reserved for your hand. But individual sports such as tennis, squash, table tennis, ski-ing, jogging and scuba diving, in which body contact is either accidental or subtly evocative, are another ball game.

There are obvious plusses, too, in the type of dress – or lack of it – demanded by most sports, especially the explosive, blood-warming kind like squash and tennis. If, for example, you can persuade the bird you meet at tonight's party to see you next on the tennis court, she is going to be showing a lot more skin than you will see if you pursue the traditional first-date path of a candle-lit dinner and a light supper in the grooviest jazz den. Sure, the distractions of a suggestive thigh and the independent actions of bra-less boobs are going to force you to miss a few shots, but what the hell. Only a cretin would build himself up as a John Newcombe. And chances are the bird on the other side of the net will be just as turned on by the flesh tones of tennis.

SOUND BIOLOGICAL REASONS

As for that old coaches' tale that vigorous physical exercise is a substitute for sex . . . humbug. Talk to any genuine jogger and he'll tell you that when he's finished his run, cooled off, and his pulse rate is back in low gear, he is at his randiest.

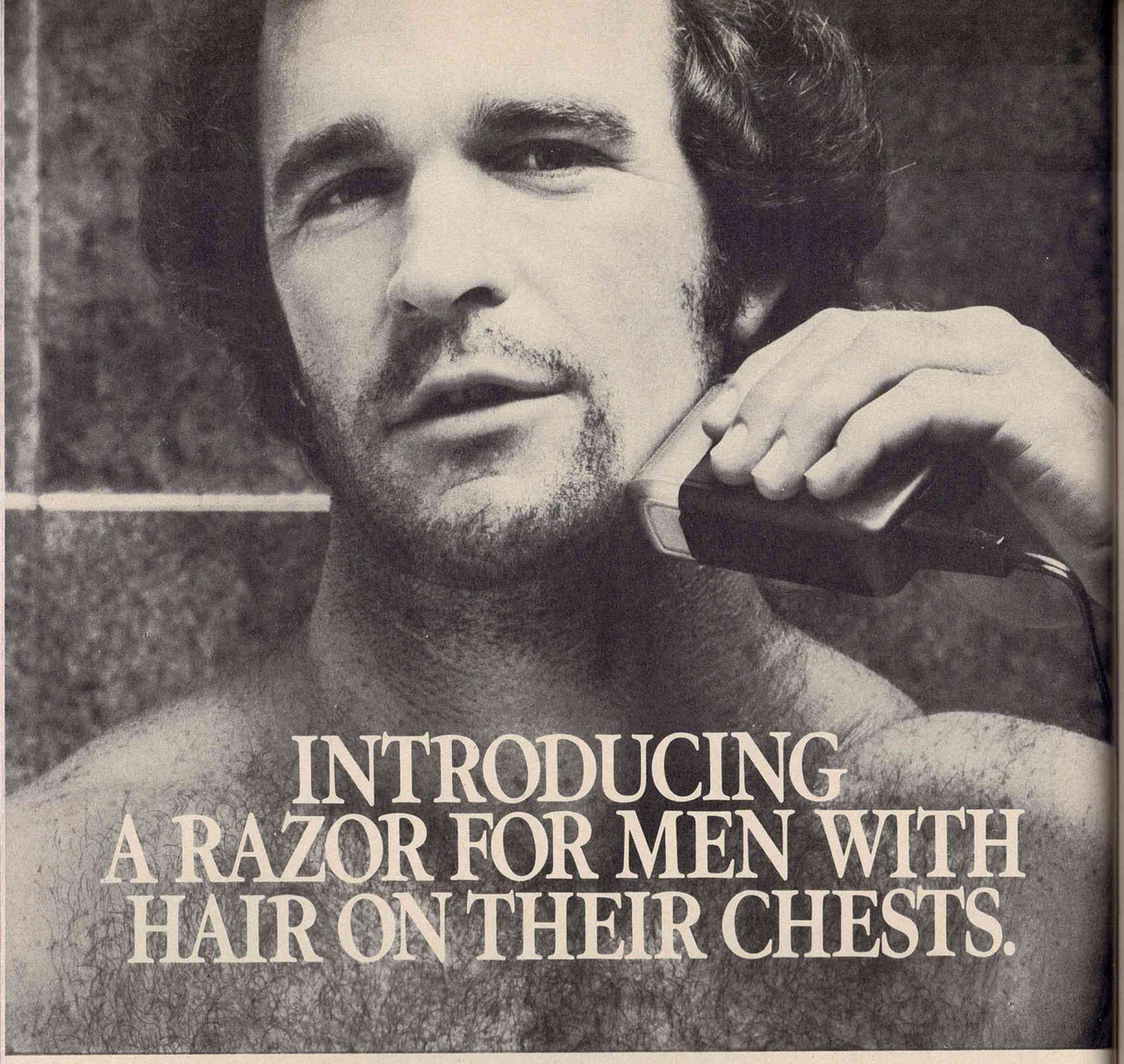
There are sound biological reasons for exercise promoting horniness. The processes that get you pumped up for anything physical – the adrenalin flow, the accelerated heartbeat – also get you pumped up for sex. But when the internal juices begin to mount, the brain steps in to ensure that the oxygen-charged blood is directed to the muscle areas whose involvement is needed to cope with the elected stimulus.

BRAIN DIRECTS ENERGY FLOW

Thus you are not likely to get an erection while jogging, skating or smashing away a lob. It also explains why you can still muster the energy for sex when you feel you have spent yourself on the court or the ski slope. Having dismissed the muscles involved in the original stimulus-response situation, the brain directs whatever energy you have left to flow to whatever part of the body makes the successful bid. Remember, a can of cold beer is going to taste all the sweeter after, rather than before, the dalliance.

But a word to the wise. Don't under-estimate the psychological pitfalls that await you should you decide to use sport as a sexual staging ground. There is an art to this form of foreplay. Your choice of the pre-mating ground, your dress, and how you play the game, are typical of the factors which must be considered to spring a successful trap.

– RUSSELL DEILEY



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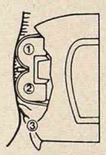
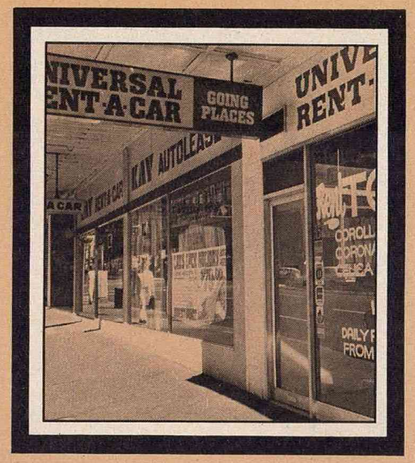
Naturally enough, we've called it the Remington Tough Man and here's the way it works: the larger holes in our new flexible screen let in more of those big, tough hairs, for a closer, faster shave. Then we go in with Remington's famous 1-2-3 action the first head cuts close, the second head cuts even closer, then the exclusive Intercept cutter takes care of the longer neck hairs that most other electric razors miss. As you'd expect from Remington, there's a full-width trimmer for side-burns and moustaches as well. And, of course, the Tough Man has Remington's full money-back guarantee, so you'll never have to get tough with us.



REMINGTON TOUGH MAN.

REM271



WHY CAR RENTS MAKE CENTS

DAY after day, assaulted by smog, endless lines of traffic and the lunacies of car-armed intellectual inadequates, you can feel it creeping up – the unrelenting awareness that you are literally driving yourself crazy. Now we can say it: if you live in a city with access to public transport and own a car, your sanity is indeed in question.

Don't take our word for it. No less an authority than the NSW motorists' organisation, the NRMA, says an average driver running the most popular class of car, bought new and operated over three years, pays $3622.40 a year for the privilege. While Mr Average Driver is shelling out his money, Mr Disenchanted Former Owner is catching the bus to work and, if he chooses, renting a car for a trip away *every* weekend and still forking out less loot.

This assessment is based on comparing the NRMA's calculation of 22.64 cents a kilometre to run a 3.3 litre, six-cylinder, automatic Holden Kingswood sedan with the cost of a rented car for a weekend trip of 650km. The NRMA figure includes the full range of running, standing and purchasing costs borne by the average owner travelling 16,000km a year.

COMPARISONS AREN'T ODIOUS

At 22.64c a km, the weekend trip costs the car owner $147.16. We found a rental deal which would have cost us $66 all up – fuel, insurance, the lot. Since no one is likely to do a 650km trip every weekend, the cumulative savings give you a three- or four-week driving trip in a rented car each year and leave you well in front.

While it's true that shopping around among the car rental companies can score you a special deal like the $66 mentioned above, our weekend in the Hunter Valley winegrowing area could easily set you back $100.

We based our comparisons on rental rates for similar Holden or Ford cars, and occasionally on a Valiant when neither was available. What we did not include was the optional charge of about $1-$1.50 a day for personal accident cover, or the common charge of $2 a day extra for air-conditioning.

Most companies have a weekend rate that starts Friday afternoon and ends Monday. This is not a bad deal, but because of the distance involved in our example – 650km – it was generally better to take the daily rate for unlimited kilometres.

Setting petrol costs at a constant $21 for the purpose of fair comparison, we found one of the cheapest deals was offered by A1 Rent-a-Car, which had available an air-conditioned Kingswood for $28 a day, with unlimited distance, insurance, and State Government stamp duty of 1.5 percent on the completed contract. And talking of tax, here's a tip: your rental car will have a full tank when you pick it up. When you return, the hire firm will refill it and charge you for the petrol. This charge appears on the contract, and will increase the amount of stamp duty. To avoid this, fill up *before* you return the car.

All this meant the A1 car would have cost $77 for Saturday and Sunday, but this company did not offer optional personal accident insurance.

Kay/Hertz offered a special deal of $45 all up for the weekend, plus personal cover worth $20,000 for $1 extra a day. The $45 includes comprehensive insurance – really a must, even when the rental company does not insist that you take it – and stamp duty. With the $21 for fuel, the weekend would cost $66. Kay/Hertz' standard weekend daily rate for unlimited travel is $37.50, so on that basis, including the $4 a day for insurance, the trip could have cost $105.25.

One cheap rate offered on a regular basis is from Thrifty Rent-a-Car. When we checked, we had the option of an air-conditioned Valiant or a standard Falcon for $29 a day, unlimited distance. Thrifty's comprehensive cover costs $3.50, so the weekend would have worked out at $86.98.

It was interesting that the Avis rate was identical to the standard Kay/Hertz rate – $105.25 for the Saturday and Sunday. But Avis captures the paranoia market with up to $35,000 personal accident cover for $1.50 a day. Also interesting was the fact that Avis had no air-conditioned Falcons or Kingswoods.

Budget's rate was $2 a day cheaper at $35.50, which reduced the total to $101.19. Budget had air-conditioned Kingswoods for an extra $2 a day.

A FALCON FOR THE EARLY BIRD

Appropriately enough, one of the cheaper rates was offered by Cheapa Drive Yourself, which could supply a Valiant or a Falcon. There was no unlimited distance rate, the $28 a day giving you only 300km before you had to pay more (at 12c a km) but the price for the weekend still worked out at a favorable $90.02.

There wasn't much to choose from in comparisons between Boomerang's rates. The weekend rate was $57, which included 500km before extra charges were applied, making the cost for the tour $106.77. On the daily rate, the trip would have been $29 a day plus 13c for every kilometre travelled over 250km, giving a total of $107.78.

– JOHN HAMPSHIRE

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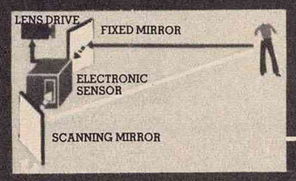

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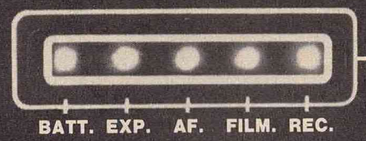
The 60 AF XL will "track" your subject and keep it in focus—automatically. Precision optical mirrors reflect two different views of the subject to an electronic sensor system that compares their light values. When the views match up, the system module signals a servo-unit which automatically puts your lens in proper focus at either normal or high speeds and automatically zooms to 4-to-1 (8-32mm). A manual focusing control is also provided which allows 6-to-1 (8-48mm) zoom.



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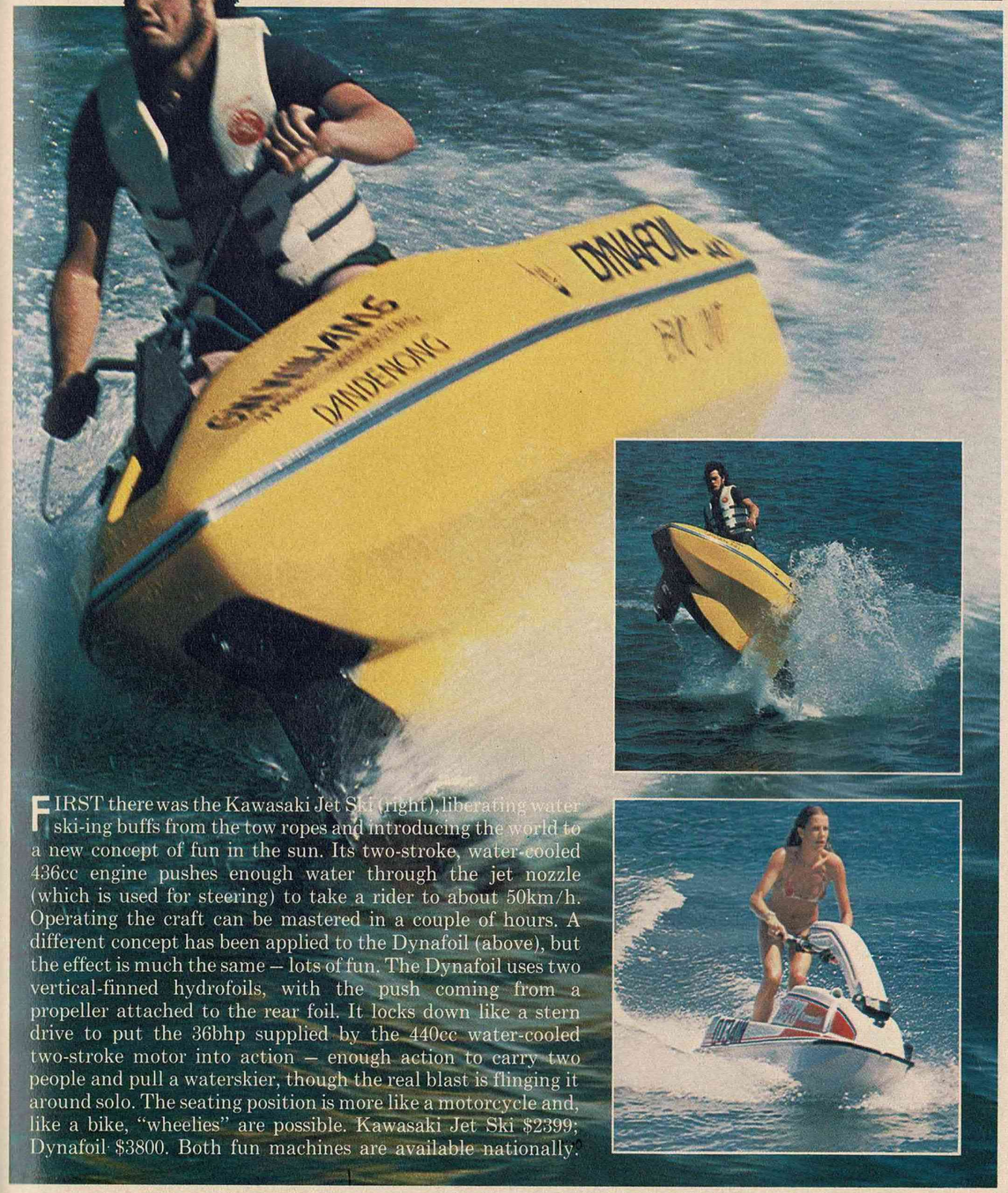
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

REACH FOR THE SKI



FIRST there was the Kawasaki Jet Ski (right), liberating water ski-ing buffs from the tow ropes and introducing the world to a new concept of fun in the sun. Its two-stroke, water-cooled 436cc engine pushes enough water through the jet nozzle (which is used for steering) to take a rider to about 50km/h. Operating the craft can be mastered in a couple of hours. A different concept has been applied to the Dynafoil (above), but the effect is much the same – lots of fun. The Dynafoil uses two vertical-finned hydrofoils, with the push coming from a propeller attached to the rear foil. It locks down like a stern drive to put the 36bhp supplied by the 440cc water-cooled two-stroke motor into action – enough action to carry two people and pull a waterskier, though the real blast is flinging it around solo. The seating position is more like a motorcycle and, like a bike, "wheelies" are possible. Kawasaki Jet Ski $2399; Dynafoil $3800. Both fun machines are available nationally.

TIEING ONE ON

ties need not be such a knotty problem

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Photography by Ken Middleton

Soft kid leather ties to go with leather pants. Wear them for fun.

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MUSIC

the superb michael franks lays down some eloquent, original vignettes

MICHAEL FRANKS is no nine-day wonder. From his first album, *The Art Of Tea,* to his fourth and latest, *Tiger In The Rain* (Warner Bros), Franks' work is stamped with his unique and enduring style. It's listening music that sounds best on still summer evenings. Eloquent, original vignettes laid across tightly tailored melodies that one could hear Mel Torme sing.

Franks leaves plenty of room for his superb session men to show their waves – from George Young's tenor in Underneath The Apple Tree, to Dave Liebman's flute in the latin Jardin Botanico. Stand-out are the wistful Living On The Inside ("I play the scales, and you protect the whales. We're living on the inside of our happiness") and Tiger In The Rain ("He's a tiger in the rain, it's the thunder and lightning he can't explain. He's a tiger in the rain, who's frightened"). Warning: If this album is for you, you'll have to race out and buy the other three.

•

Doug Parkinson and the Southern Star Band's first album, *I'll Be Around* (Southern Star), is a well-recorded, well-produced showcase for some of Australia's top musicians. It features Duncan McGuire, who divides his time between playing bass and engineering, drummer Mark Kennedy, a veteran of some top groups, Frank Esler-Smith on keyboards, and Tommy Emmanuel, whose guitar breaks are one of the highlights of the album. And, of course, the unmistakable voice and style of Doug Parkinson. More than half of the tracks are original songs, and stand-out cuts include the title track, As Soon As Your Thing Is Done, and Neil Sedaka's The Hungry Years.

•

Today, there are very few of the original giants of rock 'n' roll still practising their craft, so an album from Carl Perkins, *Ol' Blue Suede's Back* (Jet), was really a blast from the past. Perkins, now 46, was one of the original Sun Records rockabilly stars, and if it hadn't been for a shocking car accident in 1956 this cat would surely have become a superstar.

Ol' Blue Suede features most of the great songs of rock – there's Rock Around the Clock, Tutti Frutti, Be-Bop-A-Lula, Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On and many more, including, of course, Blue Suede Shoes. And, although the back-up players are not old rockers from the '50s, they get that wonderful, authentic sound going to complement Perkins' guitar. A great tribute to rock. – CAROL ASHDOWN

•

Jimmy Buffett is the ultimate paradox – a landlubber sailor, a philosopher adrift on a sea of indifference. He can be sensitive and blasé, emotive or outrageous. Renowned as a wit, his humor is banal; and some of his soft rock has the sublety of a heavy metal sledgehammer.

This schizoid tendency seems to have gathered strength on Buffett's double live album, *You Should Have Been There* (ABC). The title is apt and probably reflects Buffett's feeling about the album. It lacks vitality and presence on a number of tracks, which makes it all a little flat.

There's fine playing from Buffett's Coral Reefer Band – and also a particularly well-timed break from guitarist Barry Chance as he languidly lingers on metronomic extremities in Havana Daydreamin'. – IAN MOORE

•

Two recent releases by CBS – *Vivaldi: The Four Seasons,* and *Vivaldi and Telemann* (with Isaac Stern and Jean-Pierre Rampal) – provide a vivid comparison of the main approaches to the performance of baroque music in recent times.

One approach is to use modern instruments and to adhere faithfully to the written note. The other attempts to recreate the music as it would have been performed in earlier days.

Although Rampal has, perhaps, been an influential figure in promoting a sensitive attitude to baroque phrasing and articulation, his appearance with Isaac Stern and the Jerusalem Music Centre Chamber Orchestra playing two Vivaldi double concerti and a Telemann suite is disappointing next to Jean-Claude Malgoire's spirited realisation of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons.*

In the former, the string playing has a romantic expressivity which seems often responsible for disagreement among the players as to the rhythmic detail. The main problem, however, lies in the philosophy that only the written notes should be played.

This is particularly evident in the double concerti, which involve long passages of sequential dialogue between the soloists. Here, following the practice of the period, it would seem essential that the players extemporise variations on the written lines to avoid the predictability associated with sequencing.

As the dance-based movements of the Telemann suite are rigidly shaped, their performance does not suffer as much as the Vivaldi pieces.

Malgoire recreates the spirit of the Italian baroque in *The Four Seasons*

by using original instruments and an imaginative application of early performance practices. Because of the use of gut, the sound of the strings can be both delicate and ballsy, while the range of timbre seems limitless.

Although the score prescribes only harpsichord and chamber organ as continuo, Malgoire has, in the spirit of Monteverdi, included fretted instruments. He is thus able to invest the quick tutti passages representing storms with flamenco-influenced fury.

This is an inspired performance, and an excellent introduction to the authentic portrayal of early music for those who have not yet experienced the phenomenon. – MICHAEL HANNAN

•

Anyone who listened to my regular ABC jazz show *Tempo of the Times* in the '60s could vouch for my unbounded enthusiasm for pianist Les McCann. Early in that decade he made one album for Pacific Jazz, backed by the superb Gerald Wilson Orchestra, that showed his talents as a singer.

As time passed, the smaller McCann combos became very grandiose. The infectious spontaneity of his music decreased. His recordings became more and more Big Productions. This has culminated in *Les McCann The Man* (A & M). There is no denying that it's a beautifully crafted effort, mainly built around his vocal attributes, but I cannot predict much impact upon the jazz connoisseur.

Only two of the tracks are solely instrumental – The Blue Dot, a catchy theme, and the beautiful Para Ti, Para Mi, with its gentle Latin American sensuality. This track alone is worth the price of the record.

I suspect Les McCann is still hopefully searching for that big hit record which has established so many musicians less talented than he.

•

A pianist with a huge following is Ramsay Lewis, whose biggest hit was probably The In Crowd.

On *Legacy* (CBS), he utilises a huge studio orchestra, a wordless choir and a very plastic disco rhythm sounding rather like one of those effects one can dial on the "learn it all in three hours" home electronic organs. Very antiseptic – and boring.

Side two features five predictable tracks of polite background music that will offend no one – and inspire just as many. But the feature side is devoted to an extended opus Lewis has titled Legacy. It is divided into three parts – Toccata, the lovely Adagio, and Fugue.

If one did not have the marvellous Brubeck *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra* conducted by Leonard Bernstein with which to compare it, *Legacy* would rate well. Even so, it is quite impressive, in spite of some occasionally sawing strings.

Lewis is a fine pianist who here shows another facet of his great talents in this perhaps too ambitious outing. One thing I do know: those who like side A will hate side B – and vice versa.

•

Women in jazz are certainly a minority – though far from unknown. The names Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Alice Coltrane, Barbara Caroll and Toshiko Akiyoshi come readily to mind.

Well, here's a new one – and a swinger in the very best sense! Her name is Barbara Thompson. She is English and she plays alto, tenor and soprano saxaphones as well as flute. And she is *magnificent!*

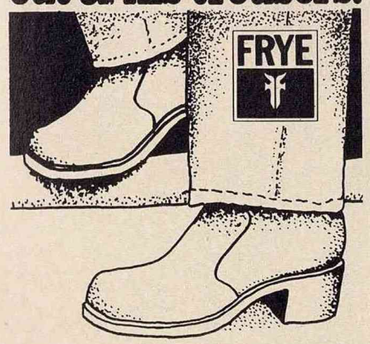
Her *Paraphernalia* (MCA) album is truly outstanding. Seven of the eight tunes were composed by Barbara. Her backing of Colin Dudman (keyboards), Roy Babbington (electric bass) and Harold Fisher (drums) is equally impressive, and the recorded sound puts to shame many of the so-called "direct to disc" extravaganzas.

Barbara's flute jumps on Goodtyme Mr Sam, with some great drums behind her, and she is softly langorous on La Tranquillitè d'ame.

Occasionally she indulges in the "post Coltrane squawk", but who am I to complain when the rest is of such high standard? This record must be one of the "sleepers" for 1979.

English jazz – and by a gal, to boot – unbelievable! – KYM BONYTHON

You can tell a man by what's poking out of his trousers.



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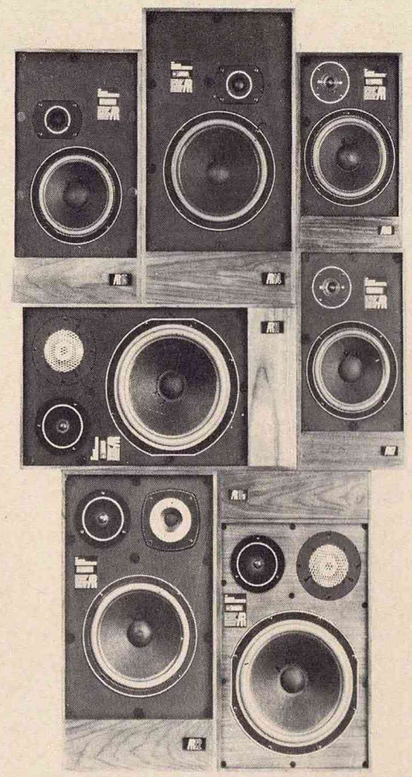

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BOOKS

an inside view of the early ming dynasty

CAMERON HAZLEHURST'S book *Menzies Observed* is largely a reminder piece. Political buffs who lived through the Menzies period will undoubtedly have a sense of déjà vu. For, as British-born but Australian-educated Hazlehurst, whose academic record covers British and Australian universities, states in his foreword: "This book leans heavily on Menzies' own words and on the works of journalists, politicians, civil servants and others whose lives have at some point intersected with Sir Robert's."

The book has value in refreshing memories of Menzies' political rise through the '20s and '30s, his spectacular fall from the wartime prime ministership in 1941, his re-emergence from the ashes of disaster in 1949 and his subsequent career as Australia's longest-serving Prime Minister.

Particularly interesting is the section dealing with Menzies' seldom studied or remembered pre-Federal career in the Victorian Parliament, from 1928 to 1934. Hazlehurst produces a contribution from 1929, in which Menzies argues against penal provisions covering industrial disputes, declaring that strikes were "ended by public pressure, not by law", and in which the future Prime Minister advocates that once a union enters into a registered industrial agreement, the provision of the agreement should be enforceable by "action in the ordinary way in the civil courts".

An irony is that nearly half a century later, this was a method of handling industrial disputes advocated unsuccessfully at one period by a minor but substantial section of the Australian Labor Party. – ALAN REID

•

When I was in England in the early '50s, I nicknamed a well-known British singer "bi and large" because of his appetite for both male and female. About the same time, I heard vaguely of a homosexual relationship between a European critic and an American musician. Later, I heard tales about a great woman singer . . .

But these and a few other isolated incidents apart, I'd never come across much homosexuality in the world of jazz. I have found many of the practitioners healthily – sometimes excessively – heterosexual.

With the publication of James Lincoln Collier's book *The Making of Jazz* (Hart-Davis, MacGibbon), bang goes another myth. This is what he says: "There has persisted a myth among jazz fans that there has never been a homosexual jazz musician, but in fact there are probably no more or no fewer homosexuals in jazz than elsewhere in society. Sugar Johnny Smith, a pioneer New Orleans cornetist, was openly homosexual or bisexual, and so were Bessie Smith and probably Ma Rainey. There are several homosexuals among living jazz musicians as well." I don't know who they are, nor do I care. Let the people swing and sing, provided they don't do it in the streets and frighten the horses. The very fact that Collier mentions such a trifle is an indication of how comprehensive this book is. The sub-title – A Comprehensive History – is too modest. This is the *most* comprehensive jazz history I've read, and it traces the fascinating path this music has carved from the sources of the blues in African tribal music to the electronic sounds of today.

Menzies remembered – a sense of déjà vu for the political buffs.

The blurb tells us that the author has played jazz professionally for years. Alas, I had never heard of him. But he has written what I consider to be, after one reading, possibly the greatest jazz book of them all. It is balanced, fair and logical; sincere but dispassionate; exhaustively researched but never pedantic.

Many critics, beginning with the Frenchman, Hugues Panassie, have played down the role of the whites in the development of jazz. Collier is no Jim Crow, but he emphasises the importance of the whites several times. In the chapter on Fats Waller and stride piano, for example, he says that Waller's mentor, James P. Johnson, and other black pianists of his generation, learned their jazz from the white pioneer group, The Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

"These players (the early stride pianists) were not very familiar with the black folk music tradition, and they certainly knew nothing of jazz," says Collier. "They learned about it the way the rest of America learned about it, through the playing of The Original Dixieland Jazz Band. It is curious to think of black players, especially such influential ones as James P. Johnson, learning about jazz from whites, but on Johnson's own testimony, that is the case."

For whites in the '20s, playing jazz "meant entering a forbidden world. Popular music was still a profession that most white families, and certainly white middle-class families, considered beyond the pale. Jazz, with its associations of blacks, liquor and sexuality, was an abomination".

In the best and fairest essay I have read on the first white jazz genius, Bix Beiderbecke, Collier notes the standard of behavior and the moral code expected of a white, middle-class young man in the '20s: "A girl was not supposed to kiss a man until she was engaged to him, and a boy like Bix was expected to remain a virgin until he was married – this in a day when people of his class married late."

In the chapter on European jazz, The Atlantic Crossing, Collier again notes the influence of white American jazz musicians: "In Scandinavia, as elsewhere in the early period, it was the whites and not the blacks who were the major influence."

But the blacks were to come into their own. Bop, Collier says, was a wholly black invention. This was in the late '30s. Gone were the days when white Americans – well, honest white Americans – could convince themselves that blacks were inferior.

Collier shoots down some popular heroes and restores to their rightful

places some of the men who have been unjustly neglected in the past. He considers Miles Davis the central figure of jazz in the early '60s. He insists, however, that Davis possessed only a relatively modest natural gift "but, by dint of intelligence and force of personality, made himself one of the major figures in jazz". In 1949 he was, says Collier, "still far from being a first-rate trumpet player. His solos, such as on Move or Godchild, which resemble the work of Bobby Hackett more than anybody else, are marred by fluffs". (I remember the late Bobby Hackett telling me in New York in 1972: "Miles wouldn't dare blow on the same stage with Dizzy Gillespie. Dizzy'd blow the little bastard right out.")

The book is a remarkable and beautiful analysis of jazz, written with style and abounding in flashes of insight which show rare intuition for the music. I must admit that one reason I'm so impressed is that Collier's views tally closely with my own. (Surely you've noticed that the chap who agrees with your opinions is inevitably a fellow of rare intelligence.)

Strange Fruit and God Bless The Child have never come over to me as great Billie Holiday songs, but they have always been highly rated. Not by Mr Collier. Strange Fruit he finds "pretentious and overblown ... and Holiday sang it in a slow dramatic recitative that only added to the pretentiousness". God Bless The Child has "a maudlin and self-pitying lyric".

This is none of your dry-as-dust Teutonic tomes, of which we have too many examples. There are anecdotes I've never heard before in my 37 years of listening to the blessed music.

One of the saddest statements in the book refers to the titanic bass player, Charles Mingus: "The decline of Mingus's influence, then, resulted from a combination of factors: racial friction, the rise of new musical forms, and his own inner problems. But he has already given us a substantial body of work, and as a man still in his 50s, he is capable of producing more." Mingus died in January. – DICK HUGHES

●

Selling arms can be painful – and not only for those who are on the receiving end of the product. It can also have its dangers for those who are the dealers. Such a one is Anthony Wren, the enigmatic and energetic central character in Robin Simon's *The Wrenwatchers* (Hutchinson).

Wren is moralistic when it comes to dealing in arms. He doesn't want them in the wrong hands. He only, as he is at pains to point out, wants them used to kill the baddies. He's also at great pains, physically, when the representatives of two warring countries try to persuade him that he should sell his automatic weapons to them.

The pain, however, is largely alleviated by a lady named Louise, who's very good at giving consolation prizes in the cot. Anthony, as well as the reader, is kept in suspense until the end about just whose side she's on.

Mr Simon has a leaning towards fast cars and fast action. His description and formulation of the second are better than of the first, viz: "Twelve punchy cylinders snarled with the acceleration, gargled at the gear change and thrummed contentedly back from the snow banks as the car hit full stride down the dipping straight-away. Studded tyres sang in accompaniment and the sounds blended to fill the icy chute to overflowing." Is he driving it, or making love to it?

The goodies and the baddies are good-oh, quite believable – and the ski-ing descriptions, in which each chases the other, are highly descriptive, the climax full of punch.

This is *not* a book you can't put down, but at least it has a plot – which puts it in front of works by some of our local writers. – DERRIL FARRAR

●

The young, brilliant and beautiful Carolyn makes but a brief appearance in Justin Scott's new thrill-saga, *The Shipkiller* (Granada), but how pervasively her memory lingers on.

Helen might have launched 1000 ships, but the ghost that drives Carolyn's bereaved husband, Peter Hardin, and his tiny yacht through tempest and the combined defences of the Iranian and Saudi-Arabian navies and air forces is no less commanding. The plot of a lone sailor hunting down the biggest ship afloat, an 1800ft tanker aptly named *Leviathan,* which had run down Hardin's first yacht, *Siren,* and killed Carolyn, is fanciful. Yet Scott has researched his subject so thoroughly that, with the artful use of the ageless device of a ghost that gives the haunted hero his vengeful impetus, the fantasy becomes credible.

Scott is a new author, but if he can keep coming up with Carolyns to stoke his and his leading characters' inventiveness, he is a welcome addition to the modern rash of tension-builders in the Frederick Forsyth and Jack Higgins mould. – RUSSELL DEILEY

●

Morris West is gaining something of a reputation as a prophet. As almost everyone was quick to point out when the Polish cardinal was elected Pope, West had foretold a similar scenario in *The Shoes of the Fisherman.* Likewise for the US involvement in Vietnam and, in a third book, the advent of huge and successful international fraud by computer.

But although he is such a dab hand with eternal themes, it's unlikely that we'll see the super-vigilante group postulated by West in *Proteus* (Collins). The commitment attributed to John Spada's secret resistance group, funded by the man's multinational empire, is credible among extremists, right or left. It's harder to see altruism as a force capable of injecting deadly purpose.

West seems concerned at the use of the United Nations as a forum for thugs and terrorists, yet the moral rationales used to substantiate Proteus' dirty work are threadbare and rely heavily on arousing "an eye for an eye" emotions in the reader. Still, it's an entertaining and thought-provoking tale by a master writer, and will strike several chords among militant middle-of-the-roaders.

●

Every so often a book of startling power comes along to shake a reviewer out of his word-induced torpor. Actually, power is not enough: originality, suspense and all those other overworked adjectives must apply to some extent. This is what happened with William Hjortsberg's *Falling Angel* (Hutchinson). It's the sort of book that blows the tang of the late '50s straight into your face, pulls you round by the shoulder to confront the unexpected, stabs you with shocks that leave you with all the resistance of a jelly for the last sledgehammer blow.

Hjortsberg does it all so well that if sleazy private detectives and devil worship have seemed an unlikely combination in the past, they certainly never will again.

●

It's always nice to feel that there is someone in this world more socially inadequate and inept than yourself. Perhaps the success of Christopher Matthew's newspaper series was that he won two audiences – the socially righteous: "My God, I know a buffoon just like that!" and the socially recidivist: "My God, someone else in this world makes a fool of himself all the time, too!"

Diary of a Somebody (Hutchinson) collects the trials of young marketing executive Simon Crisp into a book which matches the wit of its progenitor of 90 years ago, *Diary of a Nobody.* While its milieu is particularly middle- and upper-middle-class London, Australians probably still share enough cultural common ground to enable them to make the most of this delightful, entertaining and thoroughly commendable book. – JOHN HAMPSHIRE

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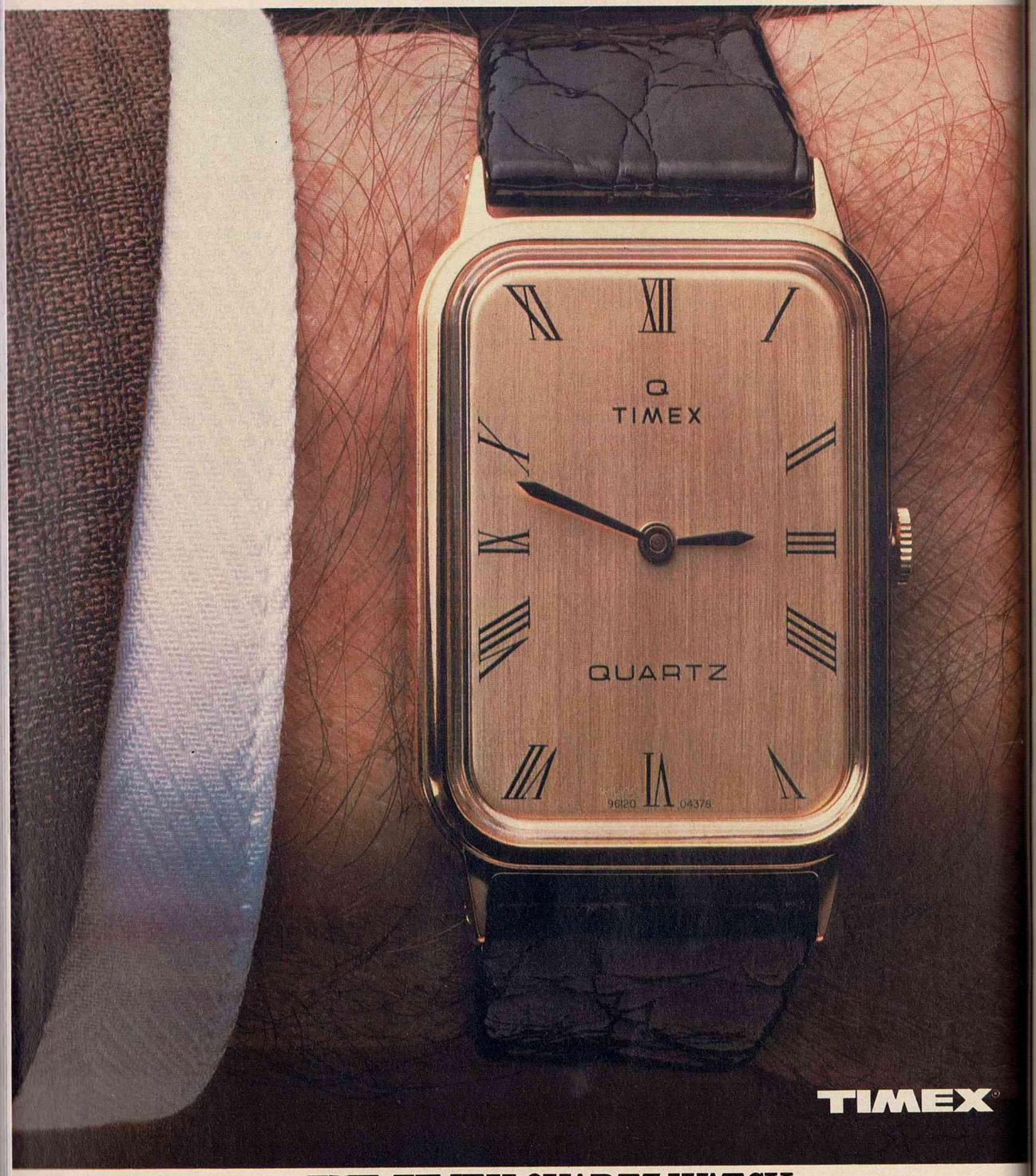

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MOVIES

an inspired comedy thriller in which the pope is a genial buffoon

BACK in the days when I worked on newspapers there were certain unwritten laws of good taste for reporters and sub-editors; I say unwritten, but knowing the paper I worked for they were probably written down somewhere.

For example, you couldn't use the word Jew in a headline even when referring to a Jew. Jews were the only people who didn't find the term offensive. The rules were particularly restrictive during royal tours. The phrase "royal couple" was held to be indecently suggestive; and even the word "Queen", unless preceded in a headline by the definite article, was assumed to have unmanly connotations. Certainly no artist would dream of portraying Her Majesty in a newspaper cartoon, even when the drawing was intended to be serious and the likeness as flattering as possible.

In the same way, no Hollywood producer would have dreamed of portraying the Pope in a movie. You might have got away with it in an obscure historical epic, but a contemporary Pope – no way! As late as 1969 people had qualms when Anthony Quinn played a Russian Pope in *The Shoes of the Fisherman.* (This fatuous though essentially pious exercise, based on the novel by Morris West, still ranks in my personal list of the 10 worst movies ever made.)

The idea of portraying the Pope as a genial buffoon who makes something of an ass of himself in public and is, among other things, the target of a fantastic assassination plot would have occurred only to an inspired screenwriter like Colin Higgins. The film he's come up with (and directed) is called *Foul Play,* and it is one of the funniest films for a long time. Mr Higgins is not the sort of director to be embarrassed by the recent incidence of papal mortality, but I doubt if his film will be offensive to even the most devout audiences.

Its other ingredients include a python, an impotent orchestral conductor, an episcopal bumping-off, a mad dwarf, and a performance of the last act of *The Mikado,* starring our own Glenys Fowles as Yum-Yum. Such a film is clearly not meant to be taken seriously. It is, in fact, a sophisticated and exceedingly funny entertainment from start to finish.

The publicity calls it a comedy thriller, which is what was said about Mr Higgins' last movie, *Silver Streak.* Normally I am wary of films called comedy thrillers because they are not, as a rule, very good comedies or very good thrillers: the people who make them aren't sure what they want and finish up trying to please everyone, except me. Mr Higgins' film is really a straight-out comedy, which is why it succeeds. The thrills, while very efficiently contrived and executed, are entirely incidental.

A Roman Catholic archbishop is murdered in the first scene – a stunningly clever, indeed shocking, sequence – but there's more pleasure in comic touches such as the archbishop's choice of LPs and a brief conversation with his housekeeper. The car chase near the end (an obligatory bit in all such films) may well be the funniest you have seen – not just because of the motorised acrobatics, which any director with enough patience and well-paid stuntmen can bring off, but through a delicious twist which is typical of Mr Higgins' superior talents. He hit on the idea of putting an unsuspecting and ageing Japanese tourist couple in the back seat of the taxi, and slyly observes their reactions to the whole preposterous chase across San Francisco.

Chevy Chase as the leading man is in the tradition of Warren Beatty – that is, rather too charming for his own good – but entirely at home with the film's absurdities. The real winner is Goldie Hawn, a living Barbie doll with genuine animation who has taken Hollywood's stereotype of the cute dumb blonde and subtly transmuted it into a rich comic personality as distinctive as Streisand; her timing

Raw, honest, excellently acted, and with a love scene which is not only astonishingly lyrical and restrained, but also important to the story. This is *In Search of Anna,* a memorable film by talented local director Esben Storm. The film charts the progress of a young, working class Melbournite who is trying to pick up the threads of his life after six years in jail for armed robbery. He goes looking for his elusive former girlfriend, Anna, and also seeks to avenge himself on the man who betrayed him to the police. A full review will be published in next month's issue.

The beautifully photographed and acted love scene between Tony (Richard Moir) and Sam (Judy Morris) is central to the movie.

and nuance are finely calculated beneath a surface of blue-eyed innocence. It's a pity we see so little of this highly accomplished performer, whom I remember from the early seventies in a comedy called *Cactus Flower,* with Walter Matthau as an amorous dentist. In *Foul Play* she is Gloria Mundy (Latin pun no doubt intended), newly divorced, entirely vulnerable, the innocent quarry in a murderous conspiracy, but not half as scatterbrained as she seems.

The film has a plot of sorts, but essentially it's a string of joyously funny set pieces. The "thriller" parts come mainly near the start, and mostly have to do with faces popping up behind cupboard doors or leering from mirrors or library shelves.

Dudley Moore is Stanley Tibbets, a timid, sex-obsessed musician whose apartment is tricked out with more mechanical paraphernalia and audio-visual gadgetry than a set from *Superman;* two genteel old ladies play Scrabble with four-letter words; an innocent Bible salesman is immobilised by Goldie Hawn in an hilarious parody of screen violence, a joke repeated later in a karate fight between Rachel Roberts and Burgess Meredith. It didn't dawn on me until late in the film that the echoes and sly borrowings from a host of classic thrillers were a deliberate part of the fun.

The climax in the opera house, as "Pope Pius XIII" waits innocently for an assassin's bullet, tapping a white slippered foot to the strains of Gilbert and Sullivan, recalls everything from *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *The Day of the Jackal* to *The Notorious Landlady. Foul Play* belongs in that distinguished company.

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The less said about *In Praise of Older Women* the better. There is practically nothing worth saying anyway. This absurd movie is based on a celebrated novel written in the mid-sixties by a young Hungarian called Stephen Vizinczey.

By "older women" the makers of the film don't mean old women, but young women who happen to be older than the insufferable young hero. I remember, when I read the book, being irritated by the implication that the charms of beautiful women in their middle or late thirties were being revealed to us for the first time. A lot of people have known about them for quite a while, and they are not likely to learn much more from this ridiculous and pretentious film.

It begins just after the war when young Andras Vayda, a choirboy in Budapest, asks a priest how he copes without having a wife and receives the considered reply: "I'm afraid the priesthood is not for you, my son." It certainly isn't. Young Andras is infatuated with women from a tender age, having received his first sentimental education in Europe from an ex-countess, whose services he has already procured for American GIs.

For someone who looks vaguely like Paul Newman, young Andras has extraordinarily bad luck in his first awkward encounters with girls. At 16 he meets Maya, a professor's wife, who steers him on the right sexual course. From then on it's all downhill. And so with the movie. – EVAN WILLIAMS

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When advance word about a movie is as glowing as it was for *The Deer Hunter,* there's a tendency to feel cheated whenever the film falls short of one's high expectations, which this one does all too frequently. But the flaws should not deter you from seeing this powerfully acted human drama about man and war and blue-collar camaraderie.

Although falling short of greatness, flaws do not ruin this powerful drama about the Vietnam war and blue-collar cameraderie

Except for a few searing scenes from the debacle in Vietnam – highlighted by an unforgettable torture sequence, in which arrogant Viet Cong officers break the minds and spirits of their American captives by forcing them into a friendly life-or-death game of Russian roulette, with side bets encouraged – *Deer Hunter* says very little about war as an issue at a particularly volatile moment in US history. Most of the action is set in and around Clairton, a bleak Pennsylvania steel town populated by first and second-generation Russian immigrants who appear oblivious to the anti-war sentiment rife in the country.

Working, drinking, fighting, hunting, making out with girls and eventually settling down to raise a family are their sole concerns, at least on the evidence shown. There doesn't seem to be a real world beyond the belching smokestacks until the late '60s, when three guys (volunteers, apparently) go off to fight in Vietnam with some trepidation but hardly a clue to the dues they'll have to pay before coming home as heroes.

As Michael Vronsky, Robert DeNiro is *The Deer Hunter*'s bankable star and stoutest heart, playing a coolly controlled, idealistic loner whose personal code demands that "a deer has to be taken with one shot". Although he is magnificently confident and a commanding presence, DeNiro breaks no drastically new ground in this role. Christopher Walken is the scene stealer, dynamite as the neurotic Army buddy who survives every other horror only to be swallowed up by the postwar decadence of Vietnam. John Savage, as a lad cruelly wounded in both mind and body, rounds out the trio to perfection.

On the home front, Meryl Streep, (from TV's *Holocaust* and a modest screen debut in *Julia*) is a sweet, stunning actress whose future should be assured after her winsome performance as the girl Walken leaves behind for DeNiro to comfort. God knows, there's plenty for a girl to feel down about in Clairton.

Too much of everything takes the fine edge off *Deer Hunter,* for even the best of it goes on too long under the wobbly direction of Michael Cimino whose second feature film (his first was *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*) runs for more than three hours. Cimino can't seem to say no to himself or to a strong script (by Deric Washburn from a story by Cimino, Washburn and two collaborators) that might have grown stronger with a bit of judicious pruning. There's too much macho horseplay to emphasise what we already know about the characters' immaturity and latent homosexual impulses. Cimino taps the lifeblood of Clairton in a vivid, brilliant opening montage climaxed by a raucous Russian marriage feast, then spoils the first big hunting scene with music from a heavenly choir.

It's as if he didn't trust the wind and trees and snow-capped mountains, or his star or his audience, to put across the awesome message that the hunt, for DeNiro, is a spiritual kind of thing. And are small-town folk, simple as they may be, so simple-minded that they get together after a funeral to sing God Bless America as a tribute to the dead, the maimed and the disillusioned among them? That's the director singing his song of irony. Cimino obviously aims high but often hits low, which makes *Deer Hunter* a memorable movie marred by mediocrity, but missing greatness.

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Ice Castles: Against dewy background music by Marvin Hamlisch, 19-year-old Lynn-Holly Johnson loves and loses and regains Robby Benson in a love saga that makes those Sonja Henie musicals of yesteryear look relatively cynical. – BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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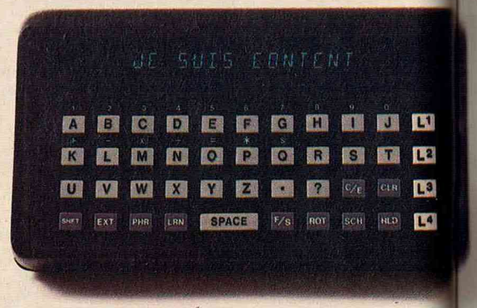
ONE OUT OF THE BOX

The Aqua Box, an amphibious all-terrain vehicle, has just been launched (pardon the pun). Western International, PO Box 148, Box Hill, Victoria 3128, are the people to contact about this $25,000 machine which, they claim, has a water speed of 8km/h, a road speed of 200km/h and will cross quicksand. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? .... etc. Meanwhile, back on Earth, there's the Jeep Cherokee, which costs around $18,900 plus delivery and rego. It comes with heaps of standard features including CB radio, am/fm radio, air conditioning, steering wheel with tilt ability, towing package, power steering and so on.



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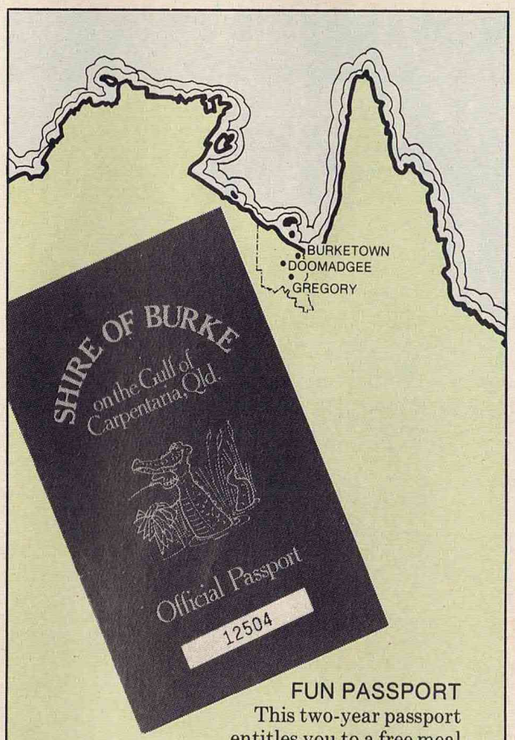

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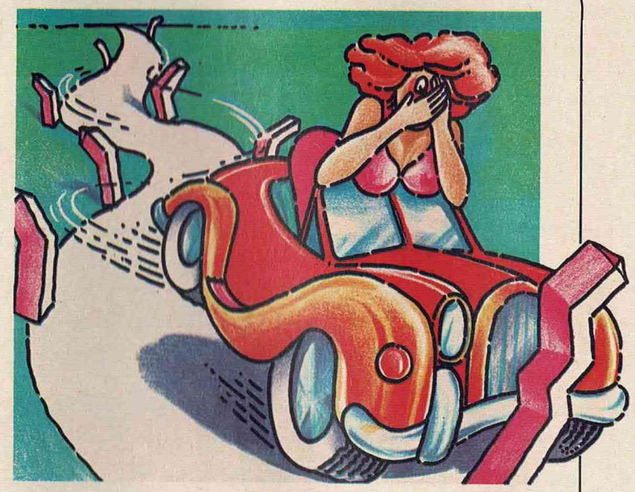

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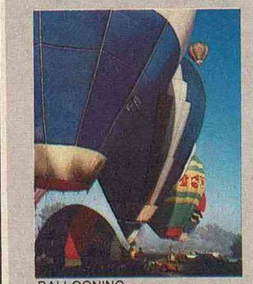
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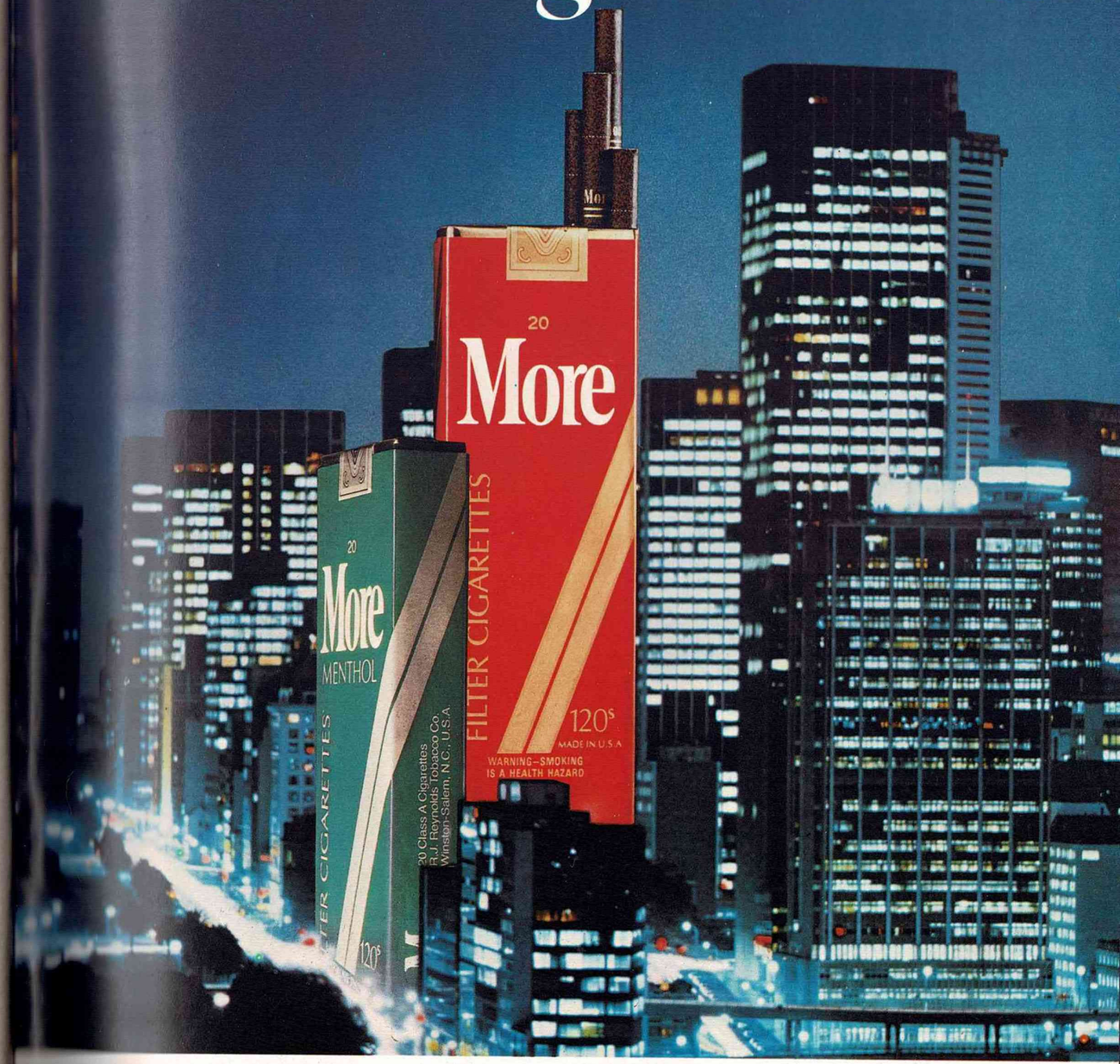

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